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BATCHELOR



Earl of Annesley.



H.P. Sculp.t

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SELECT

ESSAYS,

FROM THE

BATCHELOR;

OR,

SPECULATIONS

OF

Jeoffry Wagſtaffe, Eſq.

DUBLIN:

Printed by JAMES HOEY, jun. at the Mercury in Parliament-ſtreet.

M,DCC,LXXII.

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TO

ARTHUR DAWSON, Esq.

THESE select Essays are inscribed, by the Admirer of his Wit, and distinguished Abilities,

Jeoffry Wagstaffe.

Dublin, 28th October, 1772.

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THE BATCHELOR.

NUMBER I.

" Mr. John Wynn Baker, F.R.S. having practiſed, with the great-
" eſt ſucceſs, a method of preventing the fatal effects attending
" cattle when ſwelled with eating clover, does, at the deſire
" of the Dublin Society, invite any number of gentlemen of
" the different counties, to attend at his houſe at Laughlin-
" town, near Celbridge, early on Tueſday the 12th of this inſt.
" June, 1771, when he will, for the ſatisfaction and informa-
" tion of the public, ſhew them the certain good conſequen-
" ces ariſing from the above method, by turning a beaſt or
" two in perfect health into clover, in order to ſwell them,
" and he will then inſtantaneouſly relieve them according to
" his method, in the preſence of ſuch gentlemen as may be
" upon the ſpot.—Any farmer or poor man who has cattle,
" ſhall be welcome to attend the operation."

From the ſeveral Dublin papers.

To the right hon. WILLIAM BECKFORD, Eſq;
Lord Mayor of London.

My Lord,



MY character in the literary world, muſt be my apology to your lordſhip for the freedom of this addreſs.—Let me therefore recommend to your ſerious attention, the ingenious Mr. Baker's method of curing cows which have been ſurfeited by feeding on clover. As the gradation between the horned ſpecies

and ALDERMEN is ſcarce perceptible, I fancy that gentleman might be of infinite ſervice at the London Tavern.

I am ſo well acquainted with your patriotiſm and public ſpirit, that I depend, with confidence, on your lordſhip's patronage in favour of Mr. Baker by your animating encouragement, the arts and ſciences flouriſh in all parts of the Britiſh empire. Let it be your boaſt, my lord, to *call forth merit from obſcurity*. Mr. Baker is now ſolely employed in preſerving the lives of a few IRISH COWS, (that deſerve to ſuffer for their gluttony) when I ſincerely think, without any compliment, that preſerving half a dozen patriotic aldermen, is of more conſequence to the community.

Your lordſhip is wiſe from experience; you have ſeen much of the world, and therefore muſt know, that the ſeaſon for green peaſe, and other flatulent vegetables, is fatal to many of your brethern, and cauſes many vacancies at your *council board*. At this critical period, my lord, the ſudden deaths of men of *genius*, may be attended with pernicious effects: the pillars of our conſtitution may be ſnatched away by a diſh of artichokes, and a plate of beans may occaſion the fall of our ſtocks.

I therefore humbly entreat your lordſhip to call a meeting of the Livery of London, to draw up an *addreſs* and *petition* to the Dublin Society, that they may inſtantly order Mr. Baker to attend you: It will ſignaliſe the æra of your lordſhip's mayoralty to lateſt poſterity, if you exert your influence to procure that gentleman an *adequate penſion out of the city revenues*.

Mr.

Mr. Baker's method of curing cows is by introducing the point of a knife between their ribs.—Do not be alarmed, my lord, it is no more than the prick of a lancet I assure you.—Call him then from this sordid employment, and let him exert his skill for the preservation of his own species. Let it be his constant business to attend at every turtle feast with his chirurgical knife, and when any of the guests shew the least symptoms of indigestion, let him proceed to business. The wind confined by repletion, *which* often occasions apoplexies, vertigoes, and other aldermanic complaints, will instantly evaporate, and leave the patient in perfect health.—A familiar instance, will brighten your lordship's perception, and give you a clearer idea of this operation, than a tedious physical discussion. In the course of your lordship's observations, you must often have seen a vent-peg applied to a cask of porter to prevent its bursting; the case is exactly similar, and, indeed, I heard a great natural philosopher (L —— d M——a, F. R. S.) say that Mr. Baker took the hint from this trivial circumstance, like Sir Isaac Newton, who founded his noble system of attraction on observing an apple fall to the ground.

It is Doctor Swift's opinion, "that whoever "could make two ears of corn, or two blades of "grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only "one grew before, would deserve better of man-"kind than the whole race of politicians." This Mr. Baker can effect, my lord; but what infinitely is more interesting to your lordship, and the whole livery, he can also enable every citizen to eat *two* custards instead of *one*, without any danger of burst-

ing.—Surely then he deſerves to be amply rewarded;

Time, my lord, has introduced a ſtrange *revolution* in the manners of the citizens. In a *fannatic* age, *grievances* and *apprehenſions* produced faſting and mortification; but *your* patriots ſupport their ſpirits by feaſting, and eat in proportion to their zeal. —An additional motive, my lord, to encourage Mr. Baker. Mrs. M'Auley could alſo inform your lordſhip, that the man who had ſaved the life of a Roman citizen, was rewarded with a Civic crown. Revive this cuſtom, my lord, in honour of Mr. Baker, for I dare ſay, he will preſerve the lives of many illuſtrious citizens this ſeaſon.

However your lordſhip may be prejudiced againſt the IRISH, I aſſure you there are many ingenious men in this country, who gain a comfortable livelyhood by cutting open the ſkins of ſheep, and ſtealing their tallow. The operation is not very dangerous, for thoſe gentle animals feed immediately after, with an excellent appetite, and your lordſhip knows, *that* is the ſureſt teſt of a patient's recovery. Now, by reaſoning from analogy, we may ſafely conclude, that the ſame experiment will equally ſucceed on ſheep, aldermen, and all lethargic citizens: I therefore think you ſhould engage ſome of thoſe *Heaven-taught* ſurgeons to accompany Mr. Baker. By this means, a large ſupply of tallow may be eaſily obtained, and the price of candles ſpeedily reduced; and thus your lordſhip will enjoy the heart-felt ſatisfaction of redreſſing *one of* the national grievances, without hazarding a *revolution*. It is my boaſt, my lord, and I glory in the invention, that I am the firſt projector, who ever pointed out a rational ſcheme to render the fat of the citizens of ſervice to the nation.

on.—This gives unſpeakable ſatisfaction, as an overgrown, unwieldy citizen has long been a ſubject of Ridicule; for Cato jeſting on one of the aldermen of Rome, aſked, of "what uſe a body could be to the "republic, that was all belly?"

I hope your lordſhip will approve of my propoſal; ſuch a generous encouragement of the natives of this kingdom, will do you great honour, and will moſt effectually expoſe the falſity and ſeverity of Mr. Kelly's reflections on your lordſhip, for mentioning his countrymen with ſeeming diſreſpect. You have been accuſed of ill nature and cruelty, yet I dare ſay, if you had Mr. Kelly among your herd of ſlaves in Jamaica, you would give him moſt convincing proofs of your lenity and moderation. He alſo inſinuates, that good-nature ſhould compoſe one part of your lordſhip's character, becauſe folly is the proper ſoil for that *milky* plant to grow in: but poets, my lord, are ſeldom good philoſophers.—Gooſe-greaſe, indeed, is endued with a healing medicinal quality; but Mr. Kelly ſhould not draw too haſty a concluſion from this, and expect to find good-nature and folly always united in the ſame perſon.

I am, with reſpect,

My lord,

Your lordſhip's moſt obedient,

humble ſervant,

Y JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE.

NUMBER II.

S'il paſſe chez l'Anglois ; citoyen de taverne,
Impudent, crapuleux ce cynique moderne,
Gagnera les defauts de cette nation :
Bizarre & ſingulier par affectation,
Il fera vanité d' etaler ſa jolie.
Dieu vous garde ſur tout, pour comble de manie,
Qu'il ne s'aviſe un jour d' avoir le ſplen *par goût,*
Et pouſſant l'Angliciſme inſenſement à bout,
Pour prouver qu'il a bien profité du voyage,
Il ne ſe pende ici a la fleur de ſon age.

PHILOSOPHE de Sans Souci.

To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, Eſq.

SIR,

I LATELY ſpent an evening with ſome young gentlemen juſt returned from their travels; the converſation made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion on me, that I am reſolved to make it the ſubject of a letter. What diſguſted me moſt, was their aukward attempts to mimick that agreeable livelineſs, ſo natural and pleaſing in that gay and volatile people, the French: for I have obſerved, that extreme vivacity among my countrymen, is generally a ſign of heavy intellects; the ſpirits ſeem to be diſſipated and quartered in the limbs, for want of employment in the head. Inſtead of ſenſe or fancy in converſation, they ſubſtitute a pert, forward manner of addreſs, and a peremptory, deciſive manner of declaring their ſentiments. When I aſked theſe gentlemen any queſtions

queſtions about the manners, or police of the countries they had viſited, their anſwers were larded with ſo many pretty French and Italian words, that they were quite unintelligible. I was ſometimes malicious enough to puzzle them, by deſiring an explanation of thoſe exotic phraſes which they introduced to embelliſh, and enrich our rude language; but I ſoon found they had no ideas annexed to the words: *le bon ton* and *la belle uſage* ſignified ſomething they could neither conceive nor expreſs.

They ſeemed enamoured with French government, becauſe the privileges of the *nobleſſe* ſecured them from the inſolence of the vulgar, and the penalties of a Crown-office. I ventured to ſay, it was the peculiar happineſs of our country, that the laws made no diſtinction of perſons, but generouſly protected the loweſt individual from the inſolence, and caprice of the higheſt; and to add weight to my ſentiments, quoted the opinion of a celebrated Frenchman, who made this very principle the baſis of political freedom. I was anſwerered with a profuſion of faſhionable jargon, about gentlemen, men of honour, &c. "That their diſcretion was always "ſufficient to reſtrain them from doing any thing "improper; but if a tradeſman or chairman was "impudent, it was very heard that a gentleman "might not chaſtize him, or on an extraordinary oc- "caſion, *run him through* with impunity; as ſuch "an *eſtabliſhed right* had done great ſervice in "France, and was the principal means of civilizing "the commonalty, and enduing them with a *politeſſe*, "which the gentry of theſe barbarous countries "could ſcarce attain." This was urged with ſo much modeſty and good ſenſe, that I had nothing to reply, and ſo gave up the argument.

The French, in general, were repreſented by our young travellers, as a nation of wits; but it was eaſy to ſee they had only formed a ſuperficial opinion from appearances, and miſtook that vivacity with which a Frenchman will aſk the moſt indifferent queſtion, for wit. I ſaid we were frequently deceived in this matter, by not properly diſtinguiſhing between wit and vivacity; the latter being often found blended with ſtupidity, and *very* conſiſtent with it; as quick ſilver, though ſo *very* volatile, is yet heavier than lead. I found this remark was conſtrued into an oblique reflection, at which, indeed, I was not much diſpleaſed; however, I took my leave, and I believe our parting was very agreeable on both ſides.

I remember being in company ſome years ago where a young fellow made himſelf very ridiculous by his talkative impertinence, who had been remarkable before he went abroad, for ſheepiſhneſs and want of ſpirit. Soon after, the converſation turned on the abſurdity of ſending ſuch boobies to ſtare away their time, and pick up the foibles and abſurdities of every country they viſit. A young lady, (the late Miſs Trevor,) diſtinguiſhed for her ſprightly fancy, obſerved, "That travelling was of infinite uſe to "them, as it heightened their ſelf conceit, and chang-"ed them from lethargic blockheads, into prating "coxcombs; it improves them as bottling does ſmall "beer, which then becomes briſk, without growing "ſtronger." I am ſure ſeveral of theſe ingenious youths are obliged to this lady, for pointing out with ſo much good ſenſe and humour, an improvement, which to do them juſtice, they ſeldom miſs acquiring by their travels.

On

On the other hand, travelling gives that *eaſe* and poliſh to a man of ſenſe and learning, *which* nothing elſe can ſupply. A judicious mixture of thoſe refined manners in which our neighbours excell, add a grace and brilliancy to every ſolid accompliſhment, and compleat what may be juſtly called the fine gentleman. :—as our weavers uſe wool of a finer growth than our native fleeces, to carry the manufacture to its utmoſt perfection.

The true uſe of travelling is finely exemplified by the penetrating HELVETIUS, in the following anecdote. The regent Duke of Orleans, aſking a gentleman, "What characteriſtical marks diſtinguiſhed the various nations of Europe," received this anſwer. "I ſhall juſt repeat to your highneſs the different queſtions which are aſked when a ſtranger firſt makes his appearance in public: the Spaniard enquires, *Is he a nobleman of the firſt rank?* The German, *Is he entitled to be preſent at the election of an Emperor?* The French, *Is he well received at court?* The Dutch, *How many thouſands is he worth?* The Engliſh, *What ſort of a man is he?*" It is the property of genius to diſplay the characters of a people by *traits*, imperceptible to common underſtandings.—What a noble eulogium on the Britiſh conſtitution, does the laſt queſtion convey? A free and generous people will eſteem a man according to his intrinſic merit, and are not to be dazzled by the falſe, and meretricious glare of rank and fortune.

Stuck round with titles, or hung round with ſtrings,
That thou mayeſt be, by kings, or whores of kings.

I shall conclude with a few lines on this subject, written by the present Lord Lyttleton; they come with peculiar grace and propriety from a nobleman, whose precepts and example are equally beautiful and instructive.

" Me other cares, in other climes engage,
" Cares that become my birth, and suit my age;
" In various knowledge to improve my youth,
" And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth;
" By foreign arts, domestic faults to mend,
" Enlarge my notions, and my views extend;
" The useful science of the world to know,
" Which books can never teach, or pedants shew.
" A nation here I pity and admire,
" Whom noblest sentiments of glory fire,
" Yet taught by custom's force, and bigot fear,
" To serve with pride, and boast the yoke they
" bear:
" Whose nobles born to cringe, and to command,
" In courts a mean, in camps a gen'rous band;
" From each low tool of pow'r content receive,
" Those laws their dreaded arms to Europe give.
" Whose people vain in want, in bondage blest,
" Though plunder'd gay, industrious though op-
" press'd:
" With happy follies rise above their fate,
" The jest and envy of each wiser state."

Y

NUMBER III.

Multa fuerant in eo anno prodigia.

LIVY.

To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, Esq.

My dear and much honoured Cousin,

IN my former letter, which you honoured with a place among your Speculations, I mentioned that I had in my possession a manuscript volume on astrology, written by our kinsman Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq; of famous memory. On looking over this book lately, I found the following lines, which seem to me to be a sort of prediction or prophecy, compleated in the present times. Whoever will consult his famous predictions for the year 1708, can hardly doubt of his skill: his Merlin's prophecy is also a masterpiece; so that I think he may be justly ranked amongst the first astrologers.

I have attempted some notes or annotations, by way of illustration, which I entirely submit to your judgment, to insert or not.

I am, dear JEOFFRY,

Your affectionate kinsman,

ALBERT LONGSTAFF.

BICKERSTAFF'S PREDICTIONS *for the year* 1771.

TWICE seven, twice one shall be the year,
In which new wonders shall appear;

The

The ſtars ſhall bend their whole deſigns,
To drive out Leo from the ſigns;
Each ſhall exert the hotteſt zeal,
And all pretend the Zodiac's weal.

Behold the Ram with aſpect horrid,
Againſt the Lion butts his for'head;
And aims to fracture Leo's ſkull,
Aſſiſted by his colleague Bull.
The Gemini prepare for arms,
E'en Virgo's breaſt with ardour warms:
Cancer attempts to claw his tail,
And Libra wields the beam and ſcale.
See Scorpio all his venom dart,
Sagittar' points at Leo's heart;
Whilſt that old cuckold Capricorn,
Advances fiercely with his horn.
Aquarius pours his watry flood,
And Piſces quit their native mud.

Nor aught their efforts ſhall avail,
The valiant Lion ſhall prevail;
No monſter after in the ſky,
Shall dare with him his ſtrength to try:
Cover'd with ſhame and foul diſgrace,
Each rebel ſign ſhall hide his face.

Explanatory NOTES.

(1) *Twice ſeven, twice one.*] This line deſcribes the time when theſe events ſhall happen, and manifeſtly point out to us the preſent year.

(3) *The ſtars ſhall bend, &c.*] This and the three following lines contain the ſubſtance of the whole prediction. They are plainly deſcriptive of the preſent diſtractions which prevail in a certain country, and of that falſe ſpirit of mock patriotiſm by which a ſet

of

of designing obscure men, dupe the people for their own wicked purposes. The driving out Leo from the signs, certainly points out those levelling gentlemen, who aim not only to destroy all kingly power, but even to overturn the constitution.

(6) *Behold the Ram.*] This is certainly John Wilkes, Esq; publisher of the Essay on Woman, titular member for Middlesex, alderman and sheriff of London. The mention of his colleague Bull, puts this matter beyond dispute. Besides, I am informed that in this kingdom, Johnny Ram is the common nick-name for a thief, a rascal, and a rogue.

(12) *E'en Virgo's breast.*] This must undoubtedly be Mrs. Catharine Macauly, a great party writer in favour of licentiousness. But how she can be called a virgin, I own is beyond my skill to account for.

(13) *Cancer attempts to claw.*] Here the prediction seems to shift the scene. The ram, &c. attack the lion in front, and the crab in the rear: I am therefore inclined to think, that by Cancer is meant some old crazed stirrer up of sedition, who crawls on all-four like a crab. As Wilkes is the ram, Lucas must be the crab; and as the one attacks government in the front, that is, in England; so the other claws it in the tale, which is Ireland.

(14) *Libra wields.*] This is somewhat obscure: but in my opinion, the person here hinted at is J. P. who so long held the scales as Lord Justice, and at last overturned the balance, by throwing in too much of his own self-consequence and self-interest.

(15) *See*

(15) *See Scorpio all.*] Here the Freeman's Journal is plainly pointed out: the Lady's Rod, at the head of that paper, is compoſed of ſcorpions, which ſpit their venom at none but chief governors, and the friends of government.

(16) *Sagittarius points.*] This line is ſomewhat difficult to explain: we muſt therefore have recourſe to conjecture, and ſuppoſe that by this is meant a perſon, who formerly had the care of ſome artillery, and perhaps was turned out on account of an unreaſonable oppoſition. The next line is ſtill more difficult, as there are now ſo many cuckolds in the world; therefore the reader is welcome to make what application he pleaſes.

(19) *Aquarius pours.*] Here muſt be implied ſome orator, whoſe declamation falls like a ſpout, and at the ſame time avails no more than *water ſpilled upon the ground.*

(20) *And Piſces quit.*] Theſe mud-fiſh muſt be eels, and ſignify thoſe ſlippery chaps, called, *Independent* Men, or men that cannot be depended on, by any party. They are generally men of obſcure birth, mean parts, and no principles. Theſe mute fiſhes can only be made vocal from diſappointed ambition, or the hopes of gain.

(21) *Nor aught their efforts.*] By theſe laſt lines the prophetic ſpirit of my couſin Iſaac foretels, that after all this buſtle, they may be all quieted like the bees in Virgil.

Pulveris exigui jactu compreſſa quieſcunt. And I believe our own experience will tell us, that nothing will lay the turbulent ſpirit of patriotiſm ſo effectually,

ally, as places and penſions thrown out amongſt the moſt furious zealots, when the fever of faction is higheſt upon them.

W

NUMBER IV.

To the rev. Mr. WILLIAM BAXTER, *at Corke.*

Dear ſir,

YOU deſire me to give you an account of the moſt remarkable occurrences in our metropolis. The taſk is eaſily performed: politics, and the Epiſtle to Mr. Howard, with alderman Faulkner's notes *, have at laſt given place to a much more extraordinary ſubject; I mean the miracles done in the church of St. Michan's, by the relics of the late Doctor Charles Lucas, now known by the name of Saint Charles. You know it is the perſuaſion of all men of ſenſe and learning, that the miraculous powers have been withdrawn from the world ever ſince the time of the apoſtles. The many crafts and impoſitions which have been practiſed by churchmen, for the purpoſes of policy and private intereſt, have brought the opinion of ſupernatural agencies into general diſcredit. No one was a more confirmed infidel than myſelf, in reſpect to all ſuperſtitions; and had an account of theſe miracles come down traditionally from any former time to the preſent, I

* That number of the BATCHELOR, containing the epiſtle with the notes here mentioned, ſhould have been inſerted previous to this paper: but being of a great length, we thought it better to inſert it entire at the end of the volume.

ſhould

ſhould have treated them with the ſame deriſion as the monſtrous legends of St. Anthony the monk, or thoſe of the Abbe Paris, in the church of St. Medard, at Paris. But being a voucher, by the evidence of my own ſenſes, in the truth of much of what is ſo formally atteſted, and having no reaſon to doubt the credit of others, who receive them with an equal degree of conviction, I own I can no longer withhold my aſſent to them. Wonderous things have been done in the ſight of multitudes; the miniſter and churchwardens have ſet the pariſh ſeal to their authenticity, and the regiſter is preſerved in which the names of all who have viſited the ſaint, with the nature of the operation on each, is faithfully and exactly recorded. The Doctor, as you may ſee by the papers, was interred with great funeral pomp on the 19th of November, 1771, in the church of St. Michan's: on the day after, his grave was viſited by ſeveral members of both Houſes of P————nt; not ſo much out of reſpect to his memory, nor from any expectation of a miracle, as to make themſelves popular among the common people at preſent, while the city election is depending.

The firſt appearance of any thing ſupernatural was obſerved in the perſon of Colonel John P——y, who, though generally confined the greateſt part of the year by the gout, and unable to move by the uſe of his own limbs for ſome time paſt, yet was ſeen to walk from Henry-ſtreet (the place of the Doctor's late reſidence) to the church of St. Michan's, without ſuffering any prejudice to his health, though the ſtreets were very wet and dirty, and the Colonel often obliged to walk above his ancle in the kennel. Moſt of the miracles yet wrought have been on the minds,

minds, manners, and understandings of the devotees; but from this example of the Colonel, 'tis probable the remains may have the same efficacy on disorders of the body. You have paid many visits to Bath, and the hot springs of Italy for your rheumatism, to little purpose; I wish you could be prevailed on to try the church of St. Michan's; if it does you no service, it can do you no harm, and a journey of an hundred miles is no mighty matter. Whatever is your determination let it be speedy, for perhaps the miraculous virtue may soon leave the Doctor's remains, never to return, or only on certain anniversaries, such as his election for the city; the passing the Octennial-bill; the breaking open of Newgate by the soldiers in garrison on Dublin duty, and other favourite æras. On those days the crowd will be so great, pressing to the church, that to escape with whole bones will be a miracle, almost as great as any the holy relics can perform. I must not forget to tell you, that great sums have been already collected at the church door by the sexton, and that trustees are appointed to see them properly distributed, as they suppose would be most agreeable to St. Charles were he living. One moiety is to be divided among the Committees of the Free-Press, and the Hibernian Journal; and the other is reserved for the support of new seminaries of oratory, on the same footing with those of the Free Debating Society, the Lycæum, and the rest which are already established in this city.

I am ever, dear sir, yours,

NICHOLAS WEST.

List

List of miracles wrought in the church of St. Michan's, Dublin, by the remains of the late Doctor Charles Lucas, now known by the name of St. Charles. Taken from the parish register, in the custody of the minister and churchwardens of said parish: witnessed and sealed at the bottom by all the devotees, and signed and sealed at the top.

L. S. O STEPHEN BARRINGTON, *Rector.*
L. S. O ISAAC CLANCY, } *Churchwardens.*
L. S. O BEN. BRADSHAW, }

H——y F——d, Esq; member of parliament for the borough of C——n, after leaving the church of St. Michan's, went directly to the House of Commons, and spoke three quarters of an hour to the question under consideration, without the least personality or invective against the Prime Serjeant, the Attorney General, or any friend of the present administration.

J—— P———, Esq; late S——r, came out of the church at half an hour after a eleven, on the 10th of November, 1771; looked as if he was thinking, and made but one promise the whole day, viz. that he would remember his engagement to dinner; which he kept.

Counsellor H———on, member of parliament, after his return from St. Michan's to the House of Commons, spoke but one quarter of an hour, and did not mention the pier of Balbriggen.

Sir W———m M——e, Bart. on his way to the Saint, stopped at the sign of the Highlander, on the Blind-

Blind-quay, to buy nine penny worth of ſnuff, where he was delayed fourteen minutes, by miſcalculating the change he was to receive out of half a guinea; but before he left the church, to the aſtoniſhment of all preſent, members of parliament, and others, he drew out a table of pence on a flat ſtone in the church-yard, with a piece of miraculous chalk, taken from the right toe of the Saint: repeated the multiplication table twice, without a ſingle miſtake; and afterwards worked two queſtions in diviſion, with very few errors, before Mr. Daniel Swiney, writing-maſter, at the ſign of the Hand and Pen, in Skinner-row.—He is alſo much better of his Scotch accent, and 'tis not deſpaired but by a few more viſits to St. Michan's, he may be perfectly cured.—When the miracle is accompliſhed, it will be regiſtered with the reſt.

The Lord Viſcount M—l—h, who drove at full gallop in a phaeton and four to the church, greatly annoying all paſſengers in the ſtreets, at coming out diſmiſſed his equipage, walked ſoberly home, has ſince put on a clean ſhirt once a day, and is now driven by his own coachman.

The Rev. Doctor Borrows, immediately after returning from the church, wrote an epigram with a new thought, and ſome point in it.

His Excellency Lord Townſhend, viſited the church early in the morning on the 11th of November, and after his return, did not keep his company waiting dinner, and ſaid nothing the whole day worthy of being remembered.

The Speaker of the Houſe of Commons, after having been at the church, was for a ſhort time perplexed in deciding a point of order.

T———s

T———s L————te, Esq; did not sit in a nich the whole day after his return to the House of Commons, from the Church of St. Michan's.

Patrick Dogherty, Farrier, of the parish of St. Andrew's, who was born deaf and dumb, on entering the church, was observed to clinch his fist several times, and to strike his hand against his breast. On touching the body of the Saint, he uttered very distinctly, and with great emphasis, the words *Slavery —Impious Tyrants—Corruption—Flagitious Ministry —Mercenary red Coat Ruffians.* On which he was immediately nominated as a proper person to be candidate for the city, and it is imagined he will carry his election.

The Earls of B———t and M———a, went together directly from the church-yard to the House of Lords; where the former of these noblemen, spoke plain English, and the latter spoke truth.

H——s L——d R——y, Esq; was observed to laugh several times after he left the church, on reading the Epistle to G. E. H. Esq; with notes by Alderman Faulkner.

The Right Hon. Anthony Malone, on his return from the Saint, could not recollect the name of a witness in a Chancery cause, in which he had been concerned in the year 1750.

Sir J——s C———l, after leaving the church, took down a speech of the Prime Serjeant's, in which many of the words were preserved, and not above half the substance omitted.

W———

W———— B———gh, Esq; debated twice in the House of Commons, after having been in the church, and spoke no treason, nor was called to order.

The Lords L——le, and B——s who pleaded privilege, for being admitted without paying any thing to the door-keeper of St. Michan's, on coming out, gave six-pence each to a beggar woman with five naked children. The former of these Lords on the same day, threw his old wig into the fire, and the latter made a present of his gold cuffs to the play-house in Smock-alley.

On the same day, the Earl of Chatlemont having been in the church, gave nothing to a poor man who asked charity, and looked over the articles of a tradesman's bill before he paid it.

The Bishop of ————, on the day of his being at church, eat but of one dish, and not more than might suffice two men of moderate appetite.

The Lord V————t M————is, went immediately from the church to the House of Lords, and made but one quotation, and that was to the purpose.

In my future letters, you may expect a continuation of the catalogue.

Z

NUMBER V.

Cætera mendacis, deliramenta cataſtæ,
Ne pueros ipſos, credere poſſe reor.
CLAUDII RUTILII ITER.

To the rev. Mr. WILLIAM BAXTER, *at Corke,*

SIR,

YOUR too credulous friend, Mr Nicholas Weſt, with an air of ſimplicity and candour, has given you an account of the miracles performed at St. Michan's church. The many inſtances ſo ſolemnly authenticated by the miniſter and church-wardens, furniſh another *ſuperfluous* proof of the ſtrong propenſity of mankind to the *extraordinary* and *miraculous*.—Doctor Lucas was *canoniſed* by the mere vulgar, long before his death, though he was not known by the name of Saint Charles. Some men of parts, learning, and piety, are too much ſwayed by party-prejudice, which prevents their examining this matter with a proper degree of attention. For my part, I am concerned for the honour of my native country: by our fooliſh credulity, we ſhall at laſt render ourſelves as ridiculous as the people of England, who readily ſwallow any abſurdity, and implicitly believe either in a Bottle Conjuror, or a Cock-lane Ghoſt.

The free citizens of Dublin, indeed, are ſo thoroughly convinced of the miraculous virtue in their Saint's remains, that they have diſcontinued a public ſub-

ſubſcription, which was opened to erect a monument to the Doctor's memory; as they were informed by the city chaplain, that no miracles were performed at the Abbe Paris' grave, after it was ſurrounded by a wall: they *now* fooliſhly ſuppoſe that government privately encouraged the ſubſcription, for the *inſidious purpoſe* of deſtroying St. Charles's credit. However, the M. of K. (the late Doctor's noble pupil) ſtill perſiſts in his intention of petitioning the Houſe for a ſum of money to complete this public ſpirited work.—On his being told of the following royal edict, which the King of France had iſſued, to put a ſtop to the Abbe Paris's miracles.

"*De par le Roy—Defenſe a Dieu,*
"*De faire miracles en ce lieu.*"

The M. ſwore it was arbitrary and illegal, and that if his Excellency L. Townſhend attempted ſuch an unconſtitutional exertion of prerogative, he would impeach him. Mr. B—gh and Mr. L—g—d promiſed to ſecond the M.'s motion.

I beg, ſir, you may read Doctor Conyers Middleton, and Mr. Hume: their ſceptical philoſophy is the beſt preſervative againſt the epidemical taint of ſuperſtition. The reverend divine laughs at the ſtory of St. Polycarpe's leaping out of a ſhip, and ſwimming five or ſix hundred leagues, by the ſupernatural aid of a holy relic tied about his neck. Yet, this was firmly believed in the primitive church; though at preſent the Saint's relic is claſſed with Beau Clincher's ſwimming girdle.

I ſhall now, ſir, examine Mr. Nicholas Weſt's miracles, by the celebrated Mr. Hume's maxim: "That

" That no teſtimony is ſufficient to eſtabliſh a mira-
" cle, unleſs the teſtimony be of ſuch a kind, that
" its falſehood would be more miraculous, than the
" fact which it endeavours to eſtabliſh."—On this principle, we muſt reject every miracle in Mr. Weſt's pompous catalogue: for is it not more probable that the miniſter and churchwardens ſhould vouch a falſehood, than that Sir W——m M—ne ſhould draw out the table of pence on a ſtone in the church-yard, and work a ſum in diviſion without a miſtake?—Beſides, I have conſtantly attended the Houſe of Lords and Commons, ſince the 9th of November, and cannot perceive the leaſt trace of thoſe miracles, by any improvement in the minds, manners, or underſtandings of the devotees. A miraculous cure is always radical; but if the diſorder immediately returns with double violence, the cheat is apparent. This criterion will effectually diſcredit Mr. Weſt's teſtimony, and enable the reader to trace its falſehood, through all the circumſtances of knavery and political craft which produced it.—It is my ambition to *un-nich* Saint Charles, and place him in his proper rank, with the Doctors Rowley, Solomon, and Taylor.

H——y F——d, Eſq, member of parliament for the borough of C——n, on the 11th of November, (two days after he viſited the church of St. Michan's) ſpoke above two hours on the neceſſity of granting a ſum of money to carry on the Mother Line to the Bog of Allen, in order to ſupply the city with turf. He ſolemnly affirmed that Sir James Lowther would not furniſh any coal from his pits at Whitehaven, under ten pounds a ton.—He alſo *accuſed* Sir George Macartney, and Sir James Lowther, of being ſons-in-law to the Earl of Bute. Mr. F.

F. alſo informed the H—ſe, that the Earl of Bute was concealed, ſince the opening of the ſeſſion, in Mr. George Cockburne's houſe in Granby-row, and that the Earl directed all the venal and corrupt meaſures of Lord Townſhend's adminiſtration.

On the 19th of November, Mr. P. late S——er, laid his hand on his heart, proteſting he had always acted like a man of honour, ſincerity, and veracity; and appealed to the members of the H—ſe, particularly to Sir H—ry C——diſh, for the truth of his aſſertion.

Sir W——m M—ne, Baronet, on the 16th of November, loudly complained of the *augmentation* of the troops, by a *reduction* of 189 men. On the Provoſt's pointing out the abſurdity of proving *addition*, by the rule of *ſubtraction*, Sir W——m ſtill averred "he was right," and he could maintain it by authentic intelligence from the cabinet.—He accordingly read a letter from L. M—ne, intitled, "An "exact numerical calculation of the number of "Scotch ſtone uſed in paving the city of London; "and alſo the expence thereof."—On the 20th of November he alſo called for accounts, as ſoon the H—ſe had formed itſelf into the *Committee* of ſupply!——*N. B.* He is not better of his Scotch accent, though by Mr. Wedderbourne's advice he applied to Mr. Sheridan, who has reported him *incurable* to the D. of L.

On the 20th of November, the Earls of B——nt and M—ra, ſpoke in the H. of L—ds on the Privilege-bill. The E. of B. ſaid, "The *Penultimate*, if "not the *ultimate* annihilation of their concatenated "immunities, had inſtantaneouſly effervesced a re-

" ſuſcitation, and regeneration of his plaſtic intel-
" lects."—The E. of M—ra, F. R. S. proteſted,
" There was no neceſſity for paſſing ſuch a bill, as
" there was not a ſingle ſhilling due by the L—ds or
" C———ns to the tradeſmen of Dublin; he him-
" ſelf having carefully examined all their books that
" very morning."—Let the public *now* judge,
Whether the one ſpeaks plain Engliſh, or the other truth?

The Lord Viſcount M—t—iſs, on the 14th of November, ſeconded Lord B———nt's motion, for laying all the public accounts before the H—ſe, and concluded his ſpeech with this line from Lilly's grammar:

" *Nomen non creſcens, penultima, ſit genitivi.*"

H. L. R——ey, Eſq; was examined by the College of Phyſicians, who were unanimouſly of opinion, that he was born without any *riſible muſcles*: his grinning when he cries, was the only foundation for the miracle.

Lord Charlemount, the day after the funeral, offered to ſettle an annual ſtipend of 100 l. on St. Charles's family: he alſo ordered ten guineas to a tradeſman, above the amount of his bill, on being told that his wife was in labour, and his children in the ſmall-pox.

After infinite pains, I found out the two beggar-women with five naked children, who were charitably relieved by the Lords L—ſle and B—-ng—-ſs. They complained to me that both the ſixpences were counterfeits.—There was a hole in each, and

I have

I have ſince found out, that they were nailed to the counter of a ſhop in Skinner-row, and were purchaſed by the noble peers for two-pence. I ſent the poor wretches to Lord L—ſle; he threatened to ſummon them before the H—ſe, for a breach of privilege, and bid them *remember the old bathing-woman at the Black-rock.* Lord L—ſle actually threw his wig into the fire that morning, but inſtantly repented of his raſhneſs, and ſnatched it out before a ſingle curl was conſumed——He then carried it to Plunket-ſtreet, and ſold it for 9¾d.——Lord B—-ng—-ſs alſo ſold his gold cuffs to the manager of Smock-alley theatre, for half a crown, and laſt night I ſaw them worn by one of the candle-ſnuffers, in a proceſſion.

You ſee, my dear ſir, on what a weak foundation the belief of theſe miracles depends—To undeceive the public, and check the growth of ſuperſtition and error, is my ſole motive for addreſſing you on this very important occaſion.

Believe me, reverend ſir, yours, &c.

Z PETER SCEPTIC.

NUMBER VI.

Credat Judæus apella——Non ego.

HOR.

To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, Eſq;

SIR,

I HAVE read with great diſpleaſure, the ſeveral unjuſt reflections you have been pleaſed to caſt on that reſpectable ſet of philoſophers, called Free-

thinkers. I hope this letter will prevent any further ſtrictures on them.—The public have heard but one ſide of the queſtion from you; let them alſo hear what I have to ſay, and I will then ſubmit to their judgment.

You accuſe us of being bad citizens, and weak reaſoners, becauſe we deny a future ſtate; and conclude that death puts a final period to our exiſtence. By calling us weak reaſoners, I ſuppoſe you mean, that we cannot produce cogent and ſatisfactory reaſons for what we aſſert ſo dogmatically. Now, ſir, I need not inform you, that knowledge may be either acquired by intuition or demonſtration; the latter method we leave to ſuch divines as Clarke and Leland, for we conclude that a weak cauſe wants moſt arguments to ſupport it: but are of opinion, that the principles of our philoſophy, are clear and ſelf-evident, and, if a perſon has not quickneſs enough to apprehend the truth of them at once, we ſet him down as a dunce.

Thus all our knowledge on this ſubject, being *intuitive*, that is, attained without any pains or ſtudy, we are not ſo liable to miſtakes, as thoſe who acquire it by a long ſeries of reaſoning; and conſequently we may rely on it with more confidence. The firſt charge againſt us, you ſee, is eaſily anſwered; let us now proceed to the ſecond.

You call us bad citizens, for attempting to free men from all hopes and fears of a future ſtate, tho' it be the only ſtrong, univerſal, and moſt effectual motive to excite them to virtue, and reſtrain them from vice. This, indeed, is ſpeciouſly urged; but the beſt way of anſwering it is, by proving that we ſerve

ſerve the community by doing ſo:—For in all countries where ſuch a ſuperſtitious notion prevails, thoſe who are ſincerely religious, truſt too much to the influence which they ſuppoſe it has over others, as they erroneouſly judge from their own feelings: this gives unbelieving hypocrites a great advantage over the credulous part of mankind, but if it was once aboliſhed, every one would be on a level; none would be cheated by relying on another's conſcience; by this means, mutual confidence, that inlet to fraud and impoſture, would be, in a great meaſure, baniſhed from ſociety.

Beſides, the belief of a future ſtate detaches people too much from the things of this world, and makes them on many occaſions indifferent about it. Now, as our philoſopy precludes any ſuch whims, men will become more anxious about their manner of exiſting here, and eager to acquire a ſhare of the profits and pleaſures of the world: this will make them patriots in the true ſenſe of the word; men who will ſtick at no means of attaining riches and honours in their country, only that they may have a ſtronger inducement to love it; and I am convinced that this very patriotiſm, ſo common at preſent, is moſtly owing to the prevalence of our philoſophical tenets among the higher ranks.

Monteſque, indeed, aſcribes the ſpeedy decline of the Roman empire, to the doctrine of Epicurus; this you may think a triumphant proof of its deſtructive tendency.—But for that very reaſon, we ſhould conſider how much the world is obliged to this philoſophy, for haſtening the fall of an avaricious and haughty republic, which had enſlaved and plundered all mankind. Thus the ſagacious Frenchman's

remark, turns out the higheſt panegyric on our great philoſopher; and it neceſſarily follows, that we are at preſent indebted to him for our liberty and conſtitution; for if the Roman power had continued, we ſhould ſtill have retained a paultry province, aſſigned as a ſpoil to ſome rapacious governor.

I am ſurprized, Mr. Wagſtaffe, as you ſeem to have ſome taſte, that you are not one of us. Read Lucretius without prejudice, and I am ſure he'll convert you. How finely does he account for the formation of the world, by the jumbling of atoms! The earth, ſays he, alſo, formerly produced men as it did cabbages, and left ſome ſceptic ſhould aſk why it did not do ſo ſtill? he immediately ſubjoins the reaſon, and prevents any objection that might be drawn from it by ſaying, that ſhe is grown impotent from age.

Quare etiam atque etiam maternum ſemen adepta
Terra tenet merito, quoniam genus ipſa creavit
Omne———
Sed quia finem aliquem pariendi debet habere,
Deſtitit, ut mulier ſpatie defeſſa vetuſto.
Lucret. book 5th.

I cannot conclude without taking notice of a miſtake you have fallen into, by ranking Roſſeau and Voltaire in the ſame claſs. Roſſeau is but a poor ſceptic, and I believe ſcarce knows himſelf, whether he is a Chriſtian or not. He maintains the immortality of the ſoul, and as the diſbelief of it is the grand hinge on which our whole ſyſtem turns, we are not yet determined whether to honour him with the title of philoſopher, or ſtigmatize him with the name

name of a believer. He reſembles a bat, which ſome naturaliſts reckon a bird, and others a beaſt. Voltaire is our champion and favourite, and his writings prove that "ridicule is the teſt of truth." He has done us great ſervice by his gibes and ſarcaſms, and gained many to our ſide. Reaſoning, you will ſay, is not his talent! True; but he does much better without it. He ſtrikes the fancy with wit and ridicule, turns mens heads, without giving them time for reflection, and ſo draws them into his ſyſtem at once. He acts like the fox, who runs round with his tail in his mouth, to make the heads of fowl giddy, and decoy them from the rooſt.

I am, ſir, yours, &c.

Y ARISTIPUS.

NUMBER VII.

IMITATION *of the* 25th *Ode of the* 1*ſt Book of* HORACE.

Parcius junctas quatiunt feneſtras,
Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi, &c.

To the right hon. J——N P——N——BY.

I.

NOW ſcarce a hack around thee waits,
No pliant courtiers crowd thy gates,
Their ruſty hinges peaceful lie:

All Townſhend's riſing power purſue,
All caſt a ſcornful glance at you,
And eager to the Caſtle fly.

II.

No more, alas! you now ſhall hear,
"Make me a biſhop, me a peer,
"To me a ſinecure afford:
"Grant me a good ſnug place for life,
"Grant me a penſion for my wife,
"Or ſeat me at the linen board.

III.

"Firm to your intereſt I remain,
"For you, *conſiſtency* diſdain,
"My friendſhip then you cannot doubt:
"As you change ſides, ſo I change ſtill,
"Like you I paſs the money bill,
"Like you, *offended*, throw it out."

IV.

O! P—n—by you toil in vain,
By *partial arts*, new dupes to gain,
Fallen, fallen, to riſe no more:
Thy foes *degraded* to embrace,
To count the houſe with anxious face,
Or watch the members at the door.

V.

Now doom'd each corner to explore,
Of coffee-houſe, or Corredore,
To catch ſome ſtraggling patriot there:
(Like old *Magill* unſpoil'd by gin,)

Now

Now humbled to a whipper-in,
You mourn your abdicated chair.

VI.

To Conſtitution club retreat,
There *only* you can now be great,
For liberty *there* loudly roar:
With B——ch and Ag——in nightly ſit;
Like Lucas hug each factious cit,
And rail at jobbs you plan'd before.

VII.

Your coach of ſtate ſo long diſplay'd,
Your golden gown for birth-days made,
No more to gaping crowds you'll ſhew 'em;
No more theſe uſeleſs trophies keep,
To P——ry ſell them, ſoon and cheap,
Or down the rapid Liffey throw 'em.

NUMBER VIII.

———*Dein Gnatia lymphis*
Iratis extructa dedit riſuſque jocoſque,
Dum flammis ſine thura liqueſcere limine ſacro
Perſuadere cupit. Credat Judæus Appella,
Non ego.———

QUINCTILIAN recommends mathematics to the ſtudy of an orator, as the beſt means of teaching him to argue with preciſion and accuracy. A celebrated French philoſopher alſo recommends

this noble ſcience as the moſt effectual method of gradually eradicating every ſpecies [redacted] of ſuperſtition. For the mind, by proceeding with certainty in each link of a propoſition, till the demonſtration is evident, acquires a habit of reaſoning, and examining every principle, and not aſſenting to it without ſufficient grounds. And, indeed, we may obſerve, that credulity and ſuperſtition, have leaſt effect, where mathematical philoſophy has made the greateſt progreſs: witchcraft, particularly, is now almoſt totally baniſhed, even from the Highlands, and is chiefly confined to Norway and Lapland. To take a comparative view, even of the manners of the ſeventeenth century, and our own, what an amazing change ſhall we find! This is the way to form a juſt idea of our ſuperior happineſs in many reſpects.

There is at preſent extant, the trial of ſix perſons for witchcraft, at Lancaſter, in the year 1636. They were all capitally convicted, and the judge in his charge to the jury, ſays, "that the evidence againſt "them was ſo clear, conſiſtent and poſitive, that "there could be no doubt of their guilt."

Biſhop * Jortin, in a ſermon preached before Queen Elizabeth, laments the wickedneſs of the land, and prophetically exclaims, "that certainly the judge-"ments of God would ſpeedily be executed on it, in "an exemplary manner, for the heinous crimes of "many of the people in practiſing witchcraft;" and then recommends the example of ſome of the Kings of Iſrael to her Majeſty, who did not ſuffer a wizard to live. Yet the biſhop was a man of parts and

* Middleton on Miracles.

learning:

learning: claſſical knowledge was never more cultivated, than at that period: and it is well known, that Greek was no ſtranger at court in thoſe days, and many of the maids of honour were ſo well ſkilled in it, as to be ſufficiently qualified for profeſſors.

In the next ſeſſion, the parliament, to avert the threatened judgement, paſſed a ſevere act againſt witchcraft. Here we ſee the whole legiſlature, King, Lords, and Commons, *ſtoop* to deſtroy a few doating old women, ſuſpected of bewitching a bridegroom, riding to France on a broomſtick, and ſpoiling a churning. This act was only repeated in the reign of George the firſt, tho' long obſolete, from the more enlightened manners of the age.

The memoirs of the Houſe of Brandenburgh mention one perſon, who was tried and executed for witchcraft at Leipſic in the year 1707. But the prejudice and folly of the judges, was ſet in ſo ridiculous a light, by the illuſtrious Wolfe and Leibnitz, that it put a final ſtop to ſuch ignorance and barbarity. Now, if we were only to regard human teſtimony, what doubt could we have of facts ſo confidently aſſerted, proved by oath in courts of juſtice, and believed by all Europe. But ſome philoſophers, men of ſuperior reaſon and ſagacity, found it neceſſary to fix a ſtronger criterion than mere popular credulity, for things ſo improbable in themſelves. They required an internal proof, that is, a proof of the ſtory drawn from its probability, and rejected the ſtrongeſt human teſtimony, without ſuch evidence to confirm it: for inſtance, if a perſon in thoſe days, ſwore he ſaw another leap over a mountain, inſtead of diſbelieving the witneſs, they burnt the accuſed, as they logically concluded, that he muſt have performed

formed such a feat by supernatural assistance; but never once suspected that it was more probable the story was a fiction. Yet, by degrees, every body became convinced, that such a mode of reasoning was wise and just; and the general incredulity on these points, soon put a period to the existence of witches.

Since we have been no longer alarmed from this quarter, a late philosophical genius has strove to frighten us with strange accounts of the wonderful influence which separate spirits have over us; that it is impossible for the soul and body to sleep, by any effort to make up a dream between them; and that we are wholly indebted to some frolicksome spirits, for these nocturnal amusements. Thus argues, the ingenious and learned author, of an Enquiry into the Nature of the human Soul. Yet I should think, some of our dreams are gross enough to proceed from mere matter, and may be fairly accounted for, without the agency of immaterial spirits. Neither will this author allow, that madness can proceed from any natural cause, but ascribes it to the influence of some malignant spirit; "for," says he, "there is, indeed, a great difference and variety in "the phænomena of reason disturbed; but univer-"sally the disease could not be lodged in the soul "itself; nor could the matter of the body affect it "in any other way, than by deadning its activity, "which I think is never the case in these appearan-"ces. In short, the disorder of matter, might "make a man a stupid ideot, subject him to sleep, "apoplexy, or any thing approaching to its own na-"ture; but could never be the cause of rage, dis-"traction, phrensy, unless it were employed as an "instrument by some other cause; *i. e.* it cannot of

"itself

" itſelf be the cauſe of thoſe diſorders of reaſon." Again, " It is, I think, becauſe the previous ind ſpo- " ſition, generally gives an opportunity to theſe be- " ings, to affect the imagination, that the diſorder " of the brain ſtands in common diſcourſe, for the " conſequent trouble, and that we reckon it the ef- " ficient cauſe."

Thus, it ſeems, a man's ſcull being fractured, cannot be the efficient cauſe of his inſanity;—it only opens a way for the ſpirit thro' the cracks to the brain.—What ſtrange whims have the wiſeſt of men advanced in the progreſs of their metaphyſical enquiries? How few have acted like the ſage, and modeſt Locke? I ſhall conclude with a definition of this ſpecies of metaphyſics, by a ſenſible and ſpirited writer; —" We take metaphyſics in the degree, to which " they are carried by certain philoſophers, to be the " art of talking grave nonſenſe, upon ſubjects which " lie beyond the reach of human underſtanding."

NUMBER IX.

See Whitfield emptying the pockets
Of w—res and bawds, and gaping throngs;
Turning their eyes out of their ſockets,
Singing and ſelling David's ſongs.

CRAZY TALES.

I ALWAYS thought the deſign of theſe itenerant preachers would become apparent to every body; I commend Peter Traffic much for laying his caſe before the public, and am ſurprized that Mr. Whitfield can ſhew ſo little chriſtian charity, as to abuſe an honeſt trader, becauſe he does not chooſe to be a cuckold. I dare ſay ſome of his ſhe diſciples would ſerve him, as a ſet of female enthuſiaſts did Orpheus, for diſcovering the myſteries of their Love Feaſts.

Doctor Robertſon obſerves, "That perſons addicted to ſenſuality, are alſo prone to enthuſiaſm:" the ſame temperament which inclines the melting virgin of twenty to love and compliance, rouſes the matron of forty to devotion and fervour for watch-nights, and Mr. Whitfield. Butler takes notice how a vapour, which in its ſuperior aſcent produces new light and prophecy, in its inferior progreſs ends in *vox & præterea nihil.*

"So wind in hypochondria pent,
"Is but a blaſt if downward ſent;
"But if it upward chance to fly,
"Becomes new light and prophecy."

The

The ſentiments of the hiſtorian and poet coincide, and may furniſh various reflections to a ſpeculative philoſopher.

I think I have alſo diſcovered another reaſon why women, after a certain age, attach themſelves to theſe attracting preachers. It is probably to ſupply that warmth of paſſion which they have loſt with their youth, that they ſo eagerly imbibe that ſpiritual cantharides with which theſe holy men repleniſh them; who, no doubt, feel a peculiar ſatisfaction in quickening the fervency of the ſpirit through the medium of the fleſh, as ſtirring a fire at the bottom makes it blaze at top.

It has been always the aim of theſe gentry, to ingratiate themſelves with the women; they are commonly luſty, athletick fellows, with florid complexions, and ſtrong lungs. I never knew an old, ſpindle-ſhanks fellow among them, who was in the leaſt regarded. You will ſee them ſwell and exert themſelves, when ſurrounded by their female audience; and their red faces, and ſable apparel, put one in mind of a black turkey-cock, who pays addreſſes to his ſeraglio, by ſtrutting and jabbering.

Is it not clear, by their chooſing to aſſemble at night, that their deſigns cannot be quite ſo innocent as they repreſent them? All the enthuſiaſts of old choſe the gloom of night to celebrate their orgies ——but

Nox & amour vinumque nihil moderabile ſuadent
——Pudore vacat, nox & amorque metu:

Swaddling

Swaddling and zeal the female troop enflame,
And friendly night extinguiſhes all ſhame;
The fervent kiſs, the high-fluſht matron taſtes,
They watch and pray, and bleſs nocturnal feaſts.

But theſe, indeed, are only ſome of their harmleſs gambols; they have been of infinite prejudice to ſociety in other reſpects, eſpecially in England, where the people in general are of a melancholy and gloomy diſpoſition, owing to the large quantities of beef and pudding they eat, and the joint effect of a thick and heavy atmoſphere. Now, Whitfield and his followers, have artfully taken advantage of this characteriſtical turn in the people, and in order to ſhew themſelves powerful preachers, have drawn the moſt frightful picture of religion, and drove numbers to deſpair, which commonly ends in ſuicide and madneſs. Such deſponding doctrines are not calculated for a phlegmatic generation;—it is like tying lead to the heels of a perſon who cannot ſwim, and who is juſt ready to ſink without any additional incumbrance.

I have already obſerved, that ſuicide has encreaſed by the propagation of Whitfield's tenets: I muſt, however, do him the juſtice to acknowledge, that population has been advanced by the ſame means, which inclines me to think that it is a principle with this ſect, to bring as many into the world as they ſend out of it. They reſemble vipers, who carry poiſon in their heads, and oil in their tales, as an antidote againſt it.

Beſides, the arts they uſe on many occaſions, to extend the dominions of grace, are baſe and diſingenuous:

nuous: they hire their own followers to pelt and abuse them, and at the next gathering together of the godly, complain how they have been buffetted for Christ's sake, and thus extort the pity and pence of their deluded auditors.

They earnestly pray for persecution, as they very well know, that in all ages and countries it has only increased the sect it meant to suppress; like destroying a wart by amputation, which propagates others from its blood.

I really think it is the duty of every lover of his country, to expose these spiritual volunteers to contempt and derision. I shall just mention an anecdote, which proves that PETER TRAFFIC's complaints are just.—A celebrated young preacher in the North, (who had signalized himself as much as Moll Walker) was obliged in a certain disorder, to submit to that operation, which the Italians deem absolutely requisite for a fine singer. On this misfortune, his ungrateful female disciples, one and all, denied and deserted him; and though his voice was more tunable, the jades would not even condescend to hear him sing psalms; and the poor fellow was obliged to give up his ghostly calling. This story needs no comment; but lest Mr. Whitfield should say it is a fiction, I now tell him that it is well known at Strabane, where it happened, as hundreds there can testify,—let him disprove it if he can.

It is inconceivable what mischief these vagrant preachers have already done in the kingdom: I shall mention but one extraordinary instance at present.—In the late insurrections of the Oak Boys, a hymn was found in the pocket of a Jesuit, who was sent

on

on a miſſion from St. Audoen's-arch, and paſſed for a Muggletonian preacher: the ſtyle and ſentiments will convince the public that it muſt have been compoſed by ſome of that fraternity, to foment riots and ſedition among the "giddy, miſled, unthinking po-"pulace."

I ſhall conclude with a few ſelect ſtanzas from it, which ſhew their principles and deſigns in the ſtrongſte light. It ſeems to have been intended for an imitation of the firſt pſalm.

I.

The man is bleſt who never hears
A pariſh bell reſound;
Nor ſees the whore of Babylon,
In ſurplice, band, or gown.

II.

Our trees ſhall bring forth pleaſant fruit,
Our corn untyth'd ſhall ſtand;
Ev'n ſo all things ſhall proſper well,
That Oak-Boys take in hand.

III.

No human learning, Lord! we boaſt,
But grace does that ſurpaſs!
Then ope our mouths, and make us ſpeak,
As thou didſt Balaam's aſs!

IV.

The walls of Jericho, O Lord!
Obey'd thy trumpet's ſound;

When

When Joſhua gave the ſacred blaſt,
They fell unto the ground.

V.

So let the walls of Derry fall,
When with our horns we call;
The clergy then we'll quickly take,
And ſlay the prieſts of Baal.

VI.

Millenium days we ſoon ſhall ſee,
(Then down with tythe and teſt;)
For Chriſt alone ſhall be our king,
And all thy Saints have reſt.

NUMBER X.

In vain to deſarts thy retreat is made;
The muſe attends thee to thy ſilent ſhade:
'Tis hers, the brave man's lateſt ſteps to trace,
Rejudge his acts and dignify diſgrace.
When intereſt calls off all her ſneaking train,
And all the obliged deſert, and all the vain;
Thro' fortune's cloud one truly great we ſee,
Nor fear to tell that P——y is he.

POPE.

To the Rt. H——ble J—— P——y, Eſq.

SIR,

MORALISTS and ſage politicians have expatiated largely on the inſtability of court favour: you, ſir, have experienced the truth of their obſervations. How ungratefully have you been treated for all your paſt ſervices! The public are pretty well acquainted with your character, but from my particular eſteem and regard for you, I ſhall divulge ſome anecdotes that muſt do you honour, and which, from a laudible modeſty, you have induſtriouſly concealed.

I am vexed to ſee you reduced to a private ſtation, and no longer preſiding at that board where your abilities ſhined ſo conſpicuous. As a patriot, it muſt give me the deepeſt concern, to ſee you deprived of that influence, which you ſo wiſely exerted in ſo many boroughs and counties for the good of your country. How many freeholders have you relieved by

by generouſly *penſioning* them on the c—ſt—ms, and indulged with receiving the profits of their employments, without obliging them to ſubmit to the fatigue of the duty.

Superficial obſervers, ſir, have aſcribed your late patriotic conduct to ſpleen and diſappointed ambition. They ſay, that *penſions*, *titles*, and *reverſions*, were the only objects you had in view.—That you were piqued at the reſidence of a chief governor, as it deprived you of all hopes of becoming one of the illuſtrious *triumvirate* which long governed this kingdom with ſo much honour; and that your oppoſition to the court ſprung from the moſt ſelfiſh and ſordid motives.

But theſe ſpecious objections are eaſily confuted. Even allowing that you propoſed very extraordinary terms for your compliance with adminiſtration, I am ſure, ſir, you only did ſo, that they might be rejected with ſcorn, and that you might have a *reaſonable* apology for diſplaying thoſe noble principles of integrity and diſintereſtedneſs, which always glowed in your boſom, though you had concealed them ſo induſtriouſly for many years, that even your moſt intimate friends never once ſuſpected you had the leaſt idea of them. You acted, ſir, like Brutus in Tarquin's court: he affected folly, to ſecure himſelf from the jealous rage of a tyrant; and you only aſſumed the corrupt manners of a courtier, to gain preferment.

Beſides, though you had really intended to ſupport the meaſures of adminiſtration, if your terms had been accepted, you ſtill ſhewed a high degree of virtue in demanding ſuch extravagant ones. You meant

meant to convince the public how ſincerely you loved your country, by requiring ſuch a bribe to betray it; for certainly a man eſteems a thing in proportion to the price he ſets on it.

Your enemies, ſir, have accuſed you with want of ſpirit; I am ſurprized at ſuch a calumny. You lately gave a moſt convincing proof of your intrepidity in the Houſe of Commons. You were hardy enough to deny a charge, though the evidence of your own hand writing was againſt you. A leſs zealous friend than I am, might be puzzled to defend you: but I can perceive the rectitude of your intentions, even in your deviating from truth. It was in the glorious cauſe of liberty, ſir, that you for once condeſcended to ſwerve from that nice and delicate ſenſe of honour, which you have conſtantly preſerved. An inviolable attachment to your word, a rare quality in a ſtateſman! was one of thoſe peculiarities for which I always admired you. But I candidly acknowledge, that I eſteem you the more for giving up this ſhining characteriſtic, for the ſervice of your country. In that caſe, ſir, a private vice becomes a public benefit; and it is equally true in politics, as in morals, that the end juſtifies the means.

A perſon of your quick ſenſibility, muſt have ſuffered ſeverely on ſuch a trying occaſion. You then had virtue enough to reſign the character of an honeſt man, to attain the nobler name of a patriot. The greater the ſacrifice, the more your country is indebted to you.

As Speaker of the Houſe of Commons, you have gained univerſal applauſe. You were reſolved to

to ſtock that honourable aſſembly with patriots, and therefore in conteſted elections, you nobly rejected ſome members who had an undoubted majority of votes, and would only admit thoſe who promiſed to ſupport your intereſt, and the conſtitution of their country, as thoſe terms are ſynonimous.

Some people are amazed, how you could maintain ſuch an influence in the Houſe, with that ſmall ſtock of natural abilities which they invidiouſly allow you. But what they malignantly deſign as a reproach, turns out the higheſt compliment. If you were endued with ſuperior parts and ſhining abilities, the phœnomenon would be eaſily accounted for. Your merit, ſir, is the greater, as you have been able to effect ſuch grand things by ſlender means: a general who conquers with a ſmall force, acquires greater glory than if his troops were more conſiderable.

Your enemies, ſir, alſo accuſe you of having deſerted your grand ally on the Augmentation Bill; but they do not conſider, that, like Shakeſpear's apothecary, *your will never conſented.* You were juſtly apprehenſive of loſing your employment, and that is a ſufficient apology.

Give me leave, ſir, to lament with you, the degeneracy of my countrymen: I long ago expected that the whole kingdom would have been in a flame; that petitions and remonſtrances would have been ſent up from all quarters. What can be the reaſon of this ſupineneſs? Are they baſe enough to imagine that you deſign to imitate our memorable patriots of 1753. The conduct of theſe men has been of the utmoſt prejudice to this kingdom. It has

has made every Iriſhman a Sceptic, they doubt the very exiſtence of patriotiſm. They cannot be perſuaded to think their rights and privileges in danger, becauſe a Money Bill was originated in the council, as it has been the uſual mode of proceeding for two or three hundred years.——But the abſurdity of ſuch a concluſion is evident. For at different periods, the ſame thing may have quite different effects: You, ſir, were convinced of the truth of this maxim. In 1761 you ſupported the very meaſure which you have ſince diſcovered to be ſubverſive of the conſtitution. You have obſerved ſomething dangerous in that tyranic ſcheme, which you have not as yet thought proper to diſcloſe. Probably, ſir, you are apprehenſive of throwing the nation into ferments. You have acted like a ſkilful phyſician, who conceals the danger of the patient's caſe, leſt the diſcovery might terrify him too much.

It is now time, ſir, to mention a circumſtance which muſt render you extremely popular in this kingdom. As you foreſaw with your uſual ſagacity, the neceſſity and propriety of a land tax, you prudently reſolved to inſert a clauſe in every new leaſe which paſſed through your hands, in order to throw the burthen on the tenant, without diminiſhing the landlord's rent-roll. One gentleman, indeed, after his leaſe was perfected, ſuſpected the legality of ſuch a clauſe, and was raſh enough to conſult two eminent lawyers on the point. Their opinions chanced to coincide, and were entirely in his favour. Tho' you, ſir, were acquainted with their ſentiments, you paid no regard to them, but ſteadily reſolved to purſue your plan, and accordingly ſerved this refractory tenant with an ejectment. He took defence, *and you then commenced a ſuit againſt him; but as you were al-*

ways

ways tender of your reputation, and would rather lose your right than your popularity, you stopped all proceedings at the beginning of this session.

This was a fine example for the landed gentry; they owe you particular obligations for that masterly stroke of politics, perhaps you were induced to take this step, by observing how the insolence of the Yoemanry was increased by the Octenial Bill, and probably you contrived this latter scheme to counteract the pernicious effects of it.

Persevere, sir, in your patriotism, and though you should never more fill such an honourable and lucrative employment, as first Commissioner of the revenue, I know you will be rejoiced to find your place supplied by a person generally esteemed your superior, both in integrity and abilities. You will then resemble that illustrious Greek, who was a candidate to be enrolled in the band of heroes that fell at Thermopylæ, and on being rejected, thanked the Gods "There "were so many better men in Sparta."

I have thus, sir, taken some pains to vindicate your character and conduct, from every illiberal aspersion. I thought it more essentially requisite at this time, as with infinite regret, I find most people too apt to credit those invidious sarcasms.

I always considered you as a most amazing person. You are a facetious companion, without borrowing the least assistance from either wit or humour. You preside with equal dignity in the house, and at the head of a pack of hounds; and your eloquence is equally adapted for either. The same versatile genius made Alcibiades so extraordinary a personage. It is my boast to have first dis-

covered and pointed out a reſemblance between you. Others may have courted you in the ſunſhine of your power; in your fall I addreſs you:

and am, ſir, yours, &c.

Y PHOCION.

NUMBER X.

AS *this* defence of Mr. P. appeared in tne Freeman a few days after Phocion's firſt letter;—to do *that gentleman* impartial juſtice, *it* is inſerted here.

To the COMMITTEE for conducting the FREE-PRESS.

GENTLEMEN,

In a letter addreſſed to the right hon. J—— P——, Eſq; inſerted in the Mercury of Saturday March 24th, I have ſeen a ſcandalous falſe and malicious paragraph, highly reflecting on one of the firſt men in this kingdom: It is as follows.

"It is now time, ſir, to mention a circumſtance "which muſt render you extremely popular in "this kingdom. As you foreſaw with your uſual "ſagacity, the neceſſity and propriety of a land-tax, "you prudently reſolved to inſert a clauſe in every "new leaſe which paſſed through your hands, in or"der to throw the burthen on the tenant, without di"miniſhing the landlord's rent-roll. One gentleman, "indeed, after his leaſe was perfected, ſuſpected the "legality of ſuch a clauſe, and was raſh enough to "conſult two eminent lawyers on the point. Their

"opinions

" opinions chanced to coincide, and were entirely in
" his favour. Tho' you, ſir, were acquainted with
" their ſentiments, you paid no regard to them, but
" ſteadily reſolved to purſue your point, and accor-
" dingly ſerved this refactory tenant with an eject-
" ment. He took defence, and you then commenc-
" ed a ſuit againſt him; but as you were always
" tender of your reputation, and would rather lo e
" your right than your popularity, you ſtopped all
" proceedings at the begining of this ſeſſion."

It would be juſt ſufficient to ſay, that not a ſingle circumſtance of this matter in the leaſt affects Mr. P——y. The diſpute was entirely confined to Mr. Bayley the tenant, and Mr. Langriſhe, agent to Lord Besſborough. Mr. Ponſonby was not at all concerned in the tranſaction. Yet this ſtory is artfully dreſſed up to blaſt that gentleman's character, among the independent freeholders. Mr. Bayley cannot have effrontery enough to deny, that he holds the leaſe (in which that clauſe is inſerted) under Lord Besſborough. I am well acquainted with the litigious temper of Mr. Bayley, but ſtill I do not think him capable of propagating ſuch a falſehood.

Give me leave to add that the very ſame clauſe is inſerted in all the Duke of Devonſhire's leaſes; in the Duke of Dorſet's; in all the late Lord Burlington's and in many other gentlemen's of this country, nor was the tenantry in the leaſt alarmed at it. How ſhameful then is it to publiſh a notorious falſehood in regard to Mr. Ponſonby, and to raiſe jealouſies and ſuſpicions among the people on ſuch falſe grounds; through the meaneſt, inſignificant, hired, anonymous ſcribler, eſpecially when ſuch a

clauſe is neither unuſual, nor illegal; for ſurely the parties may agree to any terms they think proper, and what can be a ſtronger proof of this agreement, than the leaſe being perfected, that is ſigned, ſealed, and witneſſed.

Your inſerting this, will oblige, gentlemen, your conſtant reader,

HONESTUS.

——*Ævo rariſſima noſtro*
Simplicitas—— VIRG.

To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, Eſq.

SIR,

IN a letter ſigned Honeſtus, which was publiſhed in the Freeman; Mr. Bayley is charged with being *litigious*, and ſome hints thrown out to hurt his character. I therefore think it incumbent on me, as Mr. Bayley's friend, to give the public the particulars of his caſe, *properly authenticated.*—I am alſo very well ſatisfied that Mr. Bayley knew nothing of inſerting that paragraph in the Mercury, which Honeſtus undertook to anſwer.

In April 1767, Mr. Bayley, agreed with the late Robert Langriſhe, Eſq; for the leaſe of a farm in the county of Carlow, at the rent of 60l. per ann. *without any ſpecial conditions being mentioned.* Soon after, Mr. Langriſhe went to England, and returned with the ſaid leaſe and many others, executed by Lord Beſborough, and witneſſed by Mr. Langriſhe, and his clerk Mr. Walſh, in order to have them perfected by the reſpective tenants, who

all

all executed them without making any objections; Mr. Bayley alſo imprudently did the ſame, under the following circumſtances.

Mr. Walſh, called on Mr. Bayley, juſt as he was going to dine abroad, and preſſed him to execute the leaſe immediately, to which Mr. Bayley objected, by ſaying he had not time to read and compare the counterparts. However, at Mr. Walſh's preſſing inſtances, he conſented; and accordingly ſigned them without further examination, on Mr. Walſh's aſſuring him, "there was no-"thing unuſual in the printed part of the leaſe." But Mr. Bayley had the precaution to lock up both parts, till his return with Mr. Walſh in the evening: he then took out the leaſe to read and compare it with Mr. Walſh. When he came to the following clauſe, he immediately ſaid he could not ſubmit to it. It is as follows.

"That the ſaid Arthur Bayley, Eſq; his heirs "and aſſigns, ſhall pay to Lord Beſborough, his heirs "and aſſigns, the ſaid reſerved yearly rent of 60 l. "ſterling, on the days herein appointed for the pay-"ment hereof, and alſo, pay, bear, and diſcharge, "over and above the ſaid yearly rent, all taxes, aſ-"ſeſsments, ſubſidies, or other impoſitions, of what "nature or kind ſoever, impoſed, or to be impoſed, "on the ſaid demiſed premiſes, *or on the ſaid re-"ſerved yearly rent*, or on the ſaid *Lord Beſborough*, "his heirs and aſſigns, by reaſon or means thereof, "by parliament or otherwiſe, crown-rent and quit-"rent only excepted, as aforeſaid."

M. Bayley inſtantly perceived the pernicious tendency of this clauſe, which would ſubject the

tenantry of this kingdom, already too much oppreſſed by rack-rents, to the heavy burthen of a future land-tax, and even to pay a poll-tax, for their wealthy and unfeeling landlords. Beſides, it would give a fatal ſtroke to all improvement in this country, for upon every renewal of the tenant's leaſe, the rent would be increaſed, and conſequeutly the tax, in proportion to the labour and coſt he had beſtowed on his farm, to make it more valuable. If ſuch an example was univerſally followed, it would alſo remove the ſtrongeſt ſecurity the people of this kingdom have againſt a *land-tax*, for he apprehends that the landed gentry would not oppoſe it very ſtrenuouſly, if their tenants were to be the *only ſufferers*.

Mr. Bayley would then have cancelled the leaſe, but on Mr. Walſh's pointing out the inconveniency of doing ſo, and alſo ſaying, that a *defeazance* of that clauſe, on the back of the leaſe, would anſwer every purpoſe; Mr. Bayley was perſuaded to let his ſignature remain, but returned both parts to be delivered by the ſaid Mr. Walſh to Mr. Langriſhe, in order to have them tranſmitted to Lord Beſborough.

Inſtead of Mr. Langriſhe's doing ſo, as Mr. Bayley expected, he ſome time after attempted to ſurprize him into poſſeſſion of the leaſe, by incloſing it for him under cover, as a letter, and leaving it directed for Mr. Bayley, at Mr. Garret's, a gentleman in the neighbourhood: but as Mr. Bayley was aware of the deſign, he refuſed to receive it, and it ſtill remains at Mr. Garret's houſe.

Mr. Bayley afterwards applyed perſonally to Mr. Langriſhe, and Mr. Ponſonby: Mr. Lagriſhe ſaid he was going to England that ſummer, and promiſed

miſed to take the leaſe with him, and to have the defeazance made on the back of the leaſe.—Mr. Ponſonby alſo promiſed to apply to his brother, Lord Beſborough, to grant Mr. Bayley an abatement of 10l. per annum in the rent, for ſubmitting to that clauſe, in caſe Lord Beſborough refuſed to have it expunged.

On a ſecond application, Mr. Ponſonby put him off, by ſaying he could not meddle in his brother's affairs:——however, he took great pains to convince Mr. Bayley of the reaſonableneſs of this clauſe, by telling him it was inſerted in all the late Lord Burlington's leaſes, and actually produced one of them to prove it. Mr. Ponſonby accordingly, read a clauſe *repeatedly* to the ſame purpoſe: Mr. Bayley then deſired to ſee the leaſe, as he apprehended there might be ſomething further inſerted in the ſubſequent parts, to explain the reaſon of ſubſtituting ſuch an extraordinary clauſe, and accordingly in the *very next line* found the following ſentence; "Com-" penſation having been now made to the tenant, " for ſubmitting to this clauſe," or words to that effect. Mr. Bayley then replied, that ſuch a clauſe was reaſonable, and that the leaſe produced to him as a precedent, confirmed him in his reſolution of likewiſe inſiſting on an abatement in the rent, or a defeazance of the clauſe.

Mr. Bayley diffident of his own judgment, drew up the following ſtate of his caſe, and laid it before Counſellor Wolfe.

" A was ſeveral years in poſſeſſion of the farm of " B, under a leaſe for one life at 14l. 10s. yearly " rent. In January 1767, the life dies, and in April

" following, A comes to an agreement with the " agent of B, who had the inheritance thereof, for a " new leaſe in the words following:

" *A agrees to pay to B for ſaid farm, the yearly* " *rent of ſixty pounds on a leaſe for three lives, to* " *commence from the firſt of May*, 1767.

" Shortly afterwards, B who reſides in England, " writes a letter to A, to inform him, that he had " ſent over a leaſe executed by him for three lives " of ſaid farm, at the yearly rent of ſixty pounds. " When ſaid leaſe appeared, A objected thereto, on " account of a clauſe therein, which is in the words " following:

" *That the ſaid A, his heirs and aſſigns, ſhall pay* " *to ſaid B, his heirs and aſſigns, the ſaid reſerved* " *yearly rent of ſixty pounds ſterling, on the days here-* " *in appointed for the payment thereof, and alſo to pay,* " *bear and diſcharge, over and above the ſaid reſerv-* " *ed yearly rent, all taxes, aſſeſſments, ſubſidies, or* " *other impoſitions, of what nature or kind ſoever im-* " *poſed, or to be impoſed on the ſaid demiſed premiſes,* " *or on the ſaid reſerved YEARLY RENT, or on the* " *ſaid B, his heirs and aſſigns, by reaſon or means* " *thereof, by parliament or otherwiſe, crown rent,* " *and quit rent only excepted, as aforeſaid.*

" *Quere.* Is the clauſe recited uſual or cuſtoma- " ry in this kingdom?

" Anſwer. *I do not remember that I have ever* " *ſeen ſuch a clauſe in any leaſe of lands in this king-* " *dom, and therefore I ſuppoſe it is not a cuſtomary or* " *uſual*

" *usual clause in leases in this kingdom. In marriage* " *settlements, it is usual to exempt the jointure of the* " *lady from parliamentary taxes.*

" *Quere.* Does it not appear that the said clause " is intended by the lessor, to throw the payment of " a land tax on the lessee, whenever this country " shall be so unfortunately circumstanced as to be " obliged to submit to such a tax, and is it not pro- " bable it would have that effect?

" Answer. *I doubt this clause would not produce* " *the effect apprehended by this quere; but as that mat-* " *ter cannot be ascertained until such law shall be* " *enacted, I think no lessee ought to submit to such a* " *clause.*

" *Quere.* Has not A a right to object to the " clause recited, as it cannot be inferred from his " agreement, that he was to be bound to pay any " taxes, but the usual country charges?

" Answer. *I apprehend A has a good and suffici-* " *ent reason to object to such a clause.*

" *Quere.* Is it reasonable to expect, that the " lessee should be bound to pay any tax that may " hereafter be laid on the person of the lessor, or his " heirs?

" Answer. *Altho' this is a matter which depends* " *upon the agreement of the parties, I should think it a* " *very improvident act in the lessee, to undertake to* " *pay he knows not what; it may be something, it* " *may be nothing: however, as I said before, the*

" *agreement of the parties muſt reſolve this, and ſuch* " *like queſtions.*

THEOBALD WOLFE.

(A true copy.)

" 22d *Nov.* 1768."

Mr. Bayley incloſed Mr. Wolfe's opinion in a letter to Mr. Langriſhe, to which he received the following anſwer. " As to Mr. Wolfe's opi- " nion, to which I ſhall always pay the greateſt " deference, I do not think it peremptory or poſitive- " ly concluſive, for he abſolutely refers the whole " to the agreement of the parties, with a particular " ſaving to that particular circumſtance. Now, " pray dear ſir, what firmer, or ſtronger agreement " can be made, than by the execution of a leaſe, and " counterpart properly atteſted; and if ſuch does " not ſhew an agreement of the parties, I know not " what will or can.

" I muſt obſerve to you, that the covenant you " object to, is in all L—d B—ſb—gh's old as well " as new leaſes. In the SPEAKER's, &c.

ROBERT LANGRISHE."

When Mr. Bayley found that Counſellor Wolfe's opinion had not the deſired effect, he again drew up the following ſtate of his caſe, and laid it before the Attorney General, and afterwards he communicated it to Mr. Caldwell.

" A was for ſeveral years in poſſeſſion of a farm, " under a leaſe for one life, at 14l. 10s. yearly rent. " In January 1767 the life dies, and in April follow- " ing, A comes to agreement with B, who had the " in-

" inheritance thereof for a new leaſe in the words " following. A agrees to pay B for ſaid farm the " yearly rent of 60l. on a leaſe for three lives, to " commence from 1ſt May 1767. Shortly after- " wards, B tenders to A, a leaſe purſuant to ſaid " agreement, except with regard to one clauſe, on " account of which A objects to ſaid leaſe: which " clauſe is as follows:

" *That the ſaid A, his heirs and aſſigns, ſhall pay* " *to ſaid B, his heirs and aſſigns, the ſaid reſerved* " *yearly rent of* 60l. *ſterling on the days herein ap-* " *pointed for the payment thereof; and alſo pay, bear,* " *and diſcharge, over and above the ſaid reſerved* " *yearly rent, all taxes, aſſeſſments, ſubſidies, or other* " *impoſitions, of what nature or kind ſoever, impoſed* " *or to be impoſed on the ſaid demiſed premiſes, or on* " *the ſaid reſerved* YEARLY RENT, *or on the ſaid B,* " *his heirs and aſſigns, by reaſon or means thereof by* " *parliament or otherwiſe, crown rent and quit rent* " *only excepted as aforeſaid.*

" *Quere.* Is the clauſe recited, uſual or cuſtoma- " ry in this kingdom?

" Anſwer. *I have ſeen this clauſe in ſome leaſes,* " *but it is not uſually inſerted in leaſes in this king-* " *dom, and I think ought not to be inſerted, unleſs there* " *is ſome ſpecial agreement for that purpoſe.*

" *Quere.* Does it not appear that the ſaid clauſe " is intended by the leſſor, to throw the payment of " a *land tax* on the leſſee, whenever this country " ſhall be ſo unfortunately circumſtanced, as to be " obliged to ſubmit to ſuch a tax?

" Anſwer.

" Anſwer. *This clauſe is probably intended for that* " *purpoſe.*

" *Quere.* Has not A a right to object to the " clauſe recited, as it cannot be inferred from his " agreement, that he was to be bound to pay any " taxes but the uſual country charges?

" Anſwer. *I think A has a good right to object to* " *the clauſe.*

" *Quere.* Is it reaſonable to expect, that the " leſſee ſhould be bound to pay any tax that may " hereafter be laid on the perſon of the leſſor, or his " heirs?——*Note:* on account of the clauſe recited, " A has refuſed to pay rent under the new agree- " ment, inſiſting, that the clauſe for payment of tax- " es ought to go no further than thoſe laid on the " premiſes, and not any that may hereafter be laid on " the rent, or the perſon of the leſſor, on account of " enjoying ſaid eſtate?

" Anſwer. *I think the clauſe for payment of the* " *taxes, ſhould extend only to the taxes to be impoſed* " *on the premiſes, and not to ſuch as may be impoſed* " *on the rent or the perſon of the leſſor. But I think* " *A and B ſhould both conſider the very great expence* " *which muſt attend a ſuit in equity for determining* " *the matter in diſpute, and whether it may not great-* " *ly exceed the value of any contingent expence which* " *may ariſe by the impoſition of a new tax, which at* " *preſent ſeems very improbable.*

PHILIP TISDALE.

(A true copy.)

" *March 6th*, 1769."

But

But Mr. Caldwell, ſtill inſiſted that the clauſe was both uſual and legal. Mr. Bayley thought it prudent to tender payment of the rent then due, which he did to Mr. Walſh in the preſence of Mr. Caldwell, at his office in the cuſtom-houſe, on condition of having another leaſe executed, and likewiſe offered to ſubmit to all clauſes, which any gentlemen of the bar, would certify to be legal and cuſtomary in this country, where there had been no *ſpecial agreement* to warrant the inſertion of an extraordinary clauſe. Notwithſtanding this propoſal, which Mr. Bayley humbly apprehends to be a reaſonable one, he was ſerved with an ejectment, for *non payment* of rent, to which he *took defence*. Mr. Caldwell then ſerved him with notice for trying the record, at the laſt ſummer aſſizes for the county of Carlow: however, on finding Mr. Bayley determined to let it go to that iſſue, Mr. Caldwell thought proper to withdraw his notice of tryal, and has let the matter lye over withot ever demanding the rent.

RUSTICUS.

NUM.

NUMBER XI.

Romulus, & liber pater, & cum Caſtore Pollux
Poſt ingentia facta, Deorum in templa recepti,
Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aſpera bella
Componunt, agros aſſignant, oppida condunt;
Ploravere ſuis non reſpondere favorem
Speratum meritis.

HOR.

IMITATED.

B——les, P———bys, who ſhine in our records,
Were for their *merit* plac'd among the lords!
They ſerve their country with peculiar care,
Endow'd with penſions, and the S——r's chair.
Patriots, who ſtrive to make diſſenſion ceaſe,
And bleſs their country with the arts of peace;
Who to their tenants act a father's part,
Nor with oppreſſion wring the peaſant's heart;
May now lament that Slander blaſts their fame,
And ſpits her venom at each ſacred name.

To ARTHUR BAYLEY, Eſq.

SIR,

I CANDIDLY own that I was miſtaken in ſuppoſing that you held the diſputed leaſe under Mr. Ponſonby: I now ſee it was merely to ſerve his brother, Lord Beſborough, that he took ſuch extraordinary pains to convince you of the propriety of ſubmitting to an *unuſual* clauſe, which you ſo *litigiouſly* diſputed.

It

It gives me infinite concern to find, that my well meant panegyric on Mr. Ponſonby, ſhould be miſconſtrued by HONESTUS, into a ſatire on that gentleman, for whom I have conſtantly retaind the higheſt veneration and eſteem. I find, ſir, that you have alſo miſapprehended me; I ſhall therefore offer a few remarks to you and the public on this ſubject, which I am ſure will convince the candid and unprejudiced, of the unreaſonableneſs of your complaints, and ſerve to vindicate Mr. Ponſonby's character, from thoſe baſe inſinuations, "*artfully dreſſ-*" *ed up to blaſt him among the independent freehold-*" *ers.*"

1*ſt.* It is evident that Mr. Ponſonby was not the principal in this affair, for (by Mr. Langriſhe's letter) the *ſame clauſe* was already inſerted *in all his own leaſes*; ſo that nothing but pure affection, and a generous regard to his brother, Lord Beſborough's intereſt, could induce him to take ſo much trouble, to reconcile you to this *new mode* of ſubjecting yourſelf to a future land tax.

2*dly.* You ſay that Mr. Ponſonby promiſed to procure you an abatement of 10l. per ann. in your rent, as a compenſation for ſubmitting to that clauſe, but that he afterwards *put you off*, by ſaying, "he did "not chuſe to meddle in his brother's affairs." I wiſh you had given us the *date* of his promiſe; perhaps it was *previous* to the general election; and as you were of ſome weight in the county, he was afraid of loſing your intereſt by an *unſeaſonable* refuſal.

Mr. Ponſonby, ſir, who is an excellent caſuiſt, knew that "*Juramentum vi & metu extortum non obligat,*"

or

or in plain Engliſh, *Promiſes made under particular circumſtances are not binding.* I am amazed how you could be ignorant of this, when it is pretty well known, how well that gentleman has applied the maxim on many occaſions. A *promiſe* he always underſtood to be conditional; and from the very nature of the thing, it muſt be ſo;—for inſtance, when I promiſe to ſerve my friend, it is my intention to do ſo at that time, but if I change my mind after, I am fully juſtified in not performing it; for as I was only induced to make a promiſe from a *caſual* diſpoſition of mind in his favour, I have a right to break it from a *caſual* diſpoſition of mind to his prejudice: ſurely one motive is as good as another, except it be alledged that the firſt ſhould take place as elder; but I really think it highly abſurd to regulate the motions of our minds by ſeniority, like the laws of inheritance, which makes freeholds deſcend to the eldeſt ſon.

I ſhall think myſelf happy, if I have ſet this matter in a clear light. I know Mr. Ponſonby has many enemies, who have even *nicknamed* him for his frequent breach of *promiſe*. They indeed are too dull to perceive that he is actuated by the moſt refined and ſubtle principles of logic, which evinces the depth and extent of his underſtanding.

3dly. You alſo charge Mr. Ponſonby with purpoſely omitting part of the clauſe in Lord Burlington's leaſe, wherein it is expreſsly added, "compenſation having been already made to the tenant for ſubmitting to this clauſe." This, ſir, is artful and malicious to the laſt degree—Mr. Ponſonby *only* told you, "that the very ſame clauſe was inſerted in Lord Burlington's leaſes." He did not tell

tell you that no abatement was made in the tenant's rent, in consequence of it. You found what he said was strictly true, it was not Mr. Fonsonby's business to read the subsequent part, that would have been a work of *supererogation*; he wisely *skipped* it over, and if you had not been too officious, you would be satisfied with what he thought proper to communicate, and might probably have been awed by such a precedent into a peaceable submission.

4*thly*. I think that Counsellor Wolfe's reply to one of your querries, might have satisfied you. When you ask him, whether he thinks *the clause* was purposely inserted to subject the tenant to a land-tax? Instead of giving a *direct* and *explicit* answer, he only says, "*he doubts this clause would not pro-*" *duce the effect apprehended by the quere.*

This also implies a tacit censure on you for proposing such an insignificant question; for if it was not B's design, why should he so peremptorily insist on your compliance? Counsellor Wolfe thought this so very obvious, that your own sagacity might have pointed it out, without applying to counsel for information. Thus B's intention was evident, but whether it would produce the designed effect, is another question which naturally rises from the former; as to this point, Counsellor Wfole tells you, "*that matter cannot be ascertained until such law*" (for a land-tax) *is enacted.*"

Now, sir, could you suppose that L. B. Mr. P. and their powerful connections, would not exert all their influence to save the poor tenants from oppression, by annulling such an illegal and improper clause by an act of parliament? Surely the efforts of such patriotic

patriotic and generous gentlemen would be crowned with ſucceſs, eſpecially as they might declare, that they themſelves *were ſecure at all events*: ſuch a candid confeſſion would add weight to their eloquence, and render their diſintereſted conduct remarkably conſpicuous. I will grant, indeed, that their framing ſuch a *clauſe* at preſent, may ſeem rather too ſubtle and artful a ſtroke of policy, to gain applauſe, and make themſelves proper by annulling it; but I told you before that it is Mr. Ponſonby's misfortune to act on *too* refined principles; this has often ſubjected him to undeſerved cenſure, and made numbers imagine that he only deſigned to promote his own intereſt in all his ſchemes; whereas, that was only accidental, and his friends very well knew that he was never ſtrenuous in ſerving himſelf, except when the good of his country depended on it; then indeed he was indefatigable.

5*thly*. HONESTUS juſtly aſſerts that none of the tenants were alarmed at a clauſe, which ſeems to have given you ſo much uneaſineſs. This I impute to good management: that offenſive clauſe was foiſted in, as an addition to the uſual one, and ſo paſſed unperceived in the printed part of the leaſe: the tenants were not aware of the diſtinction between taxes to be laid on the *premiſes*, and on the *reſerved rent*. This demonſtrates how cautious Mr. Ponſonby and Lord Beſborough were of giving the leaſt offence, or of making themſelves unpopular. They were *modeſtly* ſatisfied with tying up their tenants, to pay a *land* or *poll* tax, whenever it ſhould be laid on; but ſtill they had too great a regard for their tenants eaſe and happineſs, to make them apprehenſive of their danger beforehand, which muſt have been the caſe, had theſe *generous* landlords explained

plained the nature and design of such a clause to them.

6thly. It shews Mr. Ponsonby's foresight and sagacity in providing against the pernicious consequence of a land-tax, by throwing the burthen on his tenants—Perhaps he observed a spirit and inclination in some of our landed gentry, to introduce such a tax, and conscious that it was not in his power to prevent it, he prudently resolved to secure himself and his family from the bad effects of it. He acted like that noble Persian, who after using every means to persuade his countrymen not to subject themselves to the despotism of a monarch, but to establish a commonwealth; till finding his eloquence ineffectual, he obtained an exclusive privilege for himself and his posterity, that they should remain free and independent, whilst the rest of the nation were slaves.

It might happen, indeed, that Mr. Ponsonby only meant to open a field to display his patriotism, and still intended to oppose a land-tax, merely for the sake of his tenants, (as he himself could not suffer by it) and thus oblige and serve them most essentially.

These, sir, must have been his motives, though I do not in the least doubt, but that some malicious persons will attempt to prejudice the yeomanry of the kingdom against this worthy gentleman; and by saying that he had formed a scheme to sacrifice them, and to introduce a land-tax, if his own selfish and sordid terms, and those of his venal junto were complied with; perhaps they will malignantly say, that his design is apparent from this very litigated clause.

clauſe. But it is Mr. Ponſonby's peculiar happineſs, that no one who is acquainted with his character, will liſten to ſuch ſcandal. His conſiſtent and impartial conduct in the houſe, his integrity and abilities at that honourable board, where he ſo lately preſided, furniſh the beſt and moſt ſatisfactory anſwer to thoſe malicious reproaches.

The houſe of commons, thoſe ſpirited guardians of our liberty! would not have voted him eight thouſand pounds this very ſeſſion, if they were not thoroughly ſenſible of his great merit—That *pecuniary* elogium from the repreſentatives of the people, does him more honour, and I dare ſay gave him more pleaſure, than if he had received the thanks and applauſe of the whole kingdom.

I am, ſir, your's, &c.

Y PHOCION.

NUMBER XIII.

Fælix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

THE candid reader will be convinced of the uſe and efficacy of Phocion's addreſs to the right hon. John Ponſonby, Eſq; (on the ſubject of an intended land-tax) by peruſing the following extract from Mr. Caldwell's letter.

"To

" To ARTHUR BAYLEY, Esq.

" On the death of the late Mr. Langrishe, Lord " Besborough did me the honour of appointing me " his general agent, and I am now to inform you, " his Lordship is willing to sign any instrument your " council shall advise, to exempt you from all possi- " ble apprehensions of being charged with those par- " liamentary taxes you seem so averse to, on your " paying the rent you now owe, which has been for " the time past clearly exonerated and disencumber- " ed therefrom; or if you rather chuse to surrender " your lease of part of Garryhill, my Lord will " accept a surrender thereof, on your paying the " arrear due.

Your most obedient humble servant,

CHA. CALDWELL."

" *Dublin, 5th June*, 1770.

To the Earl of BESBOROUGH.

MY LORD,

IT gives me peculiar pleasure, to find that your Lordship has ordered Mr. Caldwell, your agent, to have a defeasance made of that very particular clause in one of your Lordship's leases, which subjects the tenant to a future land tax, instead of his opulent landlord. Probably, your Lordship never saw Counsellor Wolfe's, and the Attorney-General's opinions on this point of law, till they appeared in my Speculations.

As

As the ſame *illegal* and *alarming* clauſe is inſerted in all Mr. Ponſonby's leaſes, I hope your Lordſhip's example will have a proper influence on him.—When he was a courtier, my Lord, he might have a ſecret intimation from the miniſtry, that a land tax would be introduced here, and therefore acted with prudence by ſecuring himſelf at his tenants expence: but now that he is a patriot, he can have no reaſon for obſtinately adhering to this prudential ſyſtem.—I ſhall be pleaſed with having an opportunity of blazoning that gentleman's merit, for he is remarkably modeſt, and to avoid public applauſe, ſo carefully conceals the great ſervices he has rendered his country, that even his moſt intimate friends are ſtrangely puzzled to give me the leaſt information about them.

I am told, that your Lordſhip diſapproves of his late patriotic proceedings:—However, my Lord, Mr. Ponſonby's is a moſt extraordinary character; he gained more friends and dependents by empty promiſes, than by conferring eſſential favours:—I hope your Lordſhip will pardon this digreſſion, and I ſhall now return to my ſubject.

I have a ſecret ſatisfaction, my Lord, in reflecting on the great uſe my Speculations have been to your tenant Mr. Bayley. He perceived the dangerous tendency of a clauſe foiſted into his leaſe, with great art and diſingenuity, and was determined to act with ſpirit and reſolution.

"A village Hampden, who with dauntleſs breaſt,
"The little tyrant of his field withſtood."

He

He ſtated his caſe with clearneſs and preciſion, and ſubmitted it to Cunſellor Wolfe and Mr. Tiſdall; encouraged by their favourable opinions, he was determined to have the legality of the clauſe tryed. On being ſerved with an ejectment, he *took defence*, and was then threatened with the utmoſt rigour of the law, if he did not quietly ſubmit. Several of the papers relative to this affair, fell accidently into my hands. As I thought it a matter of ſome conſequence, I was determined to lay the whole tranſaction minutely before the public, and took care to incloſe your Lordſhip a few ſpeculations containing my remarks, and Mr. Bayley's very ingenuous narrative. I own that my vanity is greatly flattered by Mr. Caldwell's letter. Your conduct my Lord, does you honour, and I can aſſure you, that I entertain no diſpicable idea of your Lordſhip's underſtanding, ſince you have paid ſo much deference to my arguments.

As ſeveral of your tenants, my Lord, have a right to the ſame indulgence ſhewn Mr. Bayley, I ſuppoſe your Lordſhip's directions to your law agent, were general and equally extended to them. I only mention this my Lord, leſt ſome malignant perſons may impute your Lordſhip's behaviour to a ſiniſter motive, if Mr. Bayley ſhould be particularly diſtinguiſhed.

I remain,

My L—d,

Your L—p's moſt obliged,

And moſt obedient humble ſervant,

JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE.

NUM-

NUMBER XIV.

———*Minus aptus acutis*
Naribus horum hominum———

HOR.

To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, Esq.

SIR,

IT is generally remarked, that persons of exquisite sensibility, are unhappy. The cause is obvious —they see the foibles of mankind, and feel their own too sensibly: their tempers are ruffled by trifles, which never disturb the tranquility of others. By conducting themselves with unnecessary refinement in the common occurrences of life, they frustrate their own views; as artists by fining a razor too much, often turn its edge.

* FERVIDUS, possessed of genius, a just taste, a brilliant fancy, and every social quality of a generous and benevolent heart, can never be happy—because his *feelings* are too strong. FUCOSUS lives the object of ridicule, and is led every day to laugh at himself; he joins in the jest without suspecting it is at his own expence—yet is he happy by his dullness, which, "covers him all over (as Sancho says) like a "cloake." The most distant allusion, that can be construed into the slightest mark of disrespect, makes

* These two characters (it is supposed) are designed for C—pt—n J———n and Mr. H———d.

FERVIDUS

FERVIDUS miſerable. FUCOSUS thinks every body admires him, as a prodigy of parts, and therefore converts a ſneer into a compliment.—The nerves of the one, like the ſtrings of a fiddle, vibrate on the ſlighteſt touch; whilſt the other's, like the cords of a STRIM-STRAM, ſcarce bend under the rough hand of a porter. FUCOSUS blunders through difficulties and labours, which would deſtroy any perſon of leſs ſtupidity, as a gooſe thruſt down a chimney on fire, extinguiſhes the flames, and eſcapes unhurt. I believe the experiment would prove fatal to any other bird.

I often conſider Mrs. Greville's Ode to Indifference, as a maſter piece on this ſubject. The imagery is beautiful and poetic, and the ſentiments ſhew that nice diſcernment and knowledge of human nature, ſo rarely found in the elaborate pages of a moral philoſopher.

Let the rage of party, and perſonal invective, for once give place to admit the poliſhed production of a female genius. Many of our readers, Mr. Wagſtaffe, are neither courtiers nor patriots, and reliſh ſcandal as little in the Batchelor, as the Freeman,—particularly,

Your humble ſervant,

MUSÆUS.

A PRAYER *for* INDIFFERENCE.

By Mrs. Greville.

OFT I've implor'd the gods in vain,
And pray'd till I've been weary;
For once I'll ſeek my wiſh to gain
Of *Oberon* the fairy.

Sweet, airy Being, wanton Sprite,
Who liv'ſt in woods unſeen;
And oft by Cynthia's ſilver light
Trips't gaily oe'r the green!

If e'er thy pitying heart was mov'd,
As antient ſtories tell,
And for th' *Athenian* maid who lov'd,
You ſought a wond'rous ſpell.——

Oh! deign once more t' exert thy power!
Haply ſome herb or tree,
Sov'reign as juice of Weſtern flower,
Conceals a balm for me.

I aſk no kind return in love,
No tempting charm to pleaſe:
Far from the heart ſuch gifts remove
That ſighs for peace and eaſe.

Nor eaſe nor peace the heart can know,
Which, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
But, turning, trembles too.

Fat

Far as diſtreſs the ſoul can wound,
'Tis pain in each degree:
Bliſs goes but to a certain bound:
Beyond is agony.

Take then this treach'rous ſenſe of mine,
Which dooms me ſtill to ſmart;
Which pleaſure can to pain refine,
To pain new pangs impart.

Oh! haſte to ſhed the ſacred balm!
My ſhatter'd nerves new ſtring;
And for my gueſt, ſerenely calm,
The nymph *Indifference* bring.

At her approach, ſee *Hope*, ſee *Fear*,
See *Expectation* fly!
And *Diſappointment* in the rear,
That blaſts the promis'd joy.

The tear, which pity taught to flow,
The eye ſhall then diſown:
The heart that melts for other's woe,
Shall then ſcarce feel its own.

The wounds which now each moment bleed,
Each moment then ſhall cloſe,
And tranquil days ſhall ſtill ſucceed,
To nights of calm repoſe.

O Fairy Elf but grant me this,
This one kind comfort ſend!
And ſo may never-fading bliſs
Thy flowery paths attend!

So may the glow-worm's glimmering light,
Thy tiny footſteps lead
To ſome new region of delight,
Unknown to mortal tread!

And be thy accorn goblet fill'd
With Heav'ns ambroſial dew,
From ſweeteſt, freſheſt flowers diſtill'd,
That ſhed freſh ſweets for you.

And what of life remains for me
I'll paſs in ſober eaſe;
Half-pleas'd contented will I be,
Content but half to pleaſe.

NUMBER XV.

SOME faſtidious critics condemn certain ſimiles, which they are pleaſed to depreciate by calling them *low* and *vulgar*. They neither conſider the author's intention, or *that* ſpecies of compoſition, where they may appear with grace and propriety. A few thoughts on this ſubject may therefore be agreeable to the reader,—and alſo ſerve as a preface to my *new* correſpondent's favours.—

The deſign of ſome peculiar compariſons is to blend the perſon or thing with the object, from which the ſimile is taken, ſo as to excite a ludicrous image from ſuch an aſſociation.—

On

On this principle, the penetrating and judicious Mr. Hurd aſcertains the propriety of alluſive imagery, as adapted to the lighter kinds of poetry; and the ſame criticiſm may be equally extended to compoſitions in proſe.—"What has been ſaid of "the epic holds, as I hinted, of all the more ſerious "kinds of Poetry. In works of a lighter caſt, there "is greater liberty and a larger field of alluſion per- "mitted to the Poet. All the appearances in art and "nature, betwixt which there is any reſemblance, "may be employed here to ſurpriſe and divert the "fancy. The further and more remote from vulgar "apprehenſion theſe analogies lie, ſo much the fitter "for his purpoſe, which is not ſo much to *illuſtrate* "*this ideas* as to place them in new and uncommon "lights and entertain the mind by that odd con- "junction, or oppoſition of ideas which we know by "the name of *wit*.—Nay the *loweſt* as well as the "leaſt obvious imagery will be oftentimes moſt pro- "per; his view being not to enable and raiſe his "ſubject, by the means of *alluſion*, but to ſink and "debaſe it by every art that hath a tendency to "excite the mirth and provoke the ridicule of the "Reader."

Diſſertation 3d. Page. 103

To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, Eſq.

SIR,

I WAS lately married to an old gentleman, and am made very uneaſy by an impudent young fellow's ludicrous compariſons on the match.—He ſays, that an old man who affects to be *amorous* reſembles a *fuzzball* which ſeems to have ſome ſubſtance, but on being preſt, burſts and only fills the

eyes with duſt.—At other times he commends my huſband's prudence, for chuſing a young maid, rather than an old experienced dame, as, ſnuff he adds muſt be ſtrong and freſh to irritate the organs of a *practitioner*, but that a few dead grains will make a perſon *ſneeze* who is unaccuſtomed to take it.

He caught me 'tother day, ſitting on my Huſband's knee, and ſaid I looked like a bunch of ſweet pea ſupported by a rotten ſtick.——I was very angry to be ſure, on my dear old man's account, but as he compared me to ſo pretty a flower I forgave him; but indeed he is grown more impudent ſince, and juſt now told me, that Virgil deſcribed our wedding night, by the following lines, which I made him write down.

——————* Telumque imbelle ſine ictu
Conjecit: rauco quod protinus ære repulſum
Et ſummo Clypei, nequicquam umbone pependit.

I am ſure there is ſomething bad in them, for when I ſhowed them to my huſband, and beg'd him to tell me what they meant, he flew into a violent, paſſion, and has been croſs ever ſince. Do my dear Mr. Wagſtaffe, tranſlate them for me in the Batchelor, and you will particularly oblige,

your admirer and humble ſervant,

PARTHENIA PINCHBECK.

* His feeble palſy'd hand a Javelin threw,
Which fainting ſeemed to linger as it flew;
Juſt—and but barely to the mark it held,
And faintly tinkled on the brazen ſhield.

The

The APOLOGY

I.

To Kitty's name, I tune my lays
And praiſe the little maid,
Whoſe jaunty ſhape, whoſe curl'd phiz
Poor Johny's heart enſlav'd.

II.

What charms ſhe has I'll ſtrive to ſing
And decorate my ſong;
A lovely proſpect for a wife
Her fortune's—in her tongue.

III.

A Tongue ſo neat, ſo pliant glib,
Which ſcorns to whine or flatter,
What pointed words ſpring from thoſe lips,
All ting'd with wit and ſatire.

IV.

My pretty tiny, Chineſe piece,
A Barrack room to grace;
In vinegar each feature ſet
So acid looks that face.

V.

And have I pleas'd my Kitty too
Has Kitty for me cares,
Grac'd with a foot of double ſize
And ancles nob'd like chairs!

VI.

Or have my eyes entrench'd ſo deep
My gentle Kitty charmed?
My tawney ſkin and *Hounſlow* face
Her tender heart have warm'd.

VII.

In dancing too, my aukward cuts,
No pains could ever ſcreen;
"*A Heaven taught*" dancer, certainly
For nought of art is ſeen.

VIII.

Kitty no more now boaſt your pow'r
For all your art is vain;
Beauty and maiden charms combin'd
But gild the marriage chain.

IX.

The doctor thus who knows his trade,
And's ſway'd by profit ſtill,
The nauſeous doſe but ill conceals
By varniſhing the pill.

X.

But this you ſay is common cant,
And often heard by you;
—Then Kitty, ſince I know your taſte
I'll give you ſomething new.

XI.

A harlot, faith may drain the purſe,
And into danger run one;
But ſoon as e'er the miſchiefs done
The jade is ſure to ſhun one.

XII.

So fleas will bite, and then ſkip off
And longer ſcorn to ſtick;
Conſtant and true a wife remains
And clings like any tick.

XIII.

And when you rave, and rage and curſe,
She then will plague you more,
Like bliſters of *Iberian* flies
She makes and frets the ſore.

XIV.

Have you not ſeen a harmleſs dog
Run frighted thro' the ſtreet,
With ſhot in bladder ty'd behind
Of marriage—Emblem meet!

XV.

In courtſhip, miſs reſembles cat,
That purrs and ſmooths her paws,
But marry'd!—then like angry puſs
That ſpits and ſhews her claws.

XVI.

Two lovers, like two playful cats
In dalliance ſoft unite,
But noos'd—like cats ty'd by the tail
They wrangle, ſcratch and fight.

XVII.

Courtſhip is pleaſant, marriage ſour;
This plagues, but that delights;
So St. *John's* book tho' ſweet to taſte,
Yet ſwallow'd gave the gripes.

XVIII.

As preſbyterians, paſtors chooſe,
And ſhew their ſenſe and ſkill,
By keeping power ſtill in their hands,
To turn them off at will.

XIX.

On terms like theſe a girl I'd love
No wedlock noiſe or ſtrife;
Like church divines, wives ſaucy grow,
Becauſe they hold for life.

Epigram on the ladies new faſhioned TETES.

INSTEAD of hair, bright Cælia, wears a *tete*,
Of frowſy wool, to hide a ſhaven pate;
—As ſtript of leaves, a beauteous plant becomes
A dirty mop, and ſhines with greaſy *thrums*.

NUMBER XVI.

To the Female COTERIE.

LADIES,

AS your polite and honourable academy seems chiefly calculated to propagate gaming and gallantry, I recommend the following essay to your patronage and protection.—Principles congenial to your own, induced me to step forth in your defence, and I have at least the merit of being your first voluntary champion. I always contemplate with peculiar pleasure an institution which will produce the most beneficial effects to Society.—That constitutional coldness which you derive from a bleak northern climate, will be meliorated and improved by gay conversation and sparkling champaign;—for a tavern like a green house, will infuse an artificial heat and *naturalise* plants, originally reared under the genial influence of brighter skies and a warmer sun.—

Our giddy and impetuous youth will be weaned by you, from all low and indelicate amours, and solely devote themselves to ladies of fashion and character.—The refined policy of the roman ladies, whose example you pursue, prompted them to stigmatise *mean spirited* gallants by the opprobrious epithet of *ancillarii*.—Or *wenchers*—give me leave to recommend the same judicious distinction to your imitation.

Our

Our ingenuous youth attracted by your beauty and generous condescension, will soon loath the embraces of mercenary females, who can't even boast the virtue of a nettle, but on *compression* sting more severely. Let it be your amiable province ladies, to teach them, that by yielding up your charms, you resemble *squeesed* myrtle, which in that state, emits its sweetest and most agreeable odour.—

I have the honour to be, with the highest respect,

LADIES,

your most sincere admirer,

and devoted humble servant,

JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE.

Urbi pater est, urbique maritus.

LUCAN.

IT gives me the highest pleasure to observe the rapid progress of cuckoldom in these kingdoms, as it is always the consequence of refined manners. We only wanted this finishing touch, to equal the French in that agreeable polish, which embellishes and softens human nature. Gallantry and intrigue, introduce a social intimacy between the sexes, which wears off that disgusting rusticity, so prevalent in a country, where an unrestrained familiarity is not fashionable. The best method of polishing marble, is by rubbing the slabs against each other; and I am rejoiced to see the same mode so generally adopted by both sexes. Gaming is intimately connected with

with gallantry, and may be esteemed the *cement* of every polite circle.—A *prudish* lady who loses at play, is frequently obliged to compound with her male creditor, and yield her person instead of her purse.—A MACCARONI alone could refuse to release his amiable debtor on these terms. How happy is the husband of such a prudential wife, who thus discharges a debt in a *coin* he can never possibly miss, especially, as it might injure his fortune, and embarrass his affairs if paid in any other. Sometimes she may prefer this mode of payment from a *presentiment* of her husband's superiority; an experimental proof will do honour to her foresight, and promote conjugal affection. This was Penelope's way, she encouraged all her gallants to shoot in Ulysses's bow, and found none of them equal to her own good man.

Let dull moralists, and prejudiced politicians, snarl at every generous and comprehensive system, which contradicts their narrow, selfish principles: I do not address myself to such readers, but to the liberal and impartial; and I make no doubt of convincing them. I shall therefore prove, 1st. That cuckoldom was established by law, in the wisest of nations. 2dly, That *precedents*, and continued *usage* and *practice*, are uniformly in favour of it. 3dly, I shall point out the great benefits which civil society receives from it; and conclude with some general remarks on the subject.

By a statute enacted in the 7th of Lycurgus, the Spartans granted every man the privilege of lying with his neighbour's wife—Cato, by his example, endeavoured to introduce that law among the Romans:

Romans: ſeveral tribes of Indians have adopted the ſame wiſe maxim. Thus, both civilized nations, actuated by political motives; and Barbarians, from the mere ſuggeſtions of untutored reaſon, have equally perceived its utility.

Continued *uſage* and *practice* are alſo in favour of it. The hiſtory of every age and country, furniſhes us with numberleſs examples in proof of this. All the evil conſequences which have been falſely aſcribed to the practice of cuckoldom, proceeded wholly from the unreaſonable reſtrictions and diſcouragement that impolitic laws have laid on it. This alone made it a crime, and rendered the man infamous, who patiently ſubmitted to it—Hence proceeded wars, maſſacres, and the diſtruction of mankind. We ſee in Sparta, where it was not diſhonourable to be a cuckold, (but highly ſo to be a batchelor) all thoſe evils were prevented.

But why ſhould I appeal to Greece or Rome for examples, when the hiſtory of our own country ſupplies me with the ſtrongeſt inſtance, in ſupport of my argument? If Tigherna O'Rourke, king of Breifna, had not thought it unbecoming a man of ſpirit to be a contented cuckold, he would not have forced Dermot M'Murchad to apply to Henry the ſecond for aſſiſtance: we might then ſtill have wandered free and independent among our bogs, got drunk out of our *madders*, and uſed our *ſkeins* with impunity.—We ſhould never have heard of the execrable Poyning, nor of his infernal law; a law, inſidiouſly calculated to break the hearts of our patriots, and to ruin the kingdom.

Thus

Thus cuckoldom was the cauſe of our ſlavery and ſubjection; I therefore highly commend my countrymen, for retaliating on our conquerors. Their proweſs and ſucceſs have been ſo conſpicuous, that even the ſtern Churchill could not refuſe paying tribute to their merit in the following lines:

" See Dublin, fam'd in legends of romance,
" For mighty magic of enchanted lance,
" With which her heroes arm'd, victorious prove,
" And like a flood, ruſh o'er the land of love.

I ſhall now point out the great benefits which civil ſociety receives from cuckoldom. It is remarkable, that ſome families maintain an hereditary right to weak intellects and perſonal blemiſhes, which uniformly deſcend from generation to generation. Now, a wife who has the honour of her family at heart, may eaſily remedy this, and I really think it her indiſpenſible duty to do ſo: ſhe will pleaſe her good man by it, and can do him no injury. I am always delighted to ſee the father of a family ſurrounded by children whom his wife *certifies*, tho' they did not *take their riſe* from him. He foſters and cheriſhes them with as much fondneſs and affection, as a hen that hatches duck eggs, and feeds the ducklings with the ſame care, as if they were her own. A lady who acts ſo judiciouſly, merits the higheſt praiſe; ſhe adorns her huſband's table with olive branches which never ſprung from him; as a ſkilful gardener, gathers plumbs off thorn trees, by graſting a few ſlips on them.

It

If husbands would treat their wives with complaisance, and not be offended at innocent familiarities, they would make proper allowances for slight failures in conjugal duties, and love their husbands for the *very reason* they now hate them, as it would be a sufficient excuse for applying to others for comforts which they cannot be supplied with at home.

Besides, we should consider that cuckoldom is but a reasonable fine, which every man should chearfully pay, as it evinces the beauty and merit of his wife in other people's eyes, and is a just compliment to his own taste. Let those who are cursed with homely domestic *ribs*, have the sole enjoyment of them: such women are mean enough to employ their time in taking care of their houses and children; and what is still worse, confine themselves at home, and surfeit their husbands by too much fondness. But the gay and beautiful should scorn to be monopolized; they ought to regard the happiness of mankind. Many of them, no doubt, are influenced by the laudable ambition of communicating pleasure all around them; and it is from that generous principle alone, and not to gratify any sensual passion, that they are so willing to ease the torments of their lovers.

Penal laws on cuckoldom or conscience, I equally condemn. Large damages which are usually granted for *crim. con.* are attended with most pernicious effects. This makes the husband a spy on his wife, and an informer against her gallant, merely for the sake of gain; though gilding his horns no more mitigates his disgrace, than gilding a pill takes off the nauseous taste of the physic. Population is the true

true object of policy in every wise state, and if children are produced, of what consequence is it to the community from whom they are *originated?* Thus a penalty on cuckoldom, is a restraint on population, and strikes at the *very vitals of our constitution.*

I cannot omit this opportunity of paying a just panegyric to the memory of that *wise* and *politic* prince, Charles II. During his reign, there seems to have been a suspension of all the absurd penal laws against cuckoldom. He knew it was the most effectual way to recruit the nation, exhausted by *Puritanic fasts*, and a civil war. He led the way himself, and his loyal cavaliers followed such an illustrious pattern; as the Emperor of China, encourages agriculture, by breaking up the ground every year with a golden plough, but he confines himself to one day's labour; Charles excelled him, for he continued his nocturnal labours the whole year round.

Cato-Major was so sensible of the use of cuckoldom to the commonwealth, that in order to qualify himself for it, at the age of eighty, he married a young girl. Marriage is truly an *honourable* state to such venerable sages, for they often have the *honour* of being called father, by other mens children. Perhaps I could point out a modern patriot, not inferior to Cato in this respect.

I wish he would exert his persuasive eloquence in the Senate, and bring in heads of a bill, to abrogate all the penal statutes, on cuckoldom and population, (as I have proved them synonimous.) Our commerce lies under too many restraints already, then why should

ſhould we tax this ſtaple commodity. My countrymen are diſtinguſhed even to a proverb, for carrying on that trade with ſpirit and ſucceſs, in all parts of the globe. Iriſhmen, and Iriſh ſcrews, are generally eſteemed, even in England, and we well know they are not too partial to us.

The legiſlature lately took off great part of the duty on tea, and we ſee the revenue has gained by it. Let them alſo for the public good, aboliſh this odious exciſe on population. Let people no longer torment themſelves about Poyning's law, but addreſs their repreſentatives, and give them proper inſtructions on this important point. A repealing act would revive our trade, make caſh circulate, eſtabliſh peace and harmony in families, enrich the nation, and give employment to the poor natives. I am alſo of opinion, we ſhould ſoon be rich enough, by this means, to diſcharge the national debt.

Y.

NUMBER XVII.

Satis eloquentiæ ſapientiæ parum.

To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, Eſq;

SIR,

I WAS in company ſome time ago, where the comparative merit of the celebrated Junius, became the topic of converſation. A little emaciated beau,

beau, with the grimace of a lady's monkey that had loſt his agility by confinement and wearing fine cloaths, decided the matter in a thrice, with the pertneſs and ſelf ſufficiency inſeparable from coxcombs. " For my part," ſays he, " Though I " own myſelf partial to our countryman Swift, yet " I muſt candidly acknowledge Junius's ſuperiority." The ſentiments of ſuch a goſling critic would not be worth notice, but as it ſeems to be the prevalent opinion at preſent, I ſhall ſubmit ſome remarks on this ſubject to the candid reader. To diſcuſs it with accuracy, we ſhould carefully diſtinguiſh between an author's thoughts and expreſſions; the latter being only the vehicle of the former, and the moſt trivial and trite ſentiments may be rendered agreeable to ſome taſtes, by being cloathed in a figurative and ſplendid diction. But this mere tinſel, this poliſhed ſurface, will not dazzle every one's eyes.

Junius I think ſhould be claſſed among thoſe who have gained public applauſe, rather by the ſuperficial embelliſhments, than the intrinſic value of their writings; for moſt, if not all his merit, conſiſts in well turned periods and a poliſhed ſtyle. On the contrary, Swift is nervous and conciſe; his fertile fancy on every occaſion ſupplied him with the moſt ſtinging, ludicrous, and apt compariſons and alluſions, conveyed in a language clear, expreſſive, and intelligible to the meaneſt capacity.

Mr. Addiſon ſays, " The only way to try a piece " of wit, is to tranſlate it into a different language; " if it bears the teſt, you may pronounce it true; " but if it vaniſhes in the experiment, you may con-

" clude

" clude it to have been falſe." This criterion will equally ſerve for the point in queſtion. If Junius's letters were examined by that teſt, the beauties of expreſſion would vaniſh at once, and leave him few admirers or even readers; whilſt that rich vein of thought, that poignant wit ſo peculiar to Swift, would ſtill attract univerſal admiration *and applauſe*. Swift's writings are like generous wine, which will preſerve its ſpirit and flavour, though poured from one veſſel into another; but Junius's, like æther, would evaporate in the operation.

I ſhall juſt mention a ſingular felicity in Swift: his *Examiners* delight and improve to this day, and though written occaſionally in defence of a MINISTRY, yet they ſtill charm thoſe who can be no longer intereſted in the queſtion. His extenſive genius could not be confined, but in its excurſions elucidates ſeveral points, which do not ſeem immediately connected with his ſubject. It reſembles a fire kindled by ſhepherds on a mountain, only for their own convenience, which yet ſerves as a guide to others, and illuminates the moſt diſtant objects.

I really cannot ſee why Sir William Draper ſhould compliment Junius for his attic wit, unleſs he meant to be ironical. The truth is, that he ſcarce attempts to be witty except in his laſt letter, wherein he compares the behaviour of a certain perſon, " To the termagent chaſtity of a prude, who pro- " ſecutes one man for a rape, whilſt ſhe ſolicits the " lewd embraces of another." This compariſon is ſtolen from one of our comic writers; but Junius gives us a ſpecimen of his art in paſſing it for an

origi-

original, by the pomp and garniſh of words with which he has tricked it out;—as a ſcowerer of old cloaths often impoſes a ſuit as new, tho' *it* has already been worn by the maſter, and even his valet.

Swift has painted himſelf juſtly in theſe two lines.

"To ſteal a hint was never known,
"But what he writ, was all his own."

The outſide glitter and varniſh of Junius's ſtyle, can never ſtand the teſt of criticiſm; it bears the ſame analogy to Swift's, that French plate does to ſilver; the one looks well at firſt, but ſoon tarniſhes and loſes its luſtre; whilſt the latter improves, and grows brighter by uſe.

In ſhort, Junius by his ſmooth declamation and addreſs, attracts the attention of the public, and by his ſophiſtry, evades the force of the ſtrongeſt charges againſt him: in this ſenſe, I underſtood a gentleman, diſtinguiſhed for his integrity and eloquence, who drew his character juſtly, by calling him the beſt party writer he ever read.

As ſome people do not ſuſpect Junius of that ſophiſtry in argument, which he conſtantly employs, I ſhall give a remarkable inſtance of it, which will prove what I have advanced, beyond a poſſibility of doubt. He accuſes Sir William Draper in theſe words, "Did the miniſtry ſuggeſt any motives to "you, ſtrong enough to tempt a man of honour to "deſert and betray the cauſe of his fellow ſoldiers? "was it that bluſhing ribband, which is now the per-

" perpetual ornament of your perſon? or was it " that regiment which you afterwards ſold?" Sir William's anſwer diſplays both ſpirit and patriotiſm. Junius aſks, " by what accident did it happen, that " in the midſt of all this buſtle, and all the clamours " for juſtice to the injured troops, the Manilla ran- " ſom was ſuddenly buried in a profound, and ſince " that time, an uninterrupted ſilence?" I will explain the cauſe to the public. " The ſeveral mini- " ſters who have been employed ſince that time, " have been very deſirous to do juſtice, from two " moſt laudable motives, a ſtrong inclination to aſſiſt " injured bravery, and to acquire a well deſerved " popularity to themſelves. Their efforts have " been in vain. Some were ingenuous enough to " own, that they could not think of involving this " diſtreſſed nation in another war, for our private " concerns. In ſhort, our rights, for the preſent, " are ſacrificed to national convenience; and I muſt " confeſs, that although I may loſe five and twenty " thouſand pounds by their acquieſcence to this " breach of faith of the Spaniards, I think they are " in the right to temporize, conſidering the critical " ſituation of this country, convulſed in every part " by poiſon, infuſed by *anonymous*, *wicked*, and *in-* " *cendiary writers*. To ſupport your ſtory, you " have recourſe to the following *irreſiſtible* argu- " ment: You ſold the companions of your victory, " becauſe when the ſixteenth regiment was given to " you, you was ſilent. The concluſion is inevitable. " I believe that ſuch acute reaſoning, could only " come from ſuch an extraordinary writer as Junius. " —But unfortunately for you, the premiſes as well " as the concluſion, are abſolutely falſe, many appli- " cations have been made on the ſubject of the

" Manilla

" Manilla ranſom, ſince the time of my being Colo-
" nel of that regiment. In the laſt autumn, I per-
" ſonally delivered a memorial to the Earl of Shel-
" burne, at his ſeat in Wiltſhire."———

Now let us obſerve Junius's ingenuity, in defending himſelf. He firſt accuſes Sir William of being *totally* ſilent about the Manilla ranſom, from the time he was appointed Colonel to the ſixteenth regiment. When Sir William has proved this aſſertion falſe, Junius ſuddenly turns on his antagoniſt, and has the aſſurance to make that very application to the miniſtry, (for the neglect of which he has ſo lately ſtigmatized him) the ground of a freſh accuſation againſt him. " Remember, Sir, ſays he, " that " you have yourſelf confeſſed, that conſidering the " critical ſituation of *this country, the miniſtry are* " *in the right to temporiſe with Spain.* This confeſ-
" ſion reduces you to an unfortunate dilemma. By
" renewing your ſolicitations, you muſt either mean
" to force your country into a war at a moſt unſea-
" ſonable juncture ; or having no view or expectati-
" ons of that kind, that you look for nothing but a
" private compenſation for yourſelf."—Is this reaſoning or ſophiſtry? Are not conceſſions often gained from a foreign court, by one adminiſtration, which have been refuſed to a former? It was therefore Sir William's duty to apply when he had any proſpect of ſucceeding.——What opinion ſhould we now entertain of Junius's ridiculous dilemna? only this, that it retorts on himſelf.

I ſhall conclude with this general remark, that falſe logic, and elegant phraſes, may often impoſe on

an ignorant and superficial reader; but on a close examination, their futility and emptiness will be evident: thus a counterfeit guinea may pass current, 'till *weighing* it discovers the cheat.

Yours, &c.

Y

NUMBER XVIII.

Ridentem dicere verum,
Quis vetat?

HOR.

To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, Esq.

SIR,

I AM almost tempted, like Pythagoras, to cry out Ευρηκα since I flatter myself that I have found out the origin of all our national miseries. I know our patriots ascribe them to the *prorogation*; yet still, I think, they carry the joke too far, when they impute the late famine in Bengal to the same cause. When I reflected on the great advantages this kingdom has received from the *inland* navigations, at a *trifling* expence: when I considered the patriotic labours of the Dublin Society, who so generously encourage the least ingenuity in our tradesmen, that they once granted a præmium to a wheel-right, who had made an improvement on an old fashioned rat-trap; then, sir, I seriously *communed with my own heart*,

heart, and was ſurprized at the poverty and miſery of the natives, who ſeem as yet to have derived little advantage from the improved ſtate of affairs in this country. At laſt, I began to ſuſpect that there is ſome radical defect, either in *politics* or *morals*, which ſtill kept us in a ſtate of barbariſm. I conſulted Doctor Lucas and our Iriſh Demoſthenes on this ſubject, and they both ſolemnly vowed that POYNING's LAW was the ſole cauſe of all our calamities.—They wept like Cato over their dear country, perpetually expatiating on the ſame inexhauſtible topic :—They verify'd counſellor Scott's humorous application of two beautiful lines in Virgil.

Te dulcis Poyning's, *te ſolo in litore ſecum,*
Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.

However, ſir, though I pay the utmoſt deference to their opinions, I was not convinced. I aſked them, if Poyning's law obliged our peaſants to go *barefoot*, live in *ſmoky cabbins*, and neither eat *bread or meat* ? They both laid their hands on their hearts, lifted up their eyes to heaven, and ſwore with the utmoſt ſincerity, that the *odious*, *tyranical*, *arbitrary*, *unconſtitutional* and *oppreſſive* PRIVY COUNCIL, had *originated* all theſe griveances by uſurping the power of framing a Money-bill, which had actually reduced us to a ſtate of ſlavery.—" *Hewers* of wood, and *drawers* of water.—Still unſatisfied with this ſolution, I attempted to find out ſome more probable cauſe ; ſome general principle, which might be rationally applied to our whole political œconomy. At laſt, I diſcovered that all our grievances *take their riſe* from that unchriſtian and abominable cuſtom of

the common people's feeding on POTATOES. This bold aſſertion, I know, will ſeem paradoxical to ſome grave politicians; yet, I think, can be eaſily demonſtrated. I ſhall, therefore, attempt to elucidate the ſubject, and *diſpel every ſhade of darkneſs, by an inundation of light.*

Firſt, It is univerſally allowed, that wherever food is eaſily acquired, either by the ſpontaneous production of the earth, or by little pains and labour, there the people remain barbarous and uncivilized, dirty and lazy.—This, ſir, is the ſtate of nature. The *vis inertiæ* is not confined to matter; let philoſophers ſay what they will, it equally extends to mankind. To confirm this reaſoning, we ſhould obſerve that in the firſt ages of the world, when men fed on *pignuts* and *acorns*, they were on a level with the beaſts of the field. Agriculture, by multiplying and providing for their neceſſities, recovered them from that deplorable ſtate of barbariſm, into which they fell on the lapſe of our firſt parents. The Indian tribes who feed on yams, exactly reſemble our wild Iriſh. Thoſe who cultivate the *maize*, are as much ſuperior to them, as the Engliſh are to us. I am convinced that *potatoes* were never deſigned for men; nay, I ſeriouſly think they were the *forbidden fruit*, in the garden of Eden: It gives me ſincere pleaſure to hear that the great Doctor Warburton is now writing a treatiſe to *demonſtrate* it, which will certainly be a valuable appendix to his *Divine Legation.*

The diſcovery of America, introduced the *lues venerea*, and potatoes into Europe, and it would puzzle the *Conſtitutional Club*, or the *Robinhood Society*,

Society, to determine which of them has been moſt prejudicial to ſociety. But it is now time to examine, how this kingdom ſuffers in an eminent degree by this cuaſed root.—It has raiſed the rent of land to a moſt exorbitant pitch: for, the peaſants, by living ſolely on potatoes, drinking water, and going naked, maintain themſelves and famillies at a very cheap rate, and prove the beſt tenants to our needy landlords. Thoſe humane gentlemen therefore labour indefatigably to plant the potatoe feeders in all parts of the kingdom. When ever a leaſe expires in the North, they are generouſly invited from Connaught and Munſter, by public advertiſements, under the gentle call of, "*no* "*exception being made to religion.*" The Proteſtant manufacturer, who muſt eat *bread*, is out-bid by theſe emigrants, and baniſhed from his country, to take ſhelter in the wilds of America. Thus potatoes ſerve as a bribe to our landed gentry, to encourage Popery; and our charter ſchools can be of no ſervice, till that weed is baniſhed from the face of the earth.

Some patriots in Munſter, indeed ſenſible of theſe bad effects, are attempting to check this pernicious cultivation, by ſetting *potatoe ground* at four or five pound an acre.—That was their generous motive, and I eſteem myſelf peculiarly fortunate in having an opportunity of vindicating our patriotic gentry from every unjuſt and illiberal aſperſion.—I know it has been invidiouſly ſaid (without the leaſt foundation) that *their* oppreſſion, rack-rents and extortion, occaſioned the rebellious inſurrections of the White Boys, who as the Freeman wiſely obſerves are inſti-

gated by the Earl of Bute and the Jeſuits, to introduce the Pope and the Pretender.—This calumnious aſſertion might be eaſily confuted, but even ſuppoſing it a fact;—ſtill thoſe generous landlords deſerve the thanks of every loyal ſubject for deviſing a moſt effectual plan for promoting the *proteſtant intereſt* by driving Papiſts to riot and rebellion, and *then* hanging them for thoſe atrocious crimes.

I hope Sir Toby Punch will move for a bill this ſeſſion, to make it felony, without the benefit of clergy, to *eat potatoes*. This will do him great honour, and be extremely beneficial to the kingdom, *tho' it will not reduce the hereditary revenue*. Agriculture can only flouriſh where the people eat bread: ploughing, ſowing, and reaping, furniſh employment the whole year round. Thus, habitual labour, by degrees, would baniſh that lazineſs and pride, which diſtinguiſh the true Mileſian blood

It is a melancholy pilgrimage, to travel through this country, and ſee the beautiful healthy children, which every cabbin produces, bred up in ſloth, filth, and idleneſs,—a burthen to themſelves and the public. I have often ſeen half a dozen of them ſeated on the dunghill, before the door, and their white and ſhining ſkins put me in mind of blanched almonds ſtuck in an orange pudding.

I ſhall conclude with a ſerious addreſs to the clergy, to recommend it to their ſeveral congregations, to enter into a *ſolemn league and covenant*, totally to abſtain from eating potatoes. I need not mention the great advantages the eſtabliſhed clergy would derive from this, as their livings would be double

and

and trebble what they are at present. Necessity would no longer compel them to quarrel with the poor cotters and *distrain* them, for the tythe of their potatoe gardens. Yet it is not for the mere value of the tythe, which seldom amounts to a shilling;—too generous to be influenced by such sordid motives, they are inspired by the generous principle of defending the rights and privileges of the church, a principle which their greatest enemies confess they never deserted, under the christian or pagan system. —If the learned divine who wrote an excellent essay against the henious crime of eating black puddings, were still alive, I do not question, but he would oblige the world with as useful and valuable a treatise to prove the devouring of potatoes, *contrary both to reason and scripture.*—As our reverend teachers are always ready, to promote the good of their flocks, I make no doubt of their concurrence and powerful assistance.

I am, sir, your's, &c.

Y ANTIPOTATOE.

NUMBER XIX.

L'Epoque de la politeſſe des Romains, eſt la meme que celle de l' établiſſement du pourvoir arbitraire. Le gouvernment abſolu produit l'oiſiveté, & l' oiſiveté fait naitre la politeſſe.—Plus il y a de gens dans une nation qui ont beſoin d' avoir des ménagemens entr'eux & de ne pas deplaire, plus il y a de politeſſe. Mais c' eſt plus la politeſſe des mœurs que celle des manieres, qui doit nous diſtinguer des peuples barbares.

DE L'ESPRIT DES LOIX.

MR. Hume, in one of his ingenious eſſays, quotes this paſſage from Menander, "That "it is not in the power of the gods, to make a po- "lite ſoldier;" and then juſtly obſerves, "the ideas "which the antients formed of politeneſs, muſt be "very different from ours."—It ſeems, they imagined politeneſs was beſt acquired by cultivating the underſtanding, and improving in philoſophy: now, a ſoldier's life not being ſo well calculated for theſe intellectual improvements, gave the comic writer ſome grounds for this ſatyrical ſtricture.

Our politeneſs is founded on a modiſh addreſs, nicely adjuſted to expreſs our reſpect to perſons, according to their rank and ſtation in life; and therefore monarchies, where peculiar privileges are annexed to titles and nobility, muſt always be the ſeat of elegant and poliſhed manners. Monteſquieu ſays, that

that ſlavery and politeneſs made an equal progreſs among the Romans; and nobly adds, "that a politeneſs in *morals*, rather than *manners*, ſhould diſtinguiſh a civilized people from barbarians."

It is not uncommon, to hear young travellers expatiate on the extreme urbanity of the French peaſants, and the rudeneſs of the Engliſh ones; not conſidering, that ſuch effects are neceſſarily produced by the ſervility and freedom of their reſpective governments.

The free and generous ſpirit of liberty and equality, diffuſed among the Grecian Republics, made each individual diſdain a ſervile dependence, or ſubjection to the will of another: where men were only diſtinguiſhed by ſuperior ſkill in arts and arms, they could be little acquainted with thoſe forms and ceremonies, invented to flatter the vanity and arrogance of the rich and great.

"That idle ſupplement of worth,"
That vain pretence to fame,
By vulgar fools ſet forth
With honour's ſacred name.

The empty ſound which lulls mankind
With fawning titles, flattery, and deceit;
Had not, as yet, become a tool of ſtate,
And rul'd the tyrant of the human kind.

GUARINI's Paſtor Fido.

When I ſee worthleſs people reverenced merely for their dignity and fortune, it puts me in mind of the Egyptians deifying and worſhipping monkeys: it was an artful and refined ſtroke of policy in them,

to ſingle out ſo ridiculous an animal, in order to ſhew, that the moſt deſpicable perſon was intitled to reverence, by the honours conferred on him.

Some illuſtrious perſonages chooſe to ſcreen themſelves from public view, by pomp and pageantry: this I think is very excuſable, when it proceeds from modeſty, and a conſciouſneſs that the leſs they are known, the more they will be eſteemed—If they poſſeſſed ſhining talents, and intrinſic merit, they would be glad to lay aſide the uſeleſs incumbrance of ſtate, and diſplay thoſe qualities which can alone render men great and amiable.—Such was a Cheſterfield's conduct when among us. To give another inſtance at preſent, might be reckoned flattery.

Civility and complaiſance, an external poliſh and refinement, have been adopted, as a ſubſtitute for humanity and benevolence. To diſguiſe every ſentiment of the human heart, is eſteemed an eſſential point in modern politeneſs, which has arrived to its utmoſt perfection in courts, where there is the greateſt demand for diſſimulation. Thus it ſerves a double purpoſe—to varniſh the outſide, and diſguiſe the heart; like painting windows, which both beautifies and obſcures them.—This has alſo given birth to the *double entendre*, ſo much the mode of modern converſation; for it is not the deſign of this ſyſtem, to baniſh all indelicate ideas, but to gain them an eaſier admiſſion, by aiming at the fancy, without offending the ear. By this means, the imagination is rendered "tremblingly alive all o'er," and ready to take fire at the moſt diſtant illuſion; like Phoſphorus, which will blaze by the mere warmth of the hand: it alſo gives ladies a ſpecious pretence of affecting ignorance, and

ſo

ſo liſtening to ſuch converſation, without any breach of the laws of decorum.

Certain looſe phraſes are alſo proſcribed in good company, not on account of their immodeſty, but becauſe diſtant hints have a better effect on a chaffed and apprehenſive fancy, without conveying preciſe ideas, which might reſtrain *its* agreeable wanderings.

A nice and faſtidious ear diſtinguiſhes the faſhionable from the unpoliſhed part of the ſex; the latter are ſeldom offended by indecent words, becauſe they do not pique themſelves on appearing ignorant of their meaning;—but, as ſuch expreſſions are too plain, not to be clearly intelligible, they are highly reſented by the former, who are *then* forced to ſeem angry, to keep up a ſhew of modeſty.

When a bluſh vermillions the face of a well-bred woman, it is ſuch a ſpurious one, as Swift mentions, "They bluſh becauſe they underſtand;" that is, from the pleaſure they find in the ſubject, and in their quickneſs of apprehenſion.—This is very different from the genuine bluſh of modeſty, the offſpring of a delicate mind, alarmed at any ideas inconſiſtent with its own purity, and wiſely deſigned by nature as a check and guard againſt the ſoft and ſeducing allurements of ſenſual paſſion.

Diffidence, timidity, and a train of delicate apprehenſions, are the beſt preſervatives of female virtue: modern manners have a direct tendency to deprive the ladies of thoſe unfaſhionable qualities. This judicious mode of conquering the fair, was firſt introduced

troduced in France: the *Beaux Esprits* consider a woman like an artichoke, which must be stript of its leaves, to come at its bottom.

Y.

NUMBER XX.

——On th' other side up rose
Belial.——————he seemed
For dignity composed and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropp'd manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels; for his thoughts were low;
To vice industrious but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful: yet he pleased the ear.

MILTON.

To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, *Esq.*

SIR,

I HAVE always been an admirer of Junius's Attick eloquence. *He* is equally concise, clear, and nervous; and not more distinguished by superior abilities, than by a peculiarity of style, which has produced so many vapid and weak imitations.—We have scarce a writer in our language, by whom we can form a comparative idea of his merit. Our witty conntryman, Swift, has left us no specimens of that rapid and commanding eloquence, which seems to flow with such ease from Junius's pen.

The

The quick and fertile fancy of the one, always furniſhed him with ludicrous compariſons, ſtinging ſarcaſms, and apt alluſions: his language was correct, expreſſive, and intelligible to the meaneſt capacity. The perſuaſive energy of the other, attracts our attention, and as he proceeds, we ſtill conceive an higher idea of his ſubtle genius; even when we ſuppoſe him exhauſted, he aſtoniſhes us with new and ſurpriſing ſtrokes of the moſt refined and bitter ſatire.

Junius's letters, and Lord Bolingbroke's papers in the Crafts-man, bear a cloſe reſemblance to each other; but the former are manifeſtly ſuperior. Bolingbroke is diffuſe and verboſe; his periods are often tedious; the ſenſe left ambiguous by a wrong arangement, and frequently broken by ſuperfluous and encumbering parentheſes. On the contrary, Junius condenſes his thoughts;—they acquire, like a Phalanx, additional force from their compactneſs: The perſpicuity of his ſtyle is remarkable, for it is impoſſible to miſtake his meaning.—With all theſe advantages, Junius is but a ſophiſt: his arguments, cloathed in a figurative and ſplendid diction, convey an inſidious addreſs to the paſſions and prejudices of his readers, inſtead of a candid appeal to their underſtandings.

When a Junius appears, faction revives with new vigour, and the deſponding patriots acquire freſh courage: all hope is centered in him. They fancy themſelves in the ſame ſituation of the Jews, when their being *victors*, or *vanquiſhed*, ſolely depended on the raiſing or depreſſing of Moſes's hands.—Every perſon of taſte, indeed, will readily acknowledge, that

that Junius's letter, to Lord Mansfield is a maſter-piece of eloquence: It may find a foil in the brigheſt boaſts of antiquity.—Yet he miſtruſts his own abilities, and doubts the goodneſs of his cauſe, when he treads in the beaten track of ſcurrility, chalked out by the deſpicable Mr. Wilkes. To court popular applauſe, he flatters national prejudices, and forfeits the title of a good ſubject, and a good man, to rival Mr. Wilkes in the worſt part of his public conduct. "Periſh all national reflections, as illiberal, baſe, "and unmanly."—Junius affects to admire L. Chatham, he ſhould remember his words.———Did he hope to ſupply the want of candour and truth, in his invective againſt Lord Mansfield by an ungenerous abuſe of his countrymen, the Scotch? Such a deſign implys an involuntary compliment to his Lordſhip's integrity.

As a ſtriking inſtance of Junius's ſophiſtry and miſrepreſentation, let us examine the following paſſage. "It is not in political queſtions only," ſays he, "(for there the courtier might be forgiven) but "let the cauſe be what it may, your underſtanding "is equally on the rack, either to contract the pow-"er of the jury, or to miſlead their judgment. For "the truth of this aſſertion, I appeal to the doctrine "you delivered in Lord Groſvenor's cauſe. An "action for criminal converſation, being brought by "a peer againſt a prince of the blood, you were "daring enough to tell the jury, that in fixing the "damages, they were to pay no regard to the quali-"ty or fortune of the parties; that it was a trial be-"tween A and B—that they were to conſider the "offence in a moral light only, and give no greater "damages to a peer of the realm, than to the "meaneſt

"meaneſt mechanic." The falſity of Junius's aſſertion, will be evident, by quotting that part of Lord Mansfield's charge to the jury, which Junius ſo maliciouſly perverts. His lordſhip ſummed up the proof with the utmoſt ſtrictneſs and impartiality, and concluded by ſaying, "That the "jury were to conſider the damages *received*, and "give an *adequate* recompence to the *perſon* injured, "and not give a ſum as a puniſhment upon the per- "ſon who commited the injury: for in that caſe it "would become rather a fine, which would be en- "croaching on the power of the court, in whoſe "breaſt the inflicting fines alone depends." Here Lord Mansfield makes a proper and fair diſtinction, equally conſonant to law and equity. The jury were to be determined in their verdict, ſolely by the injury done to Lord Groſvenor but as that was not aggrivated by the rank of the offender, they were not to be influenced by it. Lord Mansfield neither ſaid, nor could be underſtood to mean what Junius aſſerts. His lordſhip's meaning is obvious, and by the very terms he uſes, the jury muſt have ſeen, that Lord Groſvenor's rank and ſtation in life, were material circumſtances, immediately recommended to their conſideration. How elſe were they to adjudge *adequate* damages to the plaintiff, according to Lord Mansfield's charge?

Lord Mansfield's treatment of Mr. Bingley, is alſo repreſented by Junius with the utmoſt ſophiſtry and want of candour. Mr. B. was juſtly puniſhable for refuſing to anſwer interrogatories; that is denying the juriſdiction of the court, which certainly implyes a *contempt* of it. After two years impriſonment, he was enlarged, though his confinement might

might have lasted till he had submitted himself to the laws of his country. As the court was invested with a discretionary power, L. Mansfield's releasing Mr. B. was a humane and generous act; yet Junius attempts to depreciate such an action by imputing it to a mean and despicable motive: instead of acknowledging L. Mansfield's humanity in not detaining Mr. B. any *longer* a prisoner, he abuses his lordship with virulence for detaining him so *long*.

The learned author, indeed, of "Considerations "on the modes of trial by information and attach-"ment," disapproves of both, as unsuitable to the free spirit and genius of the British government, and wishes for the constitutional interposition of the legislature to *limit* or *abolish* them: but he throws no ungenerous reflections on the court of King's Bench, for pursuing those modes at present, as he well knew the judges have no authority to deviate from the established and legal forms. This ingenuous manner of reasoning, distinguishes candid disquisition from party declamation: but Junius artfully ascribes the severity of the laws in particular cases, to the arbitrary decision of the *judge*, in order to render Lord Mansfield the object of popular odium.

As Junius has so audaciously misrepresented Lord Mansfield in points which lie so open to the public inspection; what opinion should we entertain of those parts of his letter, wherein he censures his lordship's ministerial conduct? Let us not suffer ourselves to be deceived by the outside glitter and varnish of Junius's style, but examine his arguments divested

divested of all superficial embellishments. His eloquent invectives may dazzle the weak, and alarm the timid: the sensible part of mankind will admire his ingenuity, but laugh at his logic. His sophistical eloquence, so deficient in truth and reason, resembles the undulating light often produced by phosphorus, which has the luminous property of flame, but not the heat.

Let every honest man reflect with pleasure, that a consciousness of meriting Junius's caustic satire, can only make him a formidable foe. His rancour may aim the blow, but conscience must inflict the wound. The calm sunshine of the soul, cannot be clouded by his malevolence. Vice and folly may feel the edge of his wit, but virtue is invulnerable, as aqua fortis can only penetrate and dissolve base metals; its corrosive quality is lost on gold.

I am, sir, yours,

Y PHOCION.

NUM-

NUMBER XXI.

Hi motus animorum, & hæc certamina tanta,
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt.

VIRG.

To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, Esq.

SIR,

THE ignorance and perplexity of our financiers, might induce an unexperienced person to think, that the national accounts depended on algebraic calculation—Every question proposed by administration, though clear and simple in itself, is rendered obscure and unintelligible, by the harrangues of some half-witted orators. The precision and pointed eloquence of Hutchinson, cannot rescue the House from the endless perplexities of Sir William M—y—re, and the obscure elaborate comments of Sir Lu—s O'B—n. The candour and moderation of Mr. Malone; his superior abilities, which never excited envy, because they were never exerted with un-mannered insolence, to obtain an ungenerous triumph over the weak and defenceless:—yet this distinguished character cannot protect him from the illiberal invectives of the Kilkenny orator, who seems determined to make his countenance a true index to his heart. The Attorney General is justly rewarded by his rhetorical client: personal abuse is the coin with which Mr. F——d *fees* his lawyers. Few men, perhaps, know mankind better than Mr. T——ll; though he was deceived in the orator,

orator, and is juſtly puniſhed for his want of ſagacity.

Laſt Saturday's proceedings furniſh the ſtrongeſt proof of the temper and principles of our patriots —Procraſtination and delay are their objects. The ſervants of the crown agreed to every meaſure which had the leaſt tendency to public utility— The arrears of half-pay, and officer's widows, were ſtruck off, and the only point in debate, was to prevent any injuſtice to *particulars*, which might ariſe from this innovation.

To give the reader a clear idea of the ſubject, I ſhall inſert a ſhort abſtract of the national account, as it *then* ſtood.

Debt at Lady-day, 1771, by report of the Committee of Accounts.	788,474	11	4½
To which was added, ſo much diſpoſed of by addreſs of the Houſe of Commons, in ſeſſion 1769, being a balance due from Mr. Prat, late deputy vice-treaſurer,	17,994	1	5¼
Diſmiſſed collectors, ——	14,060	14	10½
	£820,529	7	7¾

£1094.

£1094, a saving on the army, was deducted from the debt in the public accounts, by the Committee to whom they were referred.

Struck off.

Arrear of pensions, — —	2,514	8	4¾
——— of officers widows, —	24,237	5	1¾
——— of half-pay, ——	11,457	14	1
	£ 38,209	7	7½
	782,320	0	0¼
	£820,529	7	7¾
Funded debt remaining undrawn at Lady-day, 1771.	725,000	0	0

On this ground, the Attorney General proposed the following resolution, " That the debt of the " nation at Lady-day, 1771, amounted to the sum " of 782,320 l."

Mr. Hussey moved for another resolution, " That " the *funded* debt of the nation at Lady- " day, 1771, only amounted to 725,000 l." If this had passed, the balance between the two sums, (57,320 l.) which was unavoidably expended in support of his Majesty's government, would not be included in the national debt;—and though every article of expence, which had occasioned the *exceedings* in the last two years, had been already laid before the Committee of Accounts; yet, if this

this abſurd motion had been carried in the affirmative, the Committee of Supply muſt have *reſolved* itſelf into a Committee of Accounts, to wrangle *once more* over theſe articles! Numberleſs precedents were produced, to ſhew that the Attorney General's motion was parliamentary and proper. The patriots, unable to anſwer their opponents arguments, moved for the queſtion of adjournment, and divided upon it; but finding every effort ineffectual, and that a ſpirited majority were determined to do their duty, *they* at laſt retired in deſpair, and gave up the point.

I ſhould not omit mentioning a debate, which enſued on a reſolution being propoſed, for applying 9000l. to the credit of the nation. (returned in the arrears). This was the remaining balance of a large ſum, *appropriated* by act of parliament, to erect batteries for the ſecurity and defence of the harbour of Corke, and to purchaſe arms for the militia.

Lord Townſhend, it ſeems, in his tour through the ſouthern parts of the kingdom had obſerved the preſent defenceleſs ſtate of the harbour of Corke. The money formerly granted, was *jobbed* away in building a fort and batteries, where they could be of no ſervice. The fort has fallen into ruins, by the *firing of the guns on rejoicing days!* —yet there is an iſland in the mouth of the harbour, where batteries might be erected, which would in ſome degree protect the trade of that opulent and commercial city. This idea his Excellency adopted—An eſtimate had been made out, and it appeared, that the intended plan might be executed for 7500. Mr. Ponſonby, the late Speaker,

er, oppoſed the meaſure; very conſiſtently, indeed, becauſe it was not a job.—" He *talked* of 150,000 l. " being abſolutely requiſite for the work." His ſon, one of the repreſentatives of the city of Corke, likewiſe exerted his hereditary eloquence, againſt the eſſential intereſt of that city which had choſen him. Mr. F——d *digreſſed* in his uſual manner, and peremptorily inſiſted, " That there was no occa- " ſion for fortifications in this kingdom, as he " very well knew that France would never in- " vade us. The idea was prepoſterous and ab- " ſurd." To ſhew his *ſkill* in geography, he ſaid, " a French fleet muſt ſail *up the Engliſh Channel*, " and force its way through the Britiſh fleet, in " order to land in the *ſouthern* or *weſtern* parts of " this kingdom!—That there was no reaſon to " believe that *Conflans* intended to land troops on " our coaſt, though *Thurot* (who was to act in " concert with him) had landed in the North.— " That he would never believe it.—That if the " French intended to *ſtrike at the vitals of our* " *conſtitution*, they ſhould embark at Calais, and land " at Dover!"

You may think, Mr. Wagſtaffe, that I miſrepreſent his mode of reaſoning—I appeal to a numerous audience for the truth of what I advance. In ſhort, this celebrated orator often put me in mind of the BARBER'S BOY, in the farce of the Upholſterer.

Sir Lu—s O'B—n droped his uſual grave and ſententious addreſs, and affected to be facetious. Sir W. M—y—re was treated by Mr. Scot, like the aſs in the fable, for miſtaking his talents, and mimicking

mimicking the tricks of a lap-dog; this gentle correction may be of infinite ſervice to both theſe knights.

C——l B—rt—n ſpoke in a manly, ſpirited ſtyle: his arguments were well received by the Houſe, and had weight in deciding the queſtion.

I am, ſir, yours, &c.

Q A SENATOR.

November the 26th, 1771.

NUMBER XXII.

To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, Eſq.

SIR,

I OWN myſelf particularly pleaſed with a true characteriſtical panegyric on that ſublime, and nervous orator, Mr. Flood, in laſt Saturday's Freeman. The noble author, (L—d Cha——nt) who aſſumes the name of Tacitus, poſſeſſes, in an eminent degree, both the ſententious preciſion of the hiſtorian, and the ſentimental taſte of Longinus.——The following extract from his claſſical epiſtle, will furniſh the beſt proof of my aſſertion. "I have heard "much of Demoſthenes, from the teſtimony of his "contemporaries; of Cicero, from his own. They "where the ornaments of the moſt refined ages of "antiquity;—Mr. Flood is the ornament of an age "ſtill *more refined*: his taſte is manly, his images "are

" are juſt—his *knowledge accurate and extenſive.*
" As the ſubject requires it, he ſtrikes you down of
" a ſudden, with the ſtrong quick lightning of the
" Athenian orator; or *conſumes you* with the ſlow,
" ſteady conflagration of the Roman. If Longinus
" were now living, he would join me in ſtamping
" both theſe characters on Mr. Flood, as readily as
" he beſtowed them ſeparately on Demoſthenes and
" Tully."

It is my utmoſt ambition, ſir, to illuſtrate the juſt and beautiful ſentiments of this judicious critic, by giving them a poetical dreſs: you, Mr. Wagſtaffe, will have *another* opportunity of convincing the public of your impartiality and candour, by inſerting the incloſed verſes, and treating with proper deference and reſpect, a man, who by the moſt vigorous and perſevering efforts, in every noble ſtudy and ſcience that can accompliſh the orator, has at laſt attained the ſummit of perfection, and is now become the ſcourge of corruption, the terror of the court, the champion of his country, and the pillar of oppoſition. I could ſay much more on ſo inexhauſtible, and agreeable a ſubject, but I juſt recollect Pliny's maxim, " *Amici eſt, ne quenquam onerare* " *laudibus.*"

I am, ſir, yours,

PHILO TACITUS.

T.

To H——Y F——D, Eſq.

I.

O F——D, thou genius of the age,
Hibernia's exultation!
You ſtrike us with the lightning's rage;
Conſume by conflagration.

II.

By mere *diſtortion* you aroſe,
True eloquence to ſpout;
As muſic from a cymbal flows,
By *winding* it about.

III.

Your taſte is manly;—*figures* juſt,
Which ſpring from objects *local*;
Your tropes like to a torrent burſt,
"*And makes the benches vocal.*"

IV.

As tumblers *ſtretch* their nat'ral ſize,
By *ſtraining* every joint;
So you from Truth, can ſubtilize,
To *reach* a fav'rite point.

V

Were F——d's, like Cori'lanus' ſpite,
The French might ſoon come over;
With him from Calais ſail at night,
And next day land at Dover.

VI.

VI.

The ſouth and weſt of Ireland's coaſt,
By geography, you'd ſhun;
Nor to attain *that* deſtined poſt,
Thro' Engliſh Channel run.

VII.

Whiſkey and Freedom's all your cry,
You praiſe Timoleon's caſe;
Who thank'd the gods with *upcaſt* eye,
When knaves ſpit in his face.

VIII.

You ever ſcorn, with laurels wreath'd,
Court ſunſhine, or its ſtorms;
As *hardy ſhips*, in copper *ſheath'd*,
Defy both waves and worms.

IX.

Beyond Demoſthenes you *roar*,
In action outdo TULLY;
Whilſt Fame proclaims from ſhore to ſhore,
Our ORATOR, and BULLY.

X.

If Athens yet in arts had ſhone,
She'd yield the palm, tho' *loth*;
ROME would ſuperior CALLAN own,
PARNASSUS, bow to HOWTH.

XI.

XI.

Let all be hush'd—He means to rise ;
—The *hemming* courtiers sees ;
Then threats, and MARKS with vengeful eyes
All those who cough or sneeze.

XII.

J——s and H——ll, with patriots *range !*
By *your* invectives drawn ;
So *cudgell'd* pigs their nature change,
And take the name of BRAWN.

XIII.

Your humour *new*, and poignant wit,
Ev'n H——ch——n could feel !
With sharp, and *brilliant* pun you hit,
That NAVE within the wheel.

XIV.

O long may Flood the senate grace,
His country's friend, and darling !
Remain a patriot *out of place*,
To guard us by his *snarling*.

NUMBER XXIII.

Quenquam res agitur ſolenni feria pompa,
Spernit ſollicitum intractabilis ille tumultum,
Et riſu importunus adeſt, atque omnia turbat.
MACHINÆ GESTICULANTES, ADD.

To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, *Eſq.*

SIR,

TO a gentleman of your facetious turn, I addreſs myſelf with little difficulty: both of us lovers of mirth, we cannot divert the public without contributing at the ſame time to our own entertainment: beſides, if you are ſo good, as to uſher my humours into the world from the Mercury, I ſhall think myſelf bound, in the honeſt hoarſeneſs of friendſhip, to croak out ſome encomiums on you, at the little theatre in Stafford-ſtreet.

Your patron, the political Punch, who like myſelf, teazes and diverts all parties alternately, is a man after my own heart: he never brings a face of buſineſs, or an air of importance into places dedicated to relaxation and merriment.

The delight he, his children, and the beautiful young lady, who I am told is ſhortly to become his JOAN, expreſſed at my laſt exhibition, has made ſuch an impreſſion on me in his favour, that I have taken ſome pains to compoſe a few rhymes for his amuſement,

ment, on a ſubject, of which I am as competent a judge as my name-ſake Sir Toby, who I hear intends ſhortly to talk *about it* in ſerious proſe, at a rival theatre in College-green.

I am ever, dear Wagſtaffe,

Sancho's friend and yours,

Stafford-ſtreet, 3d Feb. PUNCH.

I.

COME all ye lovers of the dance,
Brought of late from ſprightly France,
Many a jig perhaps you've known,
But none like our Cotillion.

II.

Patriots, Courtiers, mingled ſee,
Some in dumps, and ſome in glee ;
Theſe rejoice, while *thoſe look on*,
At this merry Cotillion.

III.

Sancho bids the pipe play up,
Yet ſwears before *the dance he'll ſup* ;
" Since the dye at laſt is thrown,
" Why not dance a Cotillion ?"

IV.

Ruſty O—b—ne leads the band,
Link'd with Maſon hand in hand ;
B—rn—d next, *from Boſton flown*,
Joins this motly Cotillion.

V.

W—ll—r too, that courtly beau,
(With him by Hill—b—h *ta'en in tow)*
Tells them all his cares are gone,
And friſks about in Cotillion.

VI.

Flood indignant roars aloud,
(Idol of the gaping crowd)
" *While they frolic, let us groan,*
" And *interrupt* this Cotillion.

VII.

See Sir George arriving late,
Calls it a *faux pas* of ſtate,
Yet as uſual, *en bon ton,*
Recommends this Cotillion.

VIII.

Ponſonby with feign'd ſurprize,
Damns both the cuſtoms and exciſe;
Since his dancing days are gone,
He trys to mar this Cotillion.

IX.

H——l who loves nor dance nor ſong,
Takes his place amidſt the throng,
And crys, " I'm pleas'd at this I own,
" That Shannon hates the Cotillion."

X.

X.

An——d——s in a jovial mood,
Swears 'tis for the country's good;
Tho' his rump with fat's o'er grown,
He'll join in ev'ry Cotillion.

XI.

The Marquiſs in a witty ſpeech,
Lord Sancho threatens to impeach,
And vows that nothing ſhall atone,
For this *unlawful* Cotillion.

XII.

Scowling Brownlow views the groupe,
Mad as Bacchanalian troupe,
And prefers the bagpipe's drone,
To this Caſtle Cotillion.

XIII.

Lucius, buſy, dull, and proud,
Sneering at the ſervile crowd;
Swears he'll ſhake the chair alone,
If it joins the Cotillion.

XIV.

Father John in diſmal tune,
Whines, "We ſhall be beggar'd ſoon,"
The mitre from his ſon is thrown,
Which makes him curſe this Cotillion.

XV.

He late defied Hibernia's foes,
But Jeff—-ys led him by the nose,
And bid him preach to his old crone,
Nor spoil his little Cotillion.

XVI.

D—ly next bewails our fate,
And paints the country's ruin'd state;
Swears we'll want another loan,
To support this Cotillion.

XVII.

Sage Malone with downcast brow,
Shakes his wig, and wonders how,
The Common's vote should be o'er thrown,
By crafty Sancho's Cotillion.

XVIII.

Mount—r—s, B—la—m—nt, and M—ne,
Oh were they but here again,
They'd work old Sancho to the bone,
For calling up this Cotillion.

XIX.

When this horrid plot was told,
How the country's bought and sold;
Lord Shannon met my Lord Tyrone,
And then they danc'd a Cotillion.

Feb. 4th 1772.

NUMBER XXIV.

Whereas all writers and reasoners have agreed, that there is a strict universal resemblance between the natural and political body, can there be any thing more evident, than that the health of both must be preserved, and the diseases cured by the same prescription? - It is allowed, that senates and great councils are often troubled with redundant, ebullient, and other peccant humours; with many diseases of the head, and more of the heart; with strong convulsions, with grievous contractions of the nerves and sinews in both hands, but especially in the right; with spleen, flatus, vertigoes, and deliriums; with scrophulous tumours, full of fœtid, purulent matter; with sower, frothy ructations; with canine appetites, and crudeness of digestion; besides many others needless to mention. This Doctor therefore proposed, that upon the meeting of a senate, certain physicians should attend at the three first days of their sitting, and at the close of each day's debate, feel the pulse of every senator; and prescribe as their several cases required, &c.

GULLIVER's Travels.

To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, *Esq.*

SIR,

I HEARTILY wish the scheme proposed by the Laputan projector, was adopted, as it would be extremely beneficial to the public. There are some

peculiar diſeaſes, which ſeem wholly confined to the ſenate; I ſhall, therefore, ſpecify the maladies and ſymptoms, which are characteriſtical of the perſons: thoſe I ſeriouſly recommend to the care and ſkill of Dr. Solomon, in hopes of ſeeing them enrolled among his honourable liſt of patients, who have certified themſelves radically cured by that eminent phyſician.

I am, ſir, yours,

SAWNEY CUNIGAMBO, C. S.

H—ry Fl—d, Eſq; afflicted with a ſharp bilious cholic, which often ſeizes him in the middle of a debate. His face appears convulſed and diſtorted, his brow knit, his fiſt clenched, which he frequently ſtrikes on the bench. In the paroxyſm of the fit, he abuſes every body who ſits oppoſite to him, calling them ſlaviſh dependents of corruption, tools of an arbitrary, tyrannical adminiſtration.—If the commiſſioners of accounts or exciſe are mentioned, he ſeems affected like a perſon bit by a mad dog, in the anguiſh of the *hydrophobia*.—It is remarkable, that Mr. Fl—d can ſeldom pronounce a word of leſs than five ſyllables during the fit.

Sir William M—ne, horribly afflicted with ſcrophulous tumours, which he contracted by waſhing in the river Tweed. His brain is alſo ſomewhat diſordered, by the pains he took in teaching the *chien ſcavant* arithmetic, when he was employed as travelling tutor to that ingenious animal. This crazy ſenator often delays and perplexes the houſe, by reading

reading new tables of his own compoſition, for exchanging Scotch bawbees into Iriſh farthings.

Sir L—us O'B—n's diſeaſe is a dropſy in the brain, which he contracted by too cloſe an attendance at the navigation board.—There is a conſtant drivelling from his brain to his mouth: as he is inſenſible of pain when he talks, he is perpetually babling.

J—n P——by, Eſq. This unfortunate gentleman is afflicted with a complication of diſorders, which has deprived him of all memory and underſtanding, ſo that he could not, for many years, remember a promiſe he had made but an hour before. He is at preſent in the laſt ſtage of a galloping conſumption.

W—m B——low, Eſq; ever ſince the year 1753, has been troubled with ſower, frothy ructations, which proceed from a foul ſtomach.

W—m B—gh, Eſq; is *inſane*, as he believes in the tranſmigration of ſouls, and fancies he is the executioner who beheaded King Charles the Iſt. He often wiſhes to be employed in his old office, and longs for a *ſubſtantial act of juſtice*.

The D—e of L—ſter's malady is the flatus, vertigo, and vapours. He often ſuppoſes himſelf Lord Lieutenant, and then performs the moſt ridiculous actions: ſometimes he goes in ſtate to his ſtables, in a bomb-cart, painted over with ducal coronets, which he calls a ſtate coach.—One of his poſtillions then preſents him a memorial, for an additional allowance of ſmall-beer and oats; his Grace

replies, "LE ROI LE VEUT." At another time he iſſues out an order on the dairy-maid, for an extraordinary jug of cream, which he ſtyles a warrant on the treaſury for his quarter's ſalary.

The E—l of Bel—nt has been afflicted theſe many years with St. Vitas's dance. He loſt his ſenſes in Lord Northumberland's adminiſtration, by the magical effects of a red ribband which was preſented to him at the Caſtle. The ſight of a Chancellor's wig, or a biſhop's caul, makes him outrageous: he then jabbers an unintelligible jargon, and ſkips and runs about like a monkey that has ſlip'd his chain.

Lords L—ſle and B—l—laſs are troubled with grievous contractions of the nerves and ſinews of both hands; eſpecially Lord B—l—laſs. It is remarkable that theſe ſpaſms ſeem hereditary in his family.—Both theſe peers are alſo tormented with canine appetites, and a crudeneſs of digeſtion.

The right hon. J—s F——cue, Eſq; ſhews evident ſymptoms of idiotiſm and lunacy. However the Chancellor has refuſed to appoint him guardians, as Mr. F——cue takes *uncommon* care of his fortune, and uſes every means to preſerve it. This term, he filed a bill in Chancery, to prove himſelf one of Doctor Swift's co-heirs. He ſues for two appartments in the hoſpital, as he claims under a double title. Mr. Malone is his counſel, and as he is particularly acquainted with Mr. F——cue's caſe, he makes no doubt of his client's ſucceſs.

Com-

Counſellor F——tz——ns, contracted a polypus in the heart, at the Jeſuits college, in St. Omer's. This poor old man deſpairs of his recovery, as he is perſuaded, that nothing but *holy water*, conſecrated by a biſhop of his own family, will relieve him. His breath is ſo tainted by the corrupt pus in his heart, that it would often prove mortal to his friends, if he was not forced out of the Houſe, before the queſtion is put.

Lord M—ra, unfortunately had the *Cerebrum* and *Cerebellum* totally diſplaced, by getting a *rock too much* in the cradle, during his infancy. Therefore from a natural defect in his intellects, and not from any moral depravity, he falſifies and miſrepreſents every circumſtance and ſtory he relates. Truth is *refracted* into falſehood, by paſſing through the *medium* of his brain, as an oar appears crooked in the water.

The Earl of Ch—mont, has been afflicted ever ſince he was of age with a *locked jaw*, which ſeizes him *periodically* in the Houſe of Lords. He firſt contracted it, by liſtening with his mouth open, to the public and private harangues of orator Flood, and the late Doctor Lucas. He is not deemed incurable, as he talks with great ſpirit and vivacity at table, and is more audible and articulate, than moſt Lords, when he comes into the Houſe of Commons.

NUMBER XXV.

Veris facilis datur exitus umbris.

VIRG.

To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, *Esq.*

SIR,

AN essay of exquisite humour in your paper of the 6th of February, the hint of which is taken from the scheme of a proprietor of Laputa, for curing the diseases of the senate, made me turn to that part of Gulliver's Travels, where he gives an account of the grand academy of Lagado. The same proprietor's proposal for reconciling opposite parties, is no less ingenious: the method is this. "You take a hundred leaders of each party; you "dispose them into couples of such whose heads "are neareſt of a size; then let two nice operators "saw off the occiput (or hinder part of the head) of "each couple at the same time, in such a manner, "that the brain may be equally divided; let the "occiputs, thus cut off, be interchanged, applying "each to the opposite party-man. Thus, the "two half brains being left to debate the matter in "the space of one skull, it produces moderation, "good understanding, and regularity of thinking."

This project made such an impression on me, that, when I fell asleep, it occasioned the following train of images, just in the order I have put them down. If your paper is not engaged for any subject of more importance,

importance, this VISION is at your service, for the entertainment of your readers.

I am, sir, your humble servant,

QUEVEDO.

I thought I was seated in the House of Commons, so as to hear and see distinctly every thing that passed; when suddenly the mace, journals, pens ink, papers, &c. disappeared, and the table was covered with instruments of surgery, such as knives, crooked scissars, and a good many saws of different sizes. Two gentlemen, whom I found on enquiry to be the Surgeons Richardson and Cunningham, filled the chairs at one end of the table: they viewed their instruments much in the same manner as Mr. Sterling and his assistants examine their pens, when they are preparing to take down the names of a committee, or to transcribe a resolution.

The great door of the house was then thrown open, and I saw many persons walking as it were in procession, two by two, till they came opposite the chairs where Messieurs Richardson and Cunningham were seated.

The first couple, Lord Townshend, and the D—e of L—ster, then went off, one to the right, and the other to the left, and each sat down between the legs of his respective surgeon. The occiput of Lord Townshend was soon taken off by Mr. Richardson, who seemed to handle his saw with great dexterity; but whether from the extraordinary thickness of the bone, or from what other circumstance

ſtance I know not, the operation on the D—ke's head laſted much longer; ſo that I could hear Lord Townſhend deſire his Grace's ſurgeon to make more haſte, for as he had never before been without his occiput, he might catch cold; beſides, he was weary of remaining ſo long in the ſame poſture. This hint had the deſired effect: the artiſt exerted his utmoſt ſtrength, and the ſeparation was completely performed. The half ſkulls were then interchanged; and the ſurgeons, paſſing their left arms round the necks, and under the chins of their patients, applied the parts to their proper places in the back of the heads, and preſſing them cloſe with the palms of their right hands, they adhered immediately. The patients then roſe, and walked away; but not before they had made a civil bow to the ſurgeons, and paid them for their trouble.

The effect of this operation was almoſt inſtantaneous. The D—ke of L—er's eyes began to acquire an unuſual ſpirit and brightneſs; he ſaid ſomething lively, new, and entertaining to every one that came up to him; and I obſerved that a gentleman, whom I afterwards found to be one of the members for Athy, ſeemed to take particular pleaſure in his converſation. They both agreed that a late attempt to cenſure the commiſſioners of exciſe, was no leſs abſurd than illiberal; and the D—ke ſaid, "he now found his opinion on that point ſo diffe-"rent from what it had been, he could not account "for his having entertained it. He was now," he ſaid, "reſolved to make the beſt amends in his pow-"er, by taking the firſt opportunity of thanking his "Majeſty for the many honours and favours he had "graciouſly conferred upon him; and that, as a

further

" further mark of his reconciliation with govern-
" ment, he would ask for the next blue ribband, and
" for some honourable promotion in the law for the
" friend he was talking to."—I heard them both agree, in an under voice, that Sir William M—ne was of no service to any party, and hoped that he would never again return to Ireland, to perplex and delay the business of the nation.

Lord Townshend, in the mean time, with a countenance full of discontent and stupidity, withdrew in the most ungracious manner from the company that surrounded him, and making to the chaplain's box, he there shut himself up, drawing the curtains close about him: his secretary, Mr. Malone, the Prime Serjeant, the Provost, and many other respectable persons came to consult with him, but he flounced from one side to the other of his box, and refused to hear them. To their advice he made no other answer than, " that he had taken his resolution, and it
" was in vain to argue with him, for he never
" changed his opinion for any man."—On this they left him, with manifest tokens of wonder. He then pulled out a memorandum book, and a pencil; I could see he made several entries of a very frivolous nature, tho' with a face of much attention and importance: amongst the rest, I remember there was a new receipt for making Fuller's balls, to take stains out of his footmen's liveries, and a hint towards improving an engine for dividing boiled beef into pounds, half pounds, and quarters, with many others of the same nature; all very ill spelt and in characters like those of a child who is learning to join his letters.

The

The Earls of E—y and Sh—on, were the next who took their places. After they had made their bows and withdrawn, Lord E—y talked in a very ſullen, dictatorial manner to his friends of the county of Wexford. I heard him ſay to counſellor H—ll—n, and two gentlemen of his own name and family, "that unleſs they went through thick and "thin with him, they might bring themſelves to "parliament the next time, for he would have done "with them."—Lord Sh—on was all complaiſance and affability, inviting every one he met to paſs ſome time with him at Caſtlemartyr; and aſſuring them, with an air of great frankneſs, they might command every thing of which he was maſter.

To this couple ſucceeded Mr. P—rry and Mr. P——by. After Mr. Richardſon had done with the former, I heard him ſay, that in all his practice he had never diſſected a ſounder cranium, that though the brain was tight and compact, yet it lay eaſy, and the cells were admirably divided.—But my ſurprize was great, when I ſaw Mr. Cunningham (who had Mr. P——by's head in his hand) throw away his ſaw, and take up a penknife, with which he ſeparated the hinder part from the ſinciput, with as much eaſe, as if he had been cutting up a paper lantern. He could not forbear crying out, (during the operation) in his country dialect, (which is the Scotch) "Weel, "dam my blud, if in aw my experience, I ever "kend the like ont; the cheeld's heed is as ſoft "and ſpongy as a pink'd orange, or an Edinburgh "turnip."——When Mr. P—rry withdrew, there was a total change in his behaviour; he frequently laughed without any cauſe, thumped one gentleman on the back, and embraced another to whom

he

he was a ſtranger; he was always looking about for ſomebody to ſhake hands with, ſwore repeatedly " he would ſupport his friends to the laſt, " but if the houſe deſired him to carry up their " addreſs, he'd reſign the next morning; ſo they " might all ſink or ſwim together." He then got into the chair with an hop, ſtep, and jump, and (tho' the houſe was not ſitting) put ſeveral queſtions almoſt in the ſame breath, making as many miſtakes in almoſt every one of them,

Mr. P——by, on the other hand, became compoſed and ſerious: he walked to his ſeat with a ſteady even pace, keeping his eye on the object he was moving towards: he ſeldom looked about him, yet behaved with a mixture of complaiſance and dignity to every one that addreſſed him. This couple had ſome converſation together, and when they parted, the by-ſtanders ſaid in a whiſper, loud enough for me to hear, " that if their heads " had been exchanged two years ſooner, Mr. " P—rry would never have got the chair, nor Mr. " P——by reſigned it."

Sir George Macartney and Mr. Fl—d, then paſſed thro' the hands of the ſurgeons. Their underſtandings ſeemed neither much improved nor impaired by their new occupits; but it was obſerved that Mr. Fl—d's diction became more poliſhed and intelligible, and that his countenance ſoftened; while Sir George's grew ferocious, his geſture menacing, and his addreſs loſt much of its uſual gentleneſs and inſinuation.

A very extraordinary circumſtance prevented an exchange between the Provoſt and Vice Provoſt, who

who were the next ſubjects. As Mr. Richardſon was applying the half ſkull of Doctor Cl——t's to the head of the Provoſt, the laſt mentioned gentleman ſhrug'd up his ſhoulders, and complaining of ſomething trickling down his neck, inſiſted on looking into the occupit of the Doctor. The contents had no appearance of brains, either in colour or conſiſtence, but the cavity ſeemed to be filled with a reddiſh liquor, like that of the inſide of a melon. The Provoſt immediately ſeized the artiſt's hand, and proteſted ſtrongly againſt being put off with a ſkull that could be only a dead wight on him, inſtead of his own, which was allowed by all preſent to be a very compleat one.—The friends of Doctor Cl——t (who were chiefly in the gallery) ſeemed greatly mortified, when Mr. Richardſon reſtored the Provoſt's head to its firſt ſtate, as Mr. Cunningham did the ſame to that of the Doctor.

Our expectations were greatly raiſed by the next couple, Mr. Malone, and a gentleman who had many alias's to his name, being called Counſellor J—n F—tz——ns, *alias* Father John, *alias* Fryar John, *alias* John the Dominican. When Mr. Malone was ſeated, (which took up ſome time) I obſerved Surgeon Richardſon did not proceed to buſineſs with his uſual preſence of mind and alacrity. He ſurveyed the head ſeveral times with great reverence, and ſeemed unwilling to do it any violence. The patient at length gently chid him for the delay, and told him, "if the houſe were ſitting, he might be "called to order for keeping them waiting:" Mr. Richardſon then pulled a cordial out of his pocket, ſwallowed it, and performed the operation. Nor was Surgeon Cunningham leſs embarraſſed by his patient, who inſiſted peremptorily that the work ſhould be done

without

without his taking off his periwig. His pretence was, he was afraid of cold; but a friend who was in the ſecret, whiſpered me, that he did not care to have his head uncovered, as the marks of the TONSURE were ſtill to be ſeen in it.

When the buſineſs was over, the exchange ſeemed greatly in favour of Counſellor F—tz——ns: his voice became clear, ſtrong, and harmonious; the little he ſaid on every ſubject was pertinent and weighty, and there was an air of uncommon candour and dignity in his whole behaviour.—Mr. Malone uttered ſome inchoherent ſentences in a very diſagreeable tone of voice, which were ill received by the few who had patience to liſten to him.

As Mr. C——y and his brother-in-law, Mr. St—pl—s, were advancing, a member remarkable for his pleaſantry, (I think it was Mr. Scott) made a propoſal which was agreed to: "That Mr. C——y "ſhould remain as he was, becauſe it ſeemed "impoſſible to determine who was his *oppoſite* "party-man; and becauſe no new occupit could "make him more oppoſite to himſelf, than his own "actions had already made him. For the truth "of which, he appealed to that gentleman's con- "duct during Lord Tounſhends adminiſtration, to "his brother-in-law the commiſſioner, and above "all, to the ſeveral votes he had given on both ſides of queſtions of the very ſame import, concern- "ing the commiſſioners of exciſe." Mr. Commiſſioner G—e hearing this, ſtepped out of his place, and deſired to be conſidered as under the ſame contradictory predicament with Mr. C——y. His conduct being examined, his plea was admitted,

and

and he alſo was excuſed from undergoing the operation.

Many ſucceding couples interchanged their heads, without any extraordinary occurrence. I muſt juſt take notice, that in every inſtance, the whole nature of the perſons ſeemed to be transferred with the half of their brains.——Thus the ſtupid became witty; the rude poliſhed; the giddy ſerious, and ſo, *vice verſa*, according to the characters of the couples who reſpectively exchanged the ſeat of their underſtandings.

At laſt Mr. B—ſhe and Sir E——d N——ham drew the attention of the ſpectators. The head of Mr. B—ſhe was divided with great expedition, by Mr. Richardſon; but the labours of Mr. Cunningham ſeemed endleſs: nine times he changed his ſaws, and as often their teeth were turned, or broken by the head of Sir E——d. Sweat trickled copiouſly from all parts of his body; but the head remained impenetrable. He placed it in ſeveral poſitions, between his legs, and under his arm, working at it ſometimes as it ſtood in an upright poſture, and ſometimes as it lay horizontally. He then rubbed it all over with ointments, to try if ſuch applications would make it ſofter. At length being quite exhauſted, he deſired a few moments conſultation with Mr. Richardſon. I could not hear what paſſed between them; but when the conſultation was over, two porters were diſpatched, and while we were waiting for their return, the friends of Mr. B—ſhe (who were very numerous) expreſſed great ſatisfaction at the proſpect of his keeping his own head, as the ſeparating of Sir E——d's ſeemed deſperate.

In

In about ten minutes the porters returned, bringing in a large two handed saw, such as is used in pits, for dividing timber trees into planks. The two surgeons, after they had bound Sir E——d's skull to the back of his chair, to prevent any elusive vibrating which might counteract the operation, began upon the bone with the utmost vigour. A long time (as I thought, no less than two hours) was spent in getting through it. When it was separated, it fell to the ground by its own gravity, though Mr. Cunningham tried with both hands to prevent its falling. The cause of the difficulty in making any impression on it, appeared to be, that the whole head consisted of one solid block, much more impenetrable than the hardest marble. By some accident, probably the great noise made by the falling of the head, I started, and awoke, and found myself just as I had fallen asleep, with Gulliver's Travels by my side, and my candle almost burned down to the socket.

Z

NUM-

NUMBER XXVI.

Quem virum, aut heroa, lyra, vel acri
Tibia ſumes celebrare, Clio?
Quem Deum? Cujus recinent jocoſa
Nomen imago.

Imitation of the 12th Ode of the 1ſt Book of HORACE.

WHAT patriot hero wilt thou chuſe,
And in what ſtrain to praiſe, my muſe?
Not ſuch as barren *Burrows* ſings,
When rude he grates the jarring ſtrings:
Nor rhyme-ſtruck *H*————s' flat Cibberian note,
Which ſuited to the bagpipes drone,
May hum in drowſy uniſon,
Or tear the birth-day ſongſter's ſcreaming throat.

II.

But, goddeſs, ſuch a verſe inſpire,
As ſounded from the Roman lyre,
Such as ſallacious *Flood* may draw,
Impoſing quibbles quaint for law,
With wild tropes armed, and high reſounding words.
Him firſt, him greateſt, all allow,
When with rais'd arm and threatning brow,
He grinds harſh thunder 'gainſt DIVIDED BOARDS.

Tho

III.

Tho' equal none, none near in fame,
Let Huſſey the next honours claim,
Who know like him to ſpin a thought?
Like him with college learning fraught,
Can bring all Greece, and Latium to his aid?
Tho' bound in haughty *L—ſter*'s chains,
Vile dependence he diſdains,
And what himſelf endures, in others dares upbraid.

IV.

Next fam'd for dancing, as for war,
To tame the ſteed or guide the car,
Or chaſe the Oak-boy as he flies,
See powdered *B—n—t* ariſe,
And eager preſs to lead the illuſtrious band.
Simpering, bowing, ſtaring round,
On toe elaſtic', ſee him bound,
And what he wants in ſenſe, eke out with waving hand.

V.

Nor ſhall oblivion's gloomy ſhade,
M—x—l or *F——cue* invade,
Or *L—g—d*, like Alcides ſtrong,
Or *H—l—n*'s ſonorous tongue,
Or the twin props of hoary *B—bx—n*'s ſtate,
Or both the *R——ms* of aſpect ſage,
Who (foes to a degenerate age)
Silent, and ſure, ſweat thro' the long debate.

Shall

VI.

Shall ſombrous *Rowley* be the theme?
Or *M——yne*, faſt yok'd in *Leinſter*'s team?
Or fears the doubtful muſe to err,
If *B——gh* to *C—m—r* ſhe prefer?
Then brainleſs *Newenham*'s exploits unfold
Tell how Kilmainham boaſts his name,
How *King**, with envy hears his fame,
And let great Lucas' death with Cato's be enroll'd

VII.

But, O what powers of ſong can reach
The flow of florid *Og——*'s ſpeech?
B——h knows the ballance of our trade,
Taught by the figgs himſelf has weigh'd.
Lo, *Ponſonby*, for Punic' faith renown'd:
His hoſe of yarn, and homeſpun dreſs,
The country gentleman confeſs,
And by his uncomb'd wig the ſteady patriot's own'd.

VIII.

As the young plant by time may riſe,
And lift its branches to the ſkies,
So in *Kildare*'s green youth we ſee,
The promiſe of the future *tree*.
And as the moon reſplendent queen of night
Obſcures the leſſer fires on high,
So fades our ſhrunk nobility,
At *Leinſter*'s ducal crown's ſuperior light.

Sir A. K——g.

Parent

IX.

Parent and guardian of our isle,
Deign on thy people's wish to smile,
O'er *Townshend*, thy vice-gerent's head,
His well earn'd honours timely shed:
Thy great example still his steps pursue.
'Tis thine, to awe the intriguing Dane:
Or check the incroaching pride of spain:
'Tis his, to assert our rights, and scorn the factious crew.



NUMBER XXVII.

He nugæ seria ducunt. HOR.

QUEERTOWN-HOUSE; *or the* POLITICAL DIALOGUE:

As exhibited by several of the most Capital Performers in the Kingdom of Ireland.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

Prince QUEERMOUNT,	The D. of L—ſt—r.
Lord CHILDERMOUNT *of Vertu*,	Lord Ch——t.
Lord CULVERIN WOULD-BE,	Lord Sh——n.
Marquiſs of BOLUS-RULE,	Marquſs of K——re.
JACK PROMISE,	J—n P——y, Eſq.
Sir TOBY PUNCH, Bart.	Sir L. O'B——n.
Mr. SOLEMN,	Mr. P——.
Mr POLYPHLOSBOIOS,	Mr. Fl——d.
'Squire PURZE,	Mr. B——ſh.
MUTES.	
CHARLES SCALDCROW,	Mr. C—ld—ll.
PETER BARLEY,	Pe—r B—re.

SCENE: *A Cottage at Queertown. Lords and Gentlemen ſeated.*

Sir TOBY.

A SWEET place my lord, your highneſs is ſo retired, and the ſpot ſo fit for buſineſs, or for pleaſure.

Prince.

Prince. Yes, pretty well, I have endeavoured to make it ſo.

Sir *Toby.* [Aſide to *Solemn.*] I wonder Jack Promiſe is not here.

Solemn to Sir *Toby.* Did you ever know him early to meet upon buſineſs? at a ſporting match, or at his favourite chair, the Conſtitution, I'll warrant him the foremoſt——but here he comes.

Enter JACK PROMISE *in a hurry, with* CHARLES SCALDCROW *at his heels.*

Jack. Damned hot day! and the buſineſs hotter than the weather—I am quite in a ſweat—I am very glad to ſee your highneſs—I vow to G—d I would not have rode faſter to ſee a new Lord Lieutenant, and yet that would be a very pleaſant ſight to all of us

Prince. Jack Promiſe I am very glad to ſee you at Queertown—pleaſant weather, but a little cold for the ſeaſon.

Jack. Very cold, and very hot, variable weather, [*aſide* G— d—n you Charles, why did you not tell me I ought to have ſaid cold]—But come, come, to buſineſs. Lord Childermount your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant—Mr. Solemn! my Lord Marquis I beg your pardon, I hope you are well. Are you fond of grouſing my lord, I'll ſhew you fine ſport this ſeaſon in my neighbourhood—Mr. Solemn thank you heartily, my dear, dear ſir, for your ſupport laſt ſeſſion. Mr. Polyphloſbois, my

old K—— k——y friend how go on affairs at C——l——n? egad I ſtood by you there, though I damned myſelf as black as old A——r.—My dear Sir Toby Punch, it makes me merry to ſee you; you are ſo like my dear facetious old friend Johnny C——y: he was a comical dog, and ſo like you, that he never opened his lips without laughing, or making others laugh.—But to buſineſs, to buſineſs. I beg your pardon Mr. Furze, I did not ſee you—Dear ſir! I hope I did not hurt you, I can never avoid the cloſe ſqueeze of a friend's hand [*aſide*]. I wiſh old St—rl—g was here, and he would tell us how to begin: but we muſt try to do without him. I perceive they all look upon me as the leader—no body ſpeaks—egad I'll keep it up. Prince Queermount, Lord Childermount, Lord Culverin, Sir Toby, and you gentlemen without titles, which you all deſerve, and which you ſhall all have in my next bargain. [*Aſide.* I ſhould have ſaid arrangement, Charles, prompt me.] I vow to God I cannot ſpeak out of the chair, though nobody ſpeaks better in it—Damn it, you a ſecretary, why did not you write a ſpeech for me?

My Lords and gentlemen, [*Aſide.*] Its damnably like a Viceroy, I ſhall be thereabouts at laſt] I hope you look over my defects, [Charles, why don't you prompt me? I believe I ſhould have ſaid *overlook*, but its all one ſince I have ſaid it] and perfectly rely upon me. It is true, want of ſincerity has been looked upon as one of my defects, but you may confide in me, for I am in ſuch a deſperate ſituation, that I can be true to nobody elſe now. I am ready for all miſchief: but firſt let me have a ſlice of cold beef and a glaſs of Madeira, the beſt things in the world to carry a man gallantly thro' a hot ſeſſion.

My

My Lords and gentlemen, this Lord Sancho is the moſt whimſical being in the world, there is no making any thing of him. Pray have any of you been at a duck hunt, I very often divert myſelf with it at Popeſtown, its charming ſport, and would make you die with laughing. My affairs with lord Sancho are for all the world like a duck hunt. I have made twenty dead ſets at him, but the devil knows how, he dives under water, and comes up one time at C—r—gh—re, and what is more ſurprizing, at R—-hf—m, and another at Monaſtereven; nay, I have ſeen him bring up in his mouth Black Phil, Jack Prancer, and old Lyon Head, though they are the moſt ſlippery eels in the pond.—What ſhall we do with him.

Sir *Toby*, *ſmiling*. As for my part, I think, with all due deference to the opinion of other gentlemen, I think we muſt annoy him by ſea and land.

Mr. Solemn, *whiſpering*. My dear Sir Toby, take care of your Clare blunders.

Sir *Toby*. I'll make it out—Mr. Solemn you ſhall overwhelm him with fiſh-water navigations, and young Mr. Furze here ſhall attack him upon the augmentation.

Mr. Solemn. I approve the motion much, and ſir, I muſt do myſelf the juſtice to ſay, I have always been ready ſince the Primate died, (ſince which time I have been quite out of luck) I ſay, ſir, I have always been ready to keep down the hereditary revenue, and for that purpoſe I have two admirable ſchemes in my pocket! The firſt is, for giving a ſwinging ſum in the Money-Bill to the paper mills

and flour mills of Limerick; and the other, sir, *majus opus moveo:* to pay land carriage for all the corn that comes to Dublin by the New Canal.

Jack. Money-Bill, [Charles did not he say Money-Bill]—I hope you will not forget me there, Mr. Solemn.

Mr. Solemn. No, sir. We must have a reckoning on that point first, it is my own concern.

Sir *Toby.* Or mine. But that matter will break no squares, we will settle the matter amicably and toss up for it. [*Aside*] If old Sir Toby was alive, I might have rode a match for it, and started his Padereen mare against Solemn's Limerick Bangno.

Jack. Consider, gentlemen, that I have nothing now to depend on but your bounty: by your advice, (for I never should have done it of my own head) I have promised never to take either a peerage or a pension.

Sir *Toby.* But nobody believed you, your name's a proverb, for you broke your promise so often, that it is not expected you should keep it now.

Jack. So, gentlemen, you don't think me bound by this promise.

Omnes. By no means.

Jack. Egad I am glad of it, I have had many an uneasy hour, and Lady B——y, poor good soul, is rather dissatisfied, and says I have been walking in trammels

trammels ever ſince I made it, for in G—'s name, if I keep it, what will become of me with a new Lord Lieutenant—By the way, have you any private letters from England that mention a change? This is a damned affair of Colonel Lutterel's, and Doctor Lucas.——By the by, I wonder he is not here: my Lord Marquiſs where is he?

Marquiſs. I have not ſeen him ſince the franchiſes.

Jack. My dear Marquiſs, I am told you and he made a glorious figure that day, and that Vulcan and Venus, the printing-preſs and ſtocking-loom, were nothing to you.

Prince. It was a well judged, patriotic meaſure. I ſhould have gone to ſee the raree-ſhew myſelf, but I took phyſick that day, and ſo ſent young Billy. By the way, don't you think the licenſe of the preſs is greatly abuſed; the venerable ſenator, Doctor Lucas has been ſqueezed into a ballad, and ſung all over the town to the tune of "my Kitten my Dearee."

Mr. Polyphloſboios. The licence of the preſs is a ſacred privilege [*a long pauze*] without it the Freeman's Journal would want ſome of my beſt eſſays. My Poſthumus, my Sindercomb, [*pauze*] my Lord Childermount you know the value of theſe works, your kind obſteterick hand brought them to light; your taſte approved, and your praiſe ſanctified them through all the city.

Furze. Come, Mr. Polyphloſboios, be juſt; I furniſhed a few claſſick ſprings of rue and wormwood to compleat the noſegay.

Mr. Polyphloſboios. You did, my beſt beloved! my other ſelf, were I not Polyphloſboios, I would be Furze. When I get into parliament at the other ſide of the water, I will leave you my mantle, with a double portion of the ſpirit of Sindercomb.

Jack. What you may do as to that, does not concern the preſent buſineſs. What is to be done? Gentlemen, it is hard; becauſe I am a ſpeaker, no body will give their opinion on this weighty affair. Pray, my lord, what do you think of a memorial in this critical time. Your highneſs has a damned good hand at a memorial.

Prince. I do not concern myſelf in public affairs, but I wiſh ſome of you would prepare one—No, I will get wiſe P——r B—r—e, or ſenſible R——d N—l—n to do it, and then you know they cannot ſay it was I that did it.

Lord Culverin. For my part, I think that will do no good: and as for addreſſes and remonſtrances, my brother Topſail writes me word from England, they won't do neither: he ſays they have tried all ways to right the veſſel, but ſhe will neither obey the helm nor ſtays. She's as bad as the corporation of Y—gh—ll. I wiſh the devil had them all, and I my great guns again.

Jack.

Jack. Come, come, my lord, don't be ſulky, all will be well again.

Lord Culverin. Yes, to be ſure, with ſuch a pilot as you are: you have almoſt foundered us, and we ſhall all be loſt, unleſs a freſh gale ſprings up, and blows over to us Lord Rochfort, or Lord Harcourt, Lord Sandwich, or Lord Any-body but this damned Lord Sancho.

Jack. That to be ſure is the main point; is there no way to frighten him, libel him, or cajole him out of Ireland. Mr Polyphloſboios, do tip him another Sindercomb. Sir Toby Punch, you have a very pretty hand at an Agricola. Mr. Solemn, what ſay you?

Mr. Solemn. I cannnt write, ſpeaking is my fort.

Sir *Toby.* And I am going to London: perhaps I may tip him an Agricola in the London Chronicle.

Lord Childermount. I'll have a caricatura drawn of him for my baby-houſe in the country. Sancho, the adorned knight (as the Marquis calls him) Lord Sereech Owl, and Borachio, will make a fine group for a Dutch picture. When it is finiſhed you ſhall come and ſee it. I have loſt my favourite artiſt, Ennis; but I'll write to my friend Gimcrack, to ſend me ſome one excellent in that way from London, for we have none here. You ſhall come and ſee the picture, and I'll ſhew you my library; it's a fine room, 56 by 24, and the beſt collection of Morocco, vellum and calf ſkin, of any nobleman's in the

kingdom, all in admirable preſervation, for they are never opened. I have a choice ſet of little elzivirs in wood, which you ſhall ſee too, and a ſet of poets and Roman emperors, three of them without heads, but all of them originals; I bought them in Italy among ſeveral other things, which all came ſafe except the Pindar, a little Bolonia lap-dog, and a pebble ſtone which my horſe picked up croſſing the river Scamander near old Troy, and honeſt Murphy ſhall tell you the ſtory.

Jack. I hear they are curious, my lord; but I had rather ſee them than talk of them. My lords and gentlemen, here's another prorogation, and all this to gratify Borachio and Jack Prancer. Damn it, gentlemen, what has Spaw to ſay to the Prorogation? Ireland muſt be ruined, becauſe lady Knocklofty goes to Spaw.

Sir *Toby.* I proteſt, gentlemen, as far as I can ſee the caſe, Mr. Promiſe ſpeaks very wiſely; what has Spaw to ſay to the prorogation? Nothing in the world, gentlemen. As for my part, gentlemen, I proteſt, and I am ſincere when I proteſt, I believe Lucan waters would cure lady Knocklofty of the ſcurvy as effectually as all the waters in Germany. But what the devil has Borachio to ſay to water-drinking? do not we all know it was never his precept or practice in Ireland.

Polyphloſboios. Curſe on the prorogation—It is the very bane of oratory How can a man arrive at the flowery plains of honour and reputation, but through the multitudinous ſea of political conteſt and debate, where the multifarious ſubjects call forth the innate powers of the whole man; when the exquiſite phraſeology

phraſeology of polyſyllables, too big for utterance, agi a e the whole frame, make the eyes ſtare like the inſpired Sybils, and when the upliſted hand forces even the oaken benches to re-echo the ſpeaker's reputation. My lords and gentlemen, it was a fortunate prorogation for Prancer. I had penned and practiſed a *Philipick*. 'Squire Furze, you have heard me repeat it often; it is truly Demoſthenick. I'll give you ſome ſtriking paſſages.

Jack. For God's ſake reſerve it for the houſe, I ſhall hear more than enough of ſpeeching if ever we meet there. I hate long debates, beſides here is no room for debates; we are all of one mind, we are all of one party.

Prince. Party, Mr. Promiſe; I do not intermeddle with politicks or party.

Jack. God bleſs me, me lord, what brought us all hear then? I think we were all of one party laſt winter; I am ſure I thought myſelf much obliged by the uniform ſupport of your friends; God knows I often wanted their help. I thought we were this day to cement our party yet ſtronger, and laid the plan for our future operations againſt Sancho.

Lord Culverin. I really thought ſo.

Polyphloſboios. I ſhould never have acceded to this day's negociation, if I had not thought it was finally to determine our future co-operations.

Prince. Gentlemen, you really ſurpriſe me.

Solemn.

Solemn. Surprise you, my lord—we ought to be surprized. You invited us here, for what—was it to communicate your thoughts on public affairs, —you have told us nothing—was it to consult, you have broached no subject—asked no man's opinion —thanks to my prudence, I have given none—it is not my custom, what I reflect upon in the honesty of my own heart, is safest there, no betrayer shall snatch it from my breast, and my Lord, I disclaim all party as fully as your highness, or any gentleman who hears me speak. My thoughts on public matters, I shall utter when and where I ought: they shall not be anticipated in tavern talk over the tables of gamblers. My Lord, you value yourself on your taciturnity, I appeal to your sincerity—was it to mock us you called us here—did you weary your horses and your servants, to summon us hear upon a matter of less weight than viewing your improvements; a matter of no weight, when the most weighty pressures bow down this pillaged country. If, as I hoped, yours and *Promises*'s jaring interests could be reconciled, my hand had helped the cause of liberty against the rashness of a wanton Viceroy. This is your card, my Lord, if it is mockery on me, it is no honour to the sender.

Sir Toby. I protest, as for my part, I should not have came here but for your highness's card.

Omnes. Nor I.

Furze. By G— this is as ridiculous and incongruous (as my friend Polyphlosboios calls it) as a consultation of physicians about a dying patient; the

the country may periſh—but indeed we are not ſo to preſerve it.

Prince. My lords, and you gentlemen, I ſolemnly declare to you, I know as little of the cards as I do of the buſineſs that brought you hear. I gave no directions about cards, my ſecretary would not dare to write without my authority; I am ſure both B——e and N——n have too much ſenſe to endanger the loſs of my favour; it muſt be ſome boyiſh joke.

Solemn. Joke, My Lord! it is a ſerious offence.

Prince. Oh, Mr. Solemn, do not take it ſo ſeriouſly, it is probably a joke of my couſin Willy's,

Polyphloſboios. What, B——h.

Prince. Yes, you know he is lively and ſpirited.

Polyphloſboios. I know he is impetuous, but do not believe him ſo unmannerly.

Prince. But, my lords, gentlemen, you will ſtay and dine.

Furze. No, my lord, we have gotten a bellyful of this viſit already.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

NUM-

NUMBER XXVIII.

Fœcundi calices, quem non fecere disertum.

A letter from Mr. PRYABOUT SHORTHAND, *to one of his Majesty's principal Secretarys of State.*

IN obedience to your Lordship's commands I send you the minutes of the Debating Society, and with all humility, I submit it as my opinion, that there is no necessity for my continuing longer on this duty, as the meeting is already fallen into as much contempt in this metropolis, as the Society of the Bill of Rights with you. I have received the five hundred pounds for the last quarter, by an order on the Treasury, and wait for your Lordship's further instructions.

I have the honour, &c.

The PRESIDENT's *Charge from the Chair.*

" Gentlemen,

IT gives me *heart-felt* satisfaction, to behold such a respectable assemblage of the sons of freedom, met to give their *ultimatum* to the most constitutional questions. We have been threatened with a mercenary band of blood-thirsty redcoats, who would massacre us with as little remorse as our brethren in St. George's-fields, or in the streets of Boston: such a terror are we become to this venal and

and corrupt adminiſtration, under which we groan! —Moreover, a wicked judge has recommended it to a *packed* jury, to preſent us as a *nuiſance*—Thus are we diſgraced my friends—We are eſteemed like the dirt of the ſtreet, yea, like unto *bad pavement*, or a *dunghill!*—Wherefore, ſhall we not rouſe? Shall we not make our oppreſſors tremble? Shall the famed and gallant ſons of Hibernia remain tame and ſubmiſſive, when chains are forging for them?—O ſtupid generation! well may ye be likened unto a ſmith's dog, that ſleeps under the anvil, though ſo many fiery ſparks fly about him.——I am a freeman, a ſon of Boſtonian independence and liberty. I was going on a miſſion to America, to propagate the Chriſtian faith among Infidels, but have fixed my abode among you, to eſtabliſh an *hebdomal* ſeminary where each perſon may learn all the true graces of elocution, at the moderate expence of one ſhilling. Let us then hold the *murrour* up to nature, as Shakepeare ſays, and make the wicked tremble.—I am by birth a North country Engliſhman: I was bred up, as I may ſay, at the foot of Gamaliel, and I ſtill remain a true ſon of the Kirk. I was degraded from my ghoſtly function, for getting a wench with child at Dumfries; I afterwards ſerved as chaplain, and ſometimes *locum tenens*, at the Robin Hood Society, ſo that I hope ye are ſatisfied with my abilities to fill my preſent ſtation with luſtre and dignity, notwithſtanding the baſe reproaches of a reverend gentleman, who is to be made a biſhop for abuſing me and this reſpectable ſociety—[*a loud clap*].—But I beg pardon, I ſhall read the queſtion.——*Whether the preſent calamities of the kingdom of Ireland, in general, are in the leaſt degree to be attributed to the conduct*

duct of our present Chief Governor, and his party? And if not, to what are they to be attributed?

This oration from the chair was received with great applause—Several orators, distinguished in the senate, rose to speak, among the rest Sir William M'Estimate, who spoke as follows.

" Mr. President,

I KEN very weel frae whence all the calamities of this nation derive their spring and origin—It is frae the decline of the manufactures, which proceed frae the prorogation of parliament, and frae striking my name frae out the privy council *buke*, which a noble Duke of this country took so much to heart, that he would nae longer sit among such folk when I was put awa'.—But what better can we expect, when the Lord Lieutenant's ain secretary, or amanuensis, is Sir G——ge M—t—ey, Lord Bute's ain son-in-law. Scottish influence prevails, and as the scrapture says, preferment nae comes from the South, nor frae the East, nor yet frae the West; then it is plain to any cheeld, who understands boxing the compass, that it must come frae the North. But it is an ill wind blaws no body *gude*.

" Ah culd I once have the felicity of seeing my gude freend, the greet Duke, his Majesty's ain substitute in this kingdom, every thing would gang on brawly. He is the mon of regularity and exactness—every thing gangs on in his family by the nicest calculations—not a gill of oats gangs to his stables without proper memorials, returns, and certificates. Ah culd you but behold the *periodical* cloud of confusion, occasioned by the reciprocal discharge of the pul-

pulverising machines, to ornoment the heads of his artillery-disciplined domestics; how they gang through their motions and evolutions by the ding of the clapper, as if they were under his Grace's ain former command at Chapple-izod. How they dare not but slice their bonnocks, and let down their *breeks* by the same rule—and *repletion* and *evacuation* (two of the main calls of nature) must not be attended to, without the great Duke's order. Also, —but its aw of a piece, the same exactness and œconomy runs through every thing.—Now cast your eyne towards the Castle, and you'll find it quite dafferent. The mon at the heed of it does not mind his equipage, or his money, but squanders the last, sometimes in donations that would make even the bank of Edinburgh shrink,—in a thousand pounds British to one red coat, half as much to another, only because he *kend* them to be *stout* lads, that had none of their ain to purchase preferment. But hut awa, the wee sandy box is just run out, and I'll not trespass on the rules of the Society; for here, as in another place, while I have the honour to sit, I'll stand or saw by their *privileges*."

A member without a shirt, a large cudgell in his hand, and a long sword by his side, rose next, and spoke as follows.

I HAVE *listened* to all that has been said against the Lord *Liftenant* and *goverment*, with the greatest pleasure, because I *niver* was in company with either of them, and they that are not my acquaintance can't be my friends, and as I am part of the community, in my free debating capacity, they can't be the friends of all Dublin. There is *niver*, I'm

I'm ſure, hardly a *jentlem* in Fleet-ſtreet or Chequer-lane, or any of the *contagious* places, who does not think the prorogation was, and is the cauſe of all our misfortunes, which we have been ſuffering theſe ten years, for how will potatoes grow, when there is no parliament to encourage agriculture—or how will we get whiſkey to keep up our ſpirits, when the county of Clare's *mimber* can't make a motion about it. Theſe, ſir, I take it are ſerous conſiderations, and worthy the attention of ſuch a body of gentlemen as we are. But, ſir, there is ſomething more to be imputed upon the Lord Liftenant, and that is, ſir, that he ſtays here *ſpinding* his money among us, when ſix times leſs would be ſpent if we had our ould juſtices. Sir, I think it is now pretty clear, that the Lord Liftenant and the prorogation, are two of the worſt people that ever was in this country. I hope, therefore, we'll conclude with a vote, that they are both our enemies."

This ſpeech was received with great applauſe. The preſident then gave three diſtinct knocks with his hammer, commanded ſilence, and aſked if any perſon choſe to ſpeak to the queſtion. Lord Childermount then roſe up, and ſaid.

" Mr. Preſident,

THOUGH I have long ſat in the firſt aſſembly of this nation, abſorbed in ſilence, yet—yet—among you, gentlemen, I will attempt to articulate on the preſent deplorable ſtate of affairs.—Firſt, I would have you to know, that all governments are alike—all tyrannies and corruption. I never could ſee any *palpable* difference between this or that government. A Baſhaw of Turkey, or a Lord Lieutenant,

tenant, is all alike to me. I always *oppoſe*, and will *oppoſe*, becauſe government is a reſtraint on free people; therefore it is wrong. Now, ſeeing it is wrong, I muſt be right in oppoſing it—[*a loud clap*].—Sir, when I revolve in my mind the revolution—the revolution of empires, "For corn now grows where Troy town ſtood."—You may be ſurprized, gentlemen, I aver it upon my *credit*, I have been on the ſpot.—I call on my noble friend the Marquiſs of Bolus-rule, who has trod in thoſe claſſic regions."

Marquiſs of Bolus-rule.

CALLED upon by my honourable friend, in the preſence of ſuch a reſpectable body of my conſtituents, whom I uſed to ſpeak to in the gallery of the parliament houſe—I will confeſs, *ingeniouſly*, that I always thought Troy had big walls about it like Leinſter houſe, for at ſchool, I remember a game I uſed to play, called, *The Walls of Troy*. However, I could not travel to that part of Aſiatic Africa, as I was ſo buſy writing letters at Turin, to the worthy corporations of this city, who elected me a parliament man. It has been reported, that all thoſe letters were written in Dublin, by one M'Dermot, a breeches-maker. I therefore take this opportunity of clearing up my character, and aſſuring you all, that it is a malicious ſtory: neither the Prince my father, nor myſelf are at all acquainted with this M'Dermot, who obliged us ſo much, and you know that's impoſſible if he had done it. Now, I hope, Mr. Preſident, you are thoroughly convinced by my Lord Childermount's ſpeech and mine,

mine, that all the distress of the kingdom is owing to the *prorogation*."

Here the *president* exclaimed—well spoke—excellently spoken gentlemen—will any slave dare to speak in favour of the Lord Lieutenant, against such convincing arguments of a couple of such sweet illustrious noblemen. On this, Mr. B—g—ll, a merchant, rose and addressed himself to the president:

"SIR.

HAVE you sir, the vanity or folly to suppose, that government would condescend to take any notice of an assemblage of citizens, who are only met to *talk* about what they do not understand, and put money in your pocket. Sir, is it the privilege of freemen to prove themselves fools whenever they please, either by their speeches here, or by their writings in the Freeman's Journal.—For my part, I have no objection. By this means, the noxious humours of the body politic are dispersed: was it for this purpose only, the freedom of speech, and the freedom of the press, should be preserved inviolate. If a jury should present you as a nuisance, they would pay you a compliment, and bestow some importance on you. No judge ever designed to animadvert on your proceedings. I defy you to prove any single point of what you have asserted.

If reason and truth might influence your resolutions, I could easily convince you, that your complaints are groundless. To ask whether the national calamities are occasioned by our present Chief Governor and his party, is in effect to ask, whether the late

late bad harvests are to be ascribed to the prorogation. Sir, the kingdom has payed one million in ready cash, within those two years, for corn. This has diminished the current specie, and checked our commerce and manufactures.—[*A loud hiss and groan*]—Sir, I have a right to speak in this society, and I will be heard—It is true indeed, the price of every thing is raised, from a stale egg in the market, to *an independant* patriot. The extortion of your landlords, and the avarice of your patriots, have done all this. A patriot's declamation on the grievances of his country, is only a sign that he wants a place or pension; as the *creaking* of a cart wheel shews that it wants greasing.—Sir, the ballance of trade is always in our favour, without this we could not subsist as a nation. Above a million and a half is spent by our absentees—by men who enjoy the double pleasure of irreparably injuring their country, and exposing their ignorance and absurdity, to all Europe. I shall illustrate my last assertion by a true anecdote—A noble Lord who lately had a considerable employment in this country, asserted in a polite circle at Spa, and swore by JASUS, that an *Irishman* could speak English better than an *Englishman*. A gentleman who was present, immediately replied, sir, you put me in mind of the fable, where the wise peasant determined that a mimic could squeek better than the pig itself."

Here a confused noise of "Knock him down—"Turn him out—Kill him"—interrupted all proceedings. The society broke up in confusion.

NUM-

NUMBER XXIX.

IN the laſt BATCHELOR were omitted for want of room, the following elegant ſpeeches.

Lord *Babletongue.*] The freedom of debate is, in my humble ſentiments, too much confined in all the ſenates of Europe. The profeſſors of law, thoſe gentlemen with the large enveloping wigs —(I wiſh I could teach them to be a little more *degagé*)—they muſt pardon my expreſſion; they, ſir, have invented a parcel of barbarous and ruſtic forms, to keep the direction of the debate, *entierment*, in their own hands; and certain Lords of a Bench, which I have in my eye, are always ready to ſupport them; ſo that a gentlemen of any liberal conceit, who attempts to emerge, is, *inceſſamment*, called *to order*, his ſpirits diſcompoſed, his ideas *derangé*.

The being confined to one ſpot in the Houſe, I take to be an *empechement* to elocution. There is a ſympathetic correſpondence, ſir, of the faculties of man, when he enters into action: I ſay Mr. Preſident, we all know what Demoſthenes ſaid of it—Being aſked what he thought the firſt qualification of an orator, he replied action; by which, I conceive, he meant to ſay *mouvement*. Now, ſir, if action be the conſtituent principle of eloquence, graceful action muſt conſtitute the eſſence of it, and *aſſurement*, ſir, muſt give it the true *bon ton*—Dancing, ſir, is modulated, graceful action;—therefore,

fore, it logically follows, *par conſequent*, as a poſtulatum, that he who dances beſt, muſt ſpeak beſt—[*a loud laugh*]. I do not comprehend why gentlemen are pleaſed to be ſo merry :—They are much miſtaken when they eſteem the obſervation of Monſieur Marceil, on the Earl of Oxford, as a *bagatelle*. Yet, ſir, Moliere, a celebrated French philoſopher, corroborates it, by proving that all the *faux pas* of a man's life, were owing to his not having learned to dance. No miniſter, ſir, who has not a good ſtep, can maintain his ground long. You know how ſoon the Queen diſmiſſed Lord Oxford. Not one of our late miniſters had *un air impoſant*. You perceive how ill they maintain themſelves. I never ſaw any man of ſo clowniſh a deportment, or *un air auſſi moins faconné*, as our preſent viceroy.

I hope, ſir, you will excuſe this digreſſion, which, yet, I do not think a digreſſion, but rather the introduction, or *peroration* to my oration.——Sir, I have ſtudied to ſerve my country, I intend viſiting all the fortifications of the kingdom ;—a true ſtate of them I ſhall preſent to an illuſtrious body, next ſeſſion of parliament. To qualify myſelf properly for this important duty, I am now learning fortification under an Iriſh Vauban, the greateſt engineer of his age. Monſieur Le F——t,—but, ſir, I do this (as I do every thing elſe) in a mode *toute nouvelle* —Monſieur Le F. directs, ſuperintends,—my Friſieur executes. Let me explain myſelf—my hair, ſir, is dreſſed in the form of baſtions, ravelins, ſcarps, and counter-ſcarps, half moons and *fult moons*, (not to mention *le cartouche deſhabille* of the morning.)

Thus,

Thus, sir, science and dress, like the sister arts, are happily blended, and mutually assist each other. Give me leave to mention a *bon mot* of mine on this occasion, which, in my humble conception, is superior to any of Chesterfield's, or Lord Sancho's :—Monsieur Le F. gave orders to erect a crown work on the occiput—*Pardonnez moi*, says I, Monsieur Le F. I am a patriot—an opponent to arbitrary government—an enemy to all CROWN WORKS. He!—he!—he!—He then directed an horn work to be erected on the sinciput. *Pardonnez moi*, says I again, Monsieur, I am not married, it is reserved for the Countess of Babeltongue, to construct a HORN WORK on my head.—He!—he!—he!—Since I perceive gentlemens gracious *accueil* of my endeavours, the approbation of my manner, and exhilirations of my *jeux d'esprit*, I will gratify them with a recital of a late scintillation of my fancy, in an illustrious—but obscure, in a dignified, but futile assembly.——The premier of this frivolous society, that frigorific head of casuistry, his face *enfoncée* in a deep wood of hair, the other day commanded an order to be read against me, for speaking disrespectful of the King's Chief Governor : I was neither disheartened nor embarassed; with that *acumen* and readiness so peculiar to myself, I asserted that Lord Townshend was his Majesty's servant and Vice-Roy, but he certainly was not the King's CHIEF GOVERNOR. He!—he!—he!—A torpor immediately benumbed the faculties of the society, whilst, with a look of ineffable contempt, I seated myself in my place. —Pardon my confusion, sir, I am always embarrassed when I praise myself:—this *mauvaise honte* I never could conquer. Yet, sir, I think I must exclaim against the ingratitude of government—I cannot

contain,

contain, ſir, *(weeps)*—pardon theſe tears, they are for the loſs my country ſuſtains, in not giving me an opportunity to ſhine in arms. I only wanted to charge at the head of a regiment of cavalry. By Heavens I was denied: *ah quel facheux contretems.* Yet, the conſtitution, in church and ſtate, was preſerved by this arm—Let them conquer the next Oak-Boys themſelves, Babeltongue will no longer fight their battles.—If I was dumb, this ribband would ſpeak for me.—When I was inſtalled, my praiſe was ſounded from the throne—all Europe acknowledged my merits.—The ladies admired me—and an æthereal Heaven-taught young nobleman, who was an eye-witneſs of my heroic valour, and conquered under my auſpices;—he, ſir, celebrated my victory in theſe ſublime and Pindaric ſtrains.

RECITATIVE.

" Yon valiant chief—behold from far,
" Refulgent as the God of War:
" It's C——te, his country's ſheild,
" The firſt in glory's field.
" Mark his graceful flowing wig,
" Mark his well ty'd ſolitaire;
" Lo, his hat, with terror big,
" And glitt'ring ſword-knot ſparkling in the
" air.

AIR.

" 'Mongſt heroes and ſages recorded,
" C——te faireſt and foremoſt ſhall ſhine;
" A ribband's the meed that's awarded,
" To recompenſe valour like thine.

" Whilſt ladies in juſt admiration,
" Of wiſdom and valour agree;
" So long ev'ry age, ev'ry nation,
" Shall hallow an oak bough to thee."

Why ſhould I mention the trophies torn from the tenacious graſp of rebels—the blue ſtocking of the firſt female fiend who headed the inſurrection, known to the vulgar by the familiar appellation of Moll Coggin—but *ſur mon honneur:* I can affirm ſhe was a magician of the firſt magnitude. With this blue ſtocking, I preſented two garlands of oak, torn from the heads of two rebellious enchanters, whom villatic ruſticity ſtiled, Cow-herds,—or Cow-boys. For theſe military atchievements, my Sovereign rewarded me with theſe bluſhing *honours* I now wear, (pointing to his ribband) with the placid conſciouſneſs of merit, and the ſoft dignity of humility. Gentlemen, the preſent Viceroy and his venal court, obſerve with contempt—with ridicule,—the eaſe of my motion—the grace of my ſtep—the unlabour-ed flow of eloquence:—the minute ſtep—*le cheval dreſſe*—and the meditated bow, are now become a prey to the ſneers of buffoonery. Sir, I am a patriot, a friend to liberty—I will defend the privileges of the peerage from all encroachments. If antient peers tamely reſign thoſe privileges handed down to them by their illuſtrious anceſtors, a coronet will become a mere bauble. In ſpite of a ſubtle lawyer, one of thoſe *novi homines* whom I deſpiſe, (men generally of *ſterqualinian* extraction) I will preſerve their privileges inviolate—ſacred as the diamond *broche* which glitters on my boſom, or the brilliant *buckle* which ſparkles on my elaſtic inſtep. If peers are indiſcriminately to become ſubject to the laws, and obliged to pay their debts, what ſhould then diſtinguiſh

tinguiſh them from the *profanum vulgus*, the *canaille*, the plebeian mechanic!

Peradventure, ſir, I have a little digreſſed from the ſubject now under conſideration, but this digreſſion truth demanded, and my reputation required. When other gentlemen have delivered their opinion on this queſtion, I ſhall declare my ſentiments, with that ſimplicity and diffidence which ever have, and ever ſhall, be the diſtinguiſhing mark of my character.

Lord *Verax**.] Mr. Preſident, I riſe to return my thanks to the right hon. member who ſpoke laſt; I can teſtify the truth of all he has aſſerted: at the time of the inſurrection in the North, I had frequent and intimate converſations with that celebrated inchanter Moll Coggin. I have often ſeen her riding on a black ram with a blue tail; once I endeavoured to fire at her, but my gun melted in my hand into a clear jelly; this jelly I taſted, and if it had been a little more acid, it would have been moſt excellent. Gentlemen may laugh, but I declare the fact upon my veracity, which has never been doubted. Once I purſued this fiend into my ale cellar, ſhe rode inſtantly out of my ſight into the bung-hole of a beer barrel; ſhe was at that time mounted on her black ram with the blue tail; ſome time after, my ſervants were much ſurpriſed to find their ale full of *blue* hairs; I was not ſurpriſed, as I knew the *blue* hairs were the hairs of the ram's blue tail. Gentlemen may ſtare, but the fact is as I relate it. This Moll Coggin was the fiend who raiſed the Oak Boys to rebellion. I was alſo well

* Lord M——a.

acquainted with the two cow-boys mention'd by the right hon. member; they were my tenants, and were certainly endowed with ſupernatural powers; I have known one of them tear up by the roots an oak two hundered feet high, and bear it upright on his head four miles; his party were on that account ſtyled Oak Boys. Gentlemen may laugh, but I ſpeak from certain knowledge; the oak tree grew in my garden, and I have often ſeen five hundred ſwans perching on its boughs; theſe ſwans were remarkable for deſtroying all the ſnipe in the country; the ſwans flew faſter than any ſnipe I ever ſaw; and you may imagine, a ſmall bird could make but a feeble reſiſtance in the talons of a ſwan. I hope, gentlemen will pardon my wandering a little from the preſent queſtion; the depravity of the times, and irregularity of our preſent Viceroy, have been mentioned by a right hon. member. Gentlemen, I ſhall ſpeak *truth* in public and in private life: my *truth* is known: I declare then on my veracity, I have long been acquainted with the preſent Viceroy; whatever he has done well in this kingdom, he has done by my council; the Octennial Bill, the tax on abſentees, the bounty on linen, were meaſures I plann'd and recommended. Yet gentlemen, this very Viceroy, has treated me with indignity and outrage. Gentlemen, can you believe it? he kick'd me down ſtairs; for what did he kick me down ſtairs? For ſpeaking *truth*; for ſuch truths as mine, your preſent Chief Governor deſpiſes and ridicules. If any can doubt what I ſay, I can ſhew the black and blue marks on a certain part of my body, which decency will not permit me to name.—[*Here the aſſembly cried out*] ſhew it, ſhew it.

Lord

Lord *Verax*.] If gentlemen inſiſt upon it, I ſhall comply with their requeſts, and ſhew the marks of diſgrace.—[*All roared out*] ſhew them, ſhew them.

*Tom Decorous Letriffle**, the orderly Serjeant at this time, roſe from a nitch, and ſpoke as follows :

Thomas Decorous Letriffle.] Gentlemen, I cannot by any means agree with the honourable ſociety, and give it as my opinion, that the right hon. member ſhould not reveal to public view thoſe ſtripes, which his poſteriors received from the foot of a tyrant Viceroy. I therefore humbly move, that a ſecret committee be appointed to inſpect the part diſgraced, and to make their report to this honourable ſociety.

Omnes. A committee, a committee, [Lord *Forecaſtle riſes*.] Hear him, hear him, hear your worthy member Lord Forecaſtle.

Lord *Forecaſtle*†.] By G—d, I think this *free ſociety*, ſeems like a ſhip which has neither maſt, compaſs, or anchor. Thoſe who ſhould work the veſſel, are all reeling and drunk as hell ; this queſtion now before us, (do you ſee) is whether a reſolution of the Houſe of Commons has the power of an act of parliament : inſtead of ſpeaking to this point, a right hon. member tells you, he was *kicked——very well*, then he is deſired to ſhew his poſteriors, then a ſecret committee is appointed to inſpect it. What is all this to the queſtion ? By G—d it's ſteering quite out of the courſe, into a foul channel. Another

* T——s L——te, Eſq. † Lord L——d.

right hon. member in *outlandiſh lingo*, (half of which by G—d I do not underſtand) talks of his panting for glory, and nonſenſe and ſtuff, and of an old witch, and a blue ſtocking, what has all this to ſay to the power of the Houſe of Commons? Who the devil cares about the old bitch. We are then told of a black ram with a blue tail, and of a gun turned into jelly, the noble Lord who tells theſe *wonders*, may fire a good ſhot for ought I know. But as to the preſent queſtion; *that is all my eye*, for my part I do not care a *damn* about theſe wonders. The queſtion is, "Can a reſolution of the Houſe of "Commons ſuſpend the law of the land." You may as well aſk, "Whether the commands of a "Lieutenant muſt be obeyed, when the Captain is "on board." Who the devil would aſk ſuch an abſurd queſtion? If any perſon talked ſuch nonſenſe to me, I'd heave him over board before I'd anſwer him. As to the Lord Lieutenant, (do you ſee) tho' I do not like to have him ſteer our veſſel, becauſe I wiſh for *another pilot*, (a friend of my own) yet I believe he is a jolly fellow, and has ſome good fun in him. And as to his kicking a talking fool who tired him, by G—d I do not like him the worſe for it, but enough of this, the queſtion before us, is a nonſenſical queſtion, and we have had too much jaw already—ſo I have done.

*Will. Spitfire**.] Gentlemen I declare upon my honour and reputation, a vote of the Houſe of Commons, ought not to have the force of a law, unleſs when the majority of the Houſe is againſt the *court* in that caſe, and in that caſe only, the *abſolute* power of the Houſe of Commons, ought not to be

* W——m B——gh, Eſq.

denied.

denied. I reverence, I adore that Houſe of Commons, which put the ax to the neck of that curſed martyr Charles. I long for a ſubſtantial act of juſtice—if I talk treaſon, I am not aſhamed of it. I ſhall take every occaſion to teſtify my contempt of all government and governors, particularly of our preſent chief governor. I will go farther, and rouſe my country to *arms* to *arms*——*ſtrike*——*ſtrike*—— I will cenſure Majeſty, *&c.*——nay I will do ſomething worſe. Gentlemen may call me a Republican; I glory in the name; I glory in the principles; I ſhall ever pay homage to free ſpirits; I ſhall kiſs with adoration the *hem* of Mrs. Macauly's republican pettycoat, and the anti-miniſterial crutch of Doctor Bolus. The Stuarts were a ſet of tyrants, *raſcals*, *robbers*; their miniſters were tyrants, *raſcals*, *robbers*; every miniſter is a *tyrant*, *raſcal*, *robber*: we never ſhall enjoy happineſs till we are as free as the ſavage Americans, and the wandering Arabs: till we are governed by the unerring law of nature. I would have gentlemen know, I was not brought into parliament by any powerful chief. I acknowledge no chief; I follow no leader; I will not follow reaſon, if *reaſon* be with the *court*; I will not be led even by *common-ſenſe*, if I find common ſenſe joined with the *adminiſtration*. Theſe are my principles, and I will die in defence of theſe principles: I ſhall boldly declare to my laſt moment, that the *horrors* of death are extatick *bliſs*, compared to the ſmalleſt degree of miniſterial controul.

Omnes.] Hear, hear him; well ſpoke, no governor, no miniſter, no adminiſtration: long life to Will Spifitre, Doctor Bolus, Lord Babeltongue, and Sir Ed—w—d N—n—m.

NUMBER XXX.

Dux fœmina facti.

VIRG.

The Grey Mare is the better horſe.

To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, *Eſq.*

SIR,

I SEND the incloſed piece to be honoured with a place amongſt your eſteemed Speculations, knowing you have ſuch a veneration for the relicks of antiquity, that even *this*, wrote but a *century ago*, will be reverenced by your applauſe.—It is ſaid, that the author of it muſt have been inſpired with a *prophetic* ſpirit, if he did not allude to *any people* exiſting in *his* time, ſince the allegory *now* bears the teſt of real perſonification, and is truly deſcriptive of an event that lately happened in

The WILDS OF KERRY.

A PASTORAL BALLAD,

Compoſed one hundred years ago: ſet to muſic by Lady A—NE FITZ——D.

GOODNATURE and COURTESY, ſiſters I ween,
Twin daughters of VIRTUE the mother;
In features ſo like that when ſingle they're ſeen,
Folks often take one for the other:

In

In gentle complacency, gesture, and grace,
A difference scarce could you see;
Save one when you spoke to her smil'd in your face,
T'other modestly bended the knee.

II.

One fine summer's morning reso'v'd on a roam,
They rose with the lark, and as gay,
For as they intended to go far from home,
They dress'd themselves out for the day:
Their *buskins* they lac'd, so to leave the knee bare,
And move with a grace unconfin'd;
Their robes that were wont to flow loose in the air,
Were carelessly tuck'd up behind.

III.

Enshrin'd in a scarf of a rose colour'd hue,
As splendid and bright as the morn!
A present which HEBE the fair goddess threw
O'er their faces the day they were born:
While fragrance by ZEPHYR was pilfer'd away,
And wafted all over the dale;
Their fair auburn tresses a-loose in display,
Were wantonly kiss'd by the gale.

IV.

Thus array'd for the journey, and each to her mind,
They chearfully walk'd on together;
Their steps were so slight, left no traces behind,
And their hearts were as light as a feather:
"Far *westward*," says COURTESY, "lives a fam'd
"knight,
"Near a town in the mountains of Kerry;
"If fatigu'd, we'll repose at that seat of delight,
"He was *wont* to be courteous and merry.

V.

" Erſt often times happy we've ſung, danc'd, and
play'd,
" And frolick'd away with each other;
" Hand in hand o'er the lawns and the vallies we
" ſtray'd,
" They took us for ſiſter and brother:
" FAME ſays he's much chang'd ſince he took a *fair*
" bride,
" Who preſides at the Caſtle of Dingle;"
" He ſure won't forget us," GOODNATURE reply'd,
" Who careſs'd us ſo often when ſingle."

VI.

Thus in chatting along they beguil'd away reſt,
'Till at length they diſcover'd a town;
Juſt as SOL ſunk reclin'd upon THETIS's breaſt,
And eve became duſky and brown:
When the caſtle they ſought for aroſe in full view,
Both their eyes and their hearts to delight;
Whoſe ſplendid appearance they very well knew,
And its bountiful owner the knight.

VII.

As they drew near the gate, they adjuſted each grace,
Which had ſuffer'd through toil, and the weather;
The hair the rude wind had blown over the face,
They comb'd in, and tied up together:
Then rapt at the door, and each ſent in her name,
Which anounced that *two ladies* did wait;
Old acquaintance, they ſaid, and they thought it no
ſhame
To pay him a viſit, tho' late.

When

VIII.

When a dowdy like figure, in riding attire,
With as little of beauty, as grace;
The cheeks all empurpl'd, with ſpots red as fire,
Suffuſing it o'er the whole face:
With arms ſet akimbo, and maſculine air,
Advanc'd like the caſtle's defender;
Tho' the ſex none can vouch, as it breeches did wear,
And ſeem'd of the *epecene* gender.

IX.

But a ſhrill female voice ſoon the woman declared,
Which pierc'd like the wind in December;
Aſſailing the ears of the nymphs, (who were ſcar'd,)
In words they have cauſe to remember:
"How have ye the confidence, huſſeys," ſhe cries,
"At this time of night to alarm me?
"The names you ſent in are a parcel of lies,
"You are *trulls* that belong to the army.

X.

"The *perſon* you've had the aſſurance to name,
"Whoſe former acquaintance you boaſt;
"Its the worth of his ears to acknowledge your claim,
"While I'm at the *head of the roaſt*:
"Such *trollops* ſhall never come near his domain,—
"So march off, and ſeek for new places."——
Then turn'd on her heel with an air of diſdain,
And ſlapt the door full in their faces.

NUM-

NUMBER XXXI.

To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, *Esq.*

SIR,

NOTWITHSTANDING the great order and regularity which is observed in the Irish Robin Hood, and the dignity and impartiality of its worthy President, I cannot help lamenting that a great number of its wise and candid decisions remain yet unprinted. Those mistakes, sir, must sometimes happen, on account of a practice, (which, however, I do not presume to censure,) I mean, sir, that of proposing a great number of questions at the same time, and taking the sense of the Society, without informing them of the subject. It must be owned, that this inconvenience is in a great degree remedied by the power so judiciously vested in the president, of altering the resolutions after they have passed. If I should make a motion in that assembly, "*That the votes should be amended by the President, "according to truth,*" it might seem a servile *imitation* of the conduct of the H——e of C———ns in L—d H——d's administration, and might be called *flattery* to the late able and worthy S——r, who formerly *espoused* a motion of that kind with all his influence :—Therefor I shall decline it, and content myself with publishing the following resolutions, which were all debated with the usual candour, and argued upon with the usual solemnities.

Resolved,

Resolved, That the D—e of L——r was always enemy to Privy Council Money-Bills.

Resolved, That Mr. B——w was a good patriot in the year 1752, never had any connection with the late Primate, and obtained his seat at the Council-board by his public virtue.

Resolved, That L—d S——n has been a true patriot ever since the year 1753.

Resolved, That Mr. F——d never supported any measure he had ever opposed, and that he had no election depending at the time of the *augmentation*.

Resolved, That Mr. L——she never supported any unpopular administration.

Resolved, That Mr. H—ss—y was not brought into parliament by the D—e of L——r, and is under no influence whatsoever.

Resolved, That Mr. B——gh, Lord Childermount, Mr. Phlogos the apothecary, and Sir E——d N———m, are deep reasoners, profound politicians, sober patriots, and judicious directors of the public opinion.

Resolved, That the late S——r's friends never gloried in the name of *Hacks*, in defiance of all virtue and decency.

Resolved, That Mr. P——by never voted for an altered Money-Bill; never supported a Privy Council

cil Money-Bill; never ſquandered the public money in jobs; never robbed a man, duly elected, of his ſeat; never ſupported penſions; never oppoſed an explanation of Poyning's law; never was inconſiſtent about the augmentation of the army; never ſtifled a Militia-Bill; never co-operated with the abandoned meaſures of the late Primate; never broke a promiſe; never ſupported a motion one day, and reſcinded it the next; never falſified the votes of the H. of C———ns; never diſgraced the ſtation of L—d J——ce, or C———r; never oppoſed the Octennial-Bill; never made charity the inſtrument of ſedition; never betrayed a confidential correſpondence, or falſified a private converſation; never was cenſured in the Freeman's Journal; never was wavering; never was inconſiſtent; never was unpopular.

Reſolved, Therefore, that Mr. P——by did not quarrel with adminiſtration about the affair of Lord Jobber-General, but about ſome of the meaſures above-mentioned; and that his reſignation of the chair did not proceed from fear or folly, but from the nobleſt motives, and moſt patriotic principles.

Reſolved, That Mr. P——by did not deceive his friends when he took the chair on Tueſday the 26th of February, and did not betray them by deſerting it on the Saturday following.

Reſolved, That the city of Dublin did not petition for a meeting of parliament.

Reſolved, That the D—e of L——r and Mr. P——by, did not, by their repreſentations to their friends

friends in England, endeavour to prevent the meeting of parliament.

Resolved, That the people did not wish for it.

Resolved, That the meeting of parliament was a measure calculated for the destruction of trade, for demanding of exorbitant loans, and for the repeal of the Octennial-Bill, and that it ought to be an unpopular measure.

Resolved, That the decay of public credit, and the *unaccountable* decrease in the hereditary revenue, have been solely caused by the appointment of Sir W——m O——rn and Mr. B——d, in the room of Mr. P——by and Lord L——gh.

Resolved, That every report propagated by Mr. P——by's friends, about the motives for calling the p———t, has proved true.

Resolved, That the Octennial-Bill was not obtained under the present administration.

Resolved, That a resident Chief Governor never was wished for by this kingdom; and is a means of draining it of its wealth.

Resolved, That the additional bounty on linens is a great discouragement to that manufacture.

Resolved, That the liberty of the press is restrained under the present administration,

Resolved, That the most decent liberties of speech are prohibited under severe penalties.

Resolved,

Resolved, That the thanks of this Society be presented to the right hon. L—d L—fle, together with a new wig.

Resolved, That the worthy patriot, L—d B—l—fs, be elected an honorary member of this Society, and admitted gratis whenever he wears his gold cuffs.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Society be presented to the E—l of B——nt, for his patriotic tears shed in the H—se of L——ds, together with a new white handkerchief.

Resolved, That J—n P——by, Esq; has for these twenty years past, given one hundred guineas donation every spring to the weavers: therefore his late well-timed benevolence could not be intended for seditious purposes, on the opening of the sessions.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Society be presented to the right hon. J—n P——by.

I am, Mr. Wagstaffe,

your most obedient humble servant,

An INDEPENDENT HACK.

NUM-

NUMBER XXXII.

Quem virum, aut heroa, lyra, vel acri
Tibia sumes celebrare Clio?
Quem deum? cujus recinat jocosa?
Nomen imago.

HOR.

WE are obliged to the gentleman who sent us the following copy of a celebrated Ode, by post from Cavan: As it has never appeared in print, we hope the publication will oblige our readers.

A MODERN ODE, *on the victory obtained by* C——s C——te, Esq; *over the* OAK BOYS, *and his receiving the order of the B*** : set to music, and performed at the Castle of Dublin, on Monday the 10th of January, 1764; the day appointed for his investiture with the ensigns of the order.*

I.

YON valliant chief, behold from far,
Refulgent as the morning star;
'Tis C——, his country's shield,
The first in glory's field,
His port proclaims the God of War:
Mark his graceful flowing wig,
Mark his well ty'd solitare;
Lo, his hat with terror big,
And spangled sword-knot sparkling in the air.

II.

II.

Round me, he cries, my warriors ſtand,
To fight againſt yon hoſtile band;
I come—beneath my ſtroke,
Fall—fall—ye Hearts of Oak:
Rebellion ceaſe at my command.
Now, now, I mount my rapid ſteed,
He flies! he flies! with lightning's ſpeed;
Now, cruſh'd rebellion, now you feel,
The pangs, the deaths, that wait my poliſh'd ſteel.

III.

View your champion, view your god,
Seize the brick-bat, ſeize the clod;
Pippins green, and rotten eggs,
Hurl them at the recreant heads,
Miniſters of vengeful hate,
Pour the mat the *recreant* pate;
Let turnips and potatoes flie,
Like thunderbolts at every eye,
By what ye fed on—rebels, ye ſhall die.

IV.

Let Pruſſia's godlike monarch boaſt,
His well-fought fields, his laurel'd hoſt,
While Auſtria's Eagle drops her wing,
And vanquiſh'd by the mighty King,
Bewails her pride, her glory loſt.
Yet know proud King, and let it check thy pride,
Tho' conqueſt's banner now thou waveſt wide,
Thy vaunted triumphs quickly ſhall decline,
Loſt in oblivion's ſhade, while glory circles mine.

V.

V.

Triumphant C——te!—Illuſtrious name!
That ſoar'ſt upon the wings of fame;
Above the Lunar-walk, or Milky-way;
The wheat-ſheaf hears thy dread command,
Swift mounts upon the Rector's ſtand,
And at thy call, once more, the ſqueaking tythe-pigs play.
The fringed hero ſpeaks the word,
Unfolds the terror of his ſword;
Staves, bricks, and bolts, can nought avail,
Shillela's knotted cudgels fail.
Thy plume caſts terror all around;
Thy ſpangl'd veſt, and red-heel'd ſhoe,
Amaze, confound, the daſtard crew:
Behold they fall—they die, and dying bite the ground.

VI.

C——te's valliant acts his foes proclaim,
Their grief, their tears, record his fame;
Crown, Britons crown your warrior's deed,
With ſome illuſtrious meed——
That ſhall to lateſt times record his name:
Around his manly ſhoulders ſpread,
In waving folds the ribband red;
That emblem bright,
Of Bath's proud knight,
Given to the ſons of glory's line,
Shall on C——te's breaſt with double luſtre ſhine.

No

No more ſhall H—ff—y's ſtar prevail,
The gallant Delaval's ſhall fail,
While C——te's ſhall ever blaze,
With undiminiſh'd rays,
'Till Heav'n's orb declines, and Nature's ſelf decays.

VII.

The ſtoried urn, the breathing buſt,
May grace the common hero's duſt,
Thy country, C——te, ſhall never doom,
Such vulgar trophies to thy tomb;
Here, ſhall the ſculptor's happy genius ſhew,
The ſliding movements of the conquering beau:
The warrior brave,
A ſword ſhall wave,
With Orient gems the burniſhed hilt ſhall glow.
There, with a maſter's hand ſhall artiſts trace,
The plumed hat, the tweezer caſe,
The dancing pump, and ruffle flounc'd with lace.

VIII.

Rapt in futurity behold,
Panting for fame, the warrior bold;
To him ſepulchral honours doom,
And graceful dance around his tomb:
While in proceſſion, mute and ſlow,
The weeping virgins annual go——
His ſhrine to deck with painted plumes,
Pomatums—paſtes—and ſweet perfumes:
Such rites are meet to crown his matchleſs fame.

NUM-

NUMBER XXXIII.

Boerhaavius auctoritate Herodoti narrat, peſtilentiam olim Græciæ illatam fuiſſe gallinacium grege: addit præterea—" Diu enim plumis avium contagio " adhæreſcit."

To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, Eſq.

SIR,

AS your Speculations are deſigned to encourage merit, I think your readers cannot be better entertained, than by peruſing a moſt valuable and curious extract from the learned Doctor Rowley's Eſſay on the Plague.

This eminent phyſician is well known to the public by his advertiſement in the Mercury. Though an Engliſhman, he has condeſcended to viſit this poor country, and now dedicates the few ſpare hours which his extenſive practice allows him, to ſcience and literature——When the plague raged in Athens, there was a ſolemn embaſſy diſpatched to the little town of Abdera, to intreat Hipocrates to viſit the diſtreſſed Athenians. The phyſician, however refuſed their requeſt, and ſaid no fee ſhould tempt him to deſert his country at ſo critical a period. Doctor Rowley, whoſe medical knowledge is only equalled by his humanity and generoſity, ſcorned to imitate the father of phyſic: he juſtly concluded that the *prorogation* rendered us more liable to the infection, and

and therefore flew to us about the middle of laſt October, as he heard that Doctor Lucas (as well as Boerhaave) was of opinion, that the wood-cocks might carry over the plague in their feathers from Poland; and as the parliament was not ſitting, no conſtitutional means could be deviſed by the L. L. and council to prevent thoſe vagabond birds from ſettling in Ireland.

He alſo adminiſters a ſpecific to exhilirate the ſpirits of all thoſe who are apprehenſive of the contagion.——"If (ſays he) there be any, whoſe minds "are diſturbed by artful and deſigning men, on the "ſuppoſed approach of this dire complaint: If ſuch "will call on me, any day between the hours of "twelve and two, at Mr. Browne's, jewler, in Suffolk-"ſtreet, facing the Round Church, I doubt not but "I ſhall be able to calm his inquietude."

Doctor Rowley is an excellent natural philoſopher, and very intimate with Lord M——a, F. R. S. His Lordſhip has conſulted *him* on an excellent ſcheme to deſtroy the French and Spaniards, ſhould they preſume to invade us. Lord M——a rationally ſuppoſes, that ſome ſhip will arrive on our coaſt with the plague on board. The Dr. by his lordſhip's directions, is to extract the contagious atmoſphere, and load twenty or thirty air guns with it: a troop of light horſe may be armed with theſe philoſophical fuzees; the Doctor will command, gain the *weather-guage* of the enemy, diſcharge the plague among them, wheel to the right about, and gallop triumphantly to the Caſtle, to give an account of his victory, and be appointed phyſician general for his ſervices, in the room of Doctor Barry. Lord M——a I hear, is to accompany our great Machaon, on this expedition,

expedition, and to act as *aid-de camp*, in order that he may be able to transmit an accurate and judicious account of the whole affair to his learned brethern of the Royal Society.

This modern Æsculapius also cures the Gout to a miracle. About five years ago, when Lord Chatham was given over by the faculty, *he* wrote and published a letter in the Public Ledger, and gave our English Demosthenes an excellent prescription, which saved his life. Lord Chatham behaved with his usual ingratitude, and never rewarded the Doctor; though the ministry have never ceased persecuting him for thus preserving the life of their bittereſt enemy.

I can mention another anecdote to the Doctor's honour, which shews his moderation and generous principles.—That great patriotic Earl, Lord Sh—b—ne, who lodged last summer at Black-rock, pressed the ingenious physician to return to England and assist him in writing Junius's letters; promising to provide handsomely for him when Lord Chatham and he came into administration. This tempting offer the Doctor instantly rejected, as he thought the present mode of political writing, too abusive for one of his liberal sentiments: and besides, he told his Lordship that he was determined to stay here till the plague had ceased in all parts of the world; and did not doubt but his presence would be as beneficial to to this poor kingdom, as *Aaron's standing between the dead and the living, which stopt the plague in the camp of the Israelites.*

With grateful hearts we should commemorate the many favours we receive from England.—Our fine gentlemen

gentlemen and ladies, would have nothing but potatoe leaves to cover their nakedneſs, only for our generous brethren, who furniſh us with cloth and ſilk. They export cow doctors for our cattle; phyſicians, wiſe like *Solomon* and Rowley, for our bodies; and biſhops and prieſts to take care of our ſouls; whoſe charity and benevolence is unqueſtionable, for they are generally endowed with the moſt extenſive ſees and pariſhes, though every body knows their apoſtolic labours are doubled by this hard treatment; yet like good Chriſtians they patiently ſubmit, well knowing that their *maſter's kingdom is not of this world.* Formerly too we were bleſſed with Engliſh judges; men of ſuch amazing abilities, and great modeſty, that their merit was never known in England—that was left for our ſuperior ſagacity to find out:—But ſince a reſident Lord Lieutenant weakly imagined that he could chooſe Iriſhmen fit to decide on the lives and properties of their countrymen, we are a ruined nation! Our trade has failed, our banks and merchants ſtop payment! The graſs grows in our deſerted ſtreets—The revenue is ruined, ſince our arbitrary Viceroy diſmiſſed that great financier Mr. P——y, from his Majeſty's ſervice. Our artillery ruſts, and our magazines are gone to decay, ſince that maſter of projectiles, Lord S——n no longer points our artillery.

In this "diſtreſsful, diſtracted ſtate of affairs," (as my friend Doctor Lucas ſays) if the publication of this precious fragment can alleviate the calamities of my country, and inſtruct our ignorant Smiths, Quinns, Barrys, and ſuch quacks, in the *irrefragable* principles of phyſic, I ſhall think myſelf happy.——

Extract from Doctor ROWLEY's *Eſſay on the Plague.*

" AND now I ſpeak from experience. A few
" years ago I attended ſeveral perſons who
" had the ſigns of this dreadful diſeaſe. It was part
" of a ſhip's crew that had arrived from the Levant,
" and who had come on ſhore all ſeemingly in good
" health. But when the men had opened their box-
" es and ſhifted themſelves, they became all of a
" ſudden ill; which was a convincing proof that the
" infection had been conveyed in their cloathes.
" Some had buboes under their armpits, and behind
" their ears only; others had the carbuncle of the
" livid circle, and ſome were attended with both,
" and all recovered. The method I took to preſerve
" myſelf, was to change my cloathes, and to fumi-
" gate them daily, waſhing myſelf with vinegar, in
" which were infuſed garlick, rue, betony, and ju-
" niper berries, of which I took inwardly, twice a
" day, two meat ſpoonfuls, gargling my mouth with
" it, and ſnuffing it up my noſtrils. To this infuſion
" I always added a little camphire. Sometime after
" I tryed this moſt dangerous experiment, I waſhed
" myſelf in the blood and ſaliva of a mad dog,
" without feeling the leaſt bad effect from it, except
" a little ſpaſm in the calf of my right leg, which
" in a few days I appeaſed. The ſucceſs of this
" experiment I communicated to a noble Duke,
" whoſe name will always be revered by the people
" of this kingdom, who adviſed me to lay it before
" the ſecretaries of ſtate, which I did, with an inten-
" tion to go to Conſtantinople, (under the protecti-
" on and ſanction of government) to try the ſucceſs
" of the treatment there, and upon my return (if
" ſucceſsful) to apply for a reward to the Britiſh

" parliament. It was considered as a noble, but ha-
" zardous undertaking, and I was advised to consult
" with an honourable gentleman who had resided at
" the Porte upwards of fifteen years as ambassador
" from the court of Great-Britain; who gave me
" such an account of the nature and temper of the
" Turks, and the roguery of the Greek physicians,
" as quite discouraged me from putting my design
" into execution. But, I believe, there is no sci-
" ence so over run with so many worthless crea-
" tures, as that of physic; for there is scarcely any
" large city, but there is a set of people that would
" engross the whole circle of practice to themselves,
" of whom it is hard to determine, whether they
" have a greater want of honesty or of understand-
" ing. A set of people, who study the art of de-
" ceiving, more than how to perfect a cure. A set
" of people, so much the enemies of common sense,
" that to have but a moderate degree of learning,
" is with them a crime unpardonable, and who
" possess no one single talent in perfection. Upon
" the whole, there is not the least doubt but that
" this dreadful disease may be both prevented or
" cured, or otherwise rendered less fatal. God for-
" bid that it should ever happen in this kingdom:
" but if it should, I shall be both ready and willing
" to hazard my life for the welfare of the public.
" Let me recommend it to every one to preserve a
" chearful even temper, to banish fear, and always
" to remember, that the morbid effects of the mind,
" are as bad as those of the body".

JOHN PROBY ROWLEY, M. D.

This ludicrous essay was of public service, for the quack immediately quited the kingdom, as he was treated with contempt and ridicule, even by his patients.

NUM-

NUMBER XXXIV.

Hic niger eſt. HOR.

To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, *Eſq.*

SIR,

YESTERDAY my curioſity was gratified, by reading an Epigram addreſſed to C. J. F—tz——ns *.

I own I conceived the higheſt deteſtation of its author, by reading SYLLA's *ſevere* animadverſions on it, in the Freeman. I now entirely agree with him, that the author (whoever he is) of that "ſcan-"dalous, infamous," falſe, and "immoral" epigram, deſerves to be marked like Cain, as a vagabond, and a murderer of reputations.—He is certainly a friend to the Jeſuits, a dangerous enemy to the Proteſtant religion, a diſaffected ſubject, and a betrayer of his country.—The very firſt line caſts an ungenerous reflection on all thoſe who renounce the errors of Popery. Is this inſolence to be borne, as long as

* EPIGRAM on the ſecond converſion of Father J——N F————NS.

F—tz——ns the Fryar, left Rome in the lurch,
For want of preferment, abjur'd his own church;
And now by the Caſtle, he acts the ſame part,
The loſs of a Mitre converted his heart:
At the Four Courts again old John we ſhall ſee,
In that place alone, he's ſure of *his fee.*

Proteſtantiſm is the eſtabliſhed religion?—A ſhort comment, will prove the author's pernicious and dangerous principles, beyond a poſſibility of doubt.

" F———ns the Fryar, left Rome in the lurch,
" For want of preferment, *abjur'd* his own church."

This is equally falſe and malicious:—Though he ſtudied at Sr. Omer's he never *took the habit*, and I am aſſured by his barber, that he has not the leaſt ſign of the *tonſure*; nor do I believe that he ever expected, or ſolicited any eccleſiaſtical preferment. On his return to his native country, he read his recantation from pure conviction, and merely for the good of his ſoul, not from any wordly motive, or to qualify himſelf for the bar.—The next two lines are alſo pregnant with falſehood and malignity.

" And now *by* the Caſtle he acts the ſame part,
" The loſs of a MITRE converted his heart."

I ſuppoſe the author would inſinuate, that Mr. F———ns, who ſupported adminiſtration laſt ſeſſions, had changed ſides, and turned patriot from pique and diſappointment. But the very idea of his having done ſo, becauſe he was refuſed a mitre, is abſurd and ridiculous; for even if he had actually officiated as a fryar, *that* would not qualify him for a Proteſtant biſhoprick, without a ſecond ordination in our church. (Vid. *Lex Canonica*, *page* 413.) Others pretend to ſay, that he did not aſk a mitre for himſelf, but for his ſon-in-law, Mr. Beresford:—even this is a poor apology for the Epigrammatiſt.—Still there is an evident ſoleciſm in ſaying, that he *loſt* what he never *poſſeſſed*. Beſides, the aſſertion is groundleſs and malignant;

malignant; Mr. F. never applied for a bishoprick either for himself, or any of his family; he acted on more disinterested motives. I have heard him pronounce some fine long orations, with great zeal and fervour, *for*, and against Lord Townshend's administration; yet I am firmly persuaded he was equally sincere in both, and was always actuated by the same honest principles.

We come now to the last two lines of this "infamous poetical performance."

"At the Four Courts *again* old JOHN we shall see,
"In that place *alone* he's sure of his fee!"

This is an impudent lye—for it is well known that he never intends to enter the courts again *in his gown*. He acquired a handsome fortune, and has retired, to enjoy *otium cum dignitate*. He generously gave up his extensive business to encourage such young lawyers as Scott, Yelverton, and Malone, who could not get a single client while he continued at the bar. The Satirist's diabolical malice is too obvious in the fifth line: it is evidently a pointed sneer on Mr. F———ns's *supposed* tergiversation, and an ungenerous insult and triumph, on *his* not being rewarded by government according to his merits. Perhaps he also aims a sarcastic stroke at the *lawyers*, by alluding to their custom of being feed before they read their *briefs*, and recommending the same custom to our political orators: however, I only offer this as a mere conjecture.

I have just been assured, that this scandalous epigram was delivered to the Counsellor in the House of

Commons, with his excellency L. Townſhend's name on the back of the letter. That was adding the blackeſt forgery, to the moſt audacious impudence. This mode of conveyance was wickedly intended to ſurprize Mr. F———n's at *firſt ſight*, as if ſome terms were offered from the Caſtle—But the manner in which he received *it*, will always do him honour;—his colour changed, his hands trembled, and he had ſcarce ſtrength enough to break open the ſeal. This confuſion, (notwithſtanding every illiberal and invidious conſtruction,) ſolely aroſe from an honeſt indignation againſt a venal miniſtry, who (as he then thought) had affronted him, by injuriouſly ſuppoſing he could be tempted to ſwerve from the true intereſt of his country, by a bribe. His ſubſequent behaviour proves the truth of this obſervation: on finding only an epigram, he ſeemed agreeably diſappointed, fixed on his ſpectacles; read it over ſeveral times before he thoroughly underſtood it; then put it in his pocket, and did not expatiate on the grievance of the nation that day.——Now, SIR,—AND HERE SIR, I ſhall conclude, with a ſincere wiſh that a royal proclamation was iſſued, offering a reward to diſcover the author, or authors, that he, or they, may be brought to condign puniſhment, and his Majeſty's gracious pardon promiſed to any of the accomplices who ſhall turn *King's Evidence.*

I am, ſir, yours,

Y MISO-EPIGRAMMATIST.

March 8th, 1772.

NUM-

NUMBER XXXV.

Dos libelli duplex eſt.*

IMITATED.

The Doctor's great at pen or pill,
Can feel your pulſe, or draw your will.

To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, *Eſq.*

I CAN no longer bear to ſee my friend Doctor Lucas treated with ſo much contempt and ridicule by a ſet of miniſterial hirelings, whoſe names, connections, and principles, the public ſhall ſoon be acquainted with; that the enemies of our rights and liberties may be branded with infamy to future ages.

The Doctor's genius, morals, and learning, are evident to every unprejudiced perſon; yet it ſhall be my buſineſs to elucidate ſome paſſages of this great man's life, which have been enviouſly clouded by the malevolence of his inveterate foes.—It has been ſaid that he once drew a lady's will, when he attended her as a phyſician, and that ſhe, out of eſteem for his ſkill and humanity, bequeathed him a conſiderable legacy, in prejudice to her relations. Now, ſir, if Blackſtone had been acquainted with this anecdote, he might eaſily have aſſigned a *ſpecial* reaſon, why phyſicians ſhould apply themſelves to the ſtudy of the law: here is a caſe in point

* Contrary to our original deſign, we have been induced to inſert a few papers on Dr. Lucas's political conduct and character.

to evince the uſefulneſs of it; for I ſuppoſe the Doctor muſt have loſt his *poſthumous* fee, if he had not drawn up her will with the ſkill and addreſs of a Notary Public. I hope the learned profeſſor in the next edition of his Commentaries, will improve upon this hint, and alter the following paſſage of his introductory lecture.

" For the gentlemen of the faculty of phyſic, I " muſt frankly own that I ſee no *ſpecial* reaſon, why " they in particular ſhould apply themſelves to the " ſtudy of the law, unleſs in common with other " gentlemen, and to complete the character of a ge- " neral and extenſive knowledge; a character " which their profeſſion, above others, has remark- " ably deſerved. They will give me leave however " to ſuggeſt, and that not ludicrouſly, that it might " frequently be of uſe to families on ſudden emer- " gencies, if the *phyſicin were acquainted with the* " *doctrine of laſt wills and teſtaments*, at leaſt ſo " far as relates to the formal parts of their exe- " cution."

It is the true characteriſtic of genius to act by intuition, and to practiſe peculiar arts before their uſe is formally proved, and recommended by the labours of ordinary capacities. Thus Homer wrote the Iliad, before Ariſtotle publiſhed his Poetics; and thus Doctor Lucas drew up Mrs. Brown's laſt will and teſtament, before Blackſtone publiſhed his Commentaries.

This ſhews our patriot's ſuperiority in a true light, and ſhould recommend him to all families—— for I never heard that either Smith, Quin, or Barry, pretended to practiſe law and phyſic for the good

good of their patients. For my part, I think the preference is ſtill due to a phyſician who can act *occaſionally* as a lawyer. On the ſame principle I employ a barber who underſtands ſomewhat of ſurgery; theſe liberal arts are mutually connected with each other, like Warburton's Alliance between Church and State.

I could give other ſpecimens of the Doctor's knowledge of law; for it is well known when Alderman King, unjuſtly filed a bill againſt him, to recover a pretended debt for drugs, that the Doctor in his anſwer (written by himſelf) ſpecifies ſeveral articles he had received from the Alderman, and moſt ingeniouſly and appoſitely introduces Shakeſpeare's celebrated deſcription of a poor apothecary's ſhop, and delivers it on oath as part of his anſwer. The Alderman indeed pretends to have preſerved one of the Doctor's letters, wherein he acknowledges the debt, and expreſſes the utmoſt gratitude for the many favours received from his old maſter. This, ſir, muſt be falſe; I cannot believe that a firm old patriot, who was never even offered place or penſion by government, could be guilty of any baſeneſs: but ſuppoſing the Alderman ſhould produce a counterfeit letter, which may paſs in court for a genuine one, yet ſurely every impartial man will rather credit the Doctor's oath, than the uncertain evidence of his hand-writing, eſpecially as the letter in queſtion appears to have been written above twenty years ago.

I ſhall now explain the true motives of the Doctor's conduct on a tender point, for which he has been moſt cruelly and unjuſtly reproached. It is alledged that he debauched a friend's wife

who was intrusted to his care and protection, when the unhappy husband's distressed circumstances obliged him to abscond. This, sir, is a heavy charge, but never was his virtue more conspicuous, nor did he ever perform a more laudable action: this may appear paradoxical, but I shall prove my assertion to the conviction of his bittereſt enemies. The Doctor's friendship for the rev. Mr. Muchett, induced him to use every art to alleviate his distress: he saw him passionately fond of his wife: the Doctor knew how much this must aggrevate his friend's misfortunes, when he was obliged to seperate himself from the woman he loved, There was no other alternative, to cure him of that fondness, which only rendered him more miserable. The Doctor justly concluded, that debauching her, was the most effectual means the wit of man could devise to accomplish it. This also, qualified his friend to apply for a devorce, and get rid of a wife, which to a man of a ruined fortune, is no trifling advantage. Reflect for a moment, on the Doctor's elevated and sublime sentiments of friendship, which enabled him to bear the opprobrium of calumny and slander, for performing an action which to superficial observers, unacquainted with the purity of his intentions, probably appeared as an act of treachery and baseness. The censure of the world, and his friend's enmity, were the Doctor's only reward; for the ungrateful parson could never be persuaded that the Doctor meant to promote his interest by making him a cuckold! Nothing but a good conscience, could have supported the patriot under this fiery tryal, but he still enjoy'd,

"What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
"The soul's calm sunshine and the heart-felt joy."

A person

A perſon of the Doctor's ſenſibility, muſt have ſuffered exceedingly, and no doubt he had many ſevere conflicts with himſelf, before he could reſolve to forfeit all character and confidence among mankind, by ſoaring to a pitch of elevated virtue, of which there are ſo few inſtances in theſe degenerate days. For my part, I think he excells Marcus Brutus, the one ſtabbed his friend to ſerve his country, and the other alſo ſtabbed his friend in *the tendereſt point*, from the pureſt motives of friendſhip and affection. To obviate all objections, I muſt remark, that our patriot's affairs at that time, rendered him incapable of aſſiſting his friend with a ſum of money, and obliged the Doctor to ſerve him by the only means in his power.

I have thus, ſir, thrown together a few obſervations on Doctor Lucas's morals and learning. His abilities as an author, have been often unjuſtly queſtioned. Grammatical inaccuracies are but trifles, beneath the attention of a genius. Vulgar critics cannot reliſh that figurative ſtyle which diſtinguiſhes his writings. For inſtance, in his late letter to the Lord Mayor and Common Council, he calls our new canal, the great *ſource* of wealth and opulence to this city in particular, and the whole kingdom. You may ſneeringly ſay, that this famous navigation is the ſource of nothing but water; and triumphantly expatiate on the Doctor's abſurdity; yet certainly he only meant to ſay, that when the canal was finiſhed, it would be the ſource of affluence and &c. But by a beautiful and expreſſive figure in oratory, he ſuppoſes *futurity* actually *preſent*, and thus conveys his ſentiments with double force and energy.

This,

This, Mr. Wagſtaffe, is the *verbum ardens*, the glowing expreſſion in which the Doctor's writings abound, and proves the falſity of a ſarcaſtic epitaph which ſays, "That he never compoſed a ſingle ſen-" tence worthy of remembrance."

I know the ſuppoſed author intends to have it engraved on the Doctor's tomb, but I hope the board of Aldermen will prevent his malice. Beſides, ſir, that epitaph was written by a certain Biſhop, though it has been publickly avowed by a mean illiterate mechanic, who was never capable of compoſing a ſingle line of it. Is it probable that he ſhould be the author of a piece, that diſplays ſo much ſententious gravity, conciſeneſs, and bitter ſatire: and in the concluding verſes, that poignant wit and contemptuous ridicule, which even obliges me and the reſt of the Doctor's friends, both to admire and deteſt it!

I am, ſir, yours, &c.

Y DIOGENES.

P. S. If you are candid enough to inſert this, you ſhall ſoon hear further from me.

NUM-

NUMBER XXXVI.

——Pudet hæc opprobia nobis,
Et dici potuiſſe, & non potuiſſe refelli.

To CHARLES LUCAS, *Eſq.*

SIR,

IN a former Eſſay, I attempted to vindicate your private character from the baſe aſperſions of miniſterial hirelings.—Your friend DIOGENES, again thinks himſelf called upon, by a ſpurious production, entitled, "An extract of a letter from Doctor Lucas, "member for the city of Dublin, to Mr. Alderman "Oliver." You, ſir, have not publickly diſavowed it: that convinces me of your innocence. You have already favoured the public with ſo many ſpecimens of your candour and love of truth, that they can never eſteem you the author of ſuch falſe, mean, and malicious inſinuations:——Conſcious of your own integrity and innocence, you generouſly confide in the ſentiments of your fellow citizens, and like the great Scipio, diſdain to anſwer your accuſers.

Your public conduct, ſir, has been uniform and conſiſtent: a Roman zeal for liberty, always glowed in your breaſt. The fervour and turbulence of the paſſions, (ever inſeparable from genius) have long ſubſided, and we now ſee and admire in you, the mildneſs, gravity, and wiſdom of old age. If I was not

not apprehenſive of treſpaſſing on your modeſty by a compliment, I would compare you to a caſk of water at ſea, that purges, ferments, and then becomes ſweet and drinkable.

A letter to Mr. Oliver, which libels our Chief Governor, and the repreſentatives of the people, could never *originate* from you.—Your panegyric in the Freeman, on Lord Hertford, to whom you were principally indebted for that *noli proſequi*, which reſtored you to your friends and country, is an inconteſtible proof of your gratitude and morals. The letter in queſtion, ſir, betrays no mark of your pen. The diſingenuous author, is neither maſter of that preciſion in argument, nor of that clear, nervous ſtyle, which authenticates your writings. To blend truth with falſehood, and by low cunning, and mean ſophiſtry, to impoſe on an ignorant and ſuperficial reader, are petty-fogging qualities which you diſdain :——Like a man of parts, you deſpiſe them, as infallible criterions of a weak head and a bad heart. A dunce may become eminent in this way, as a bungling mechanic often turns out a moſt ingenious pick-pocket.

Let us now, ſir, examine thoſe aſſertions, which are obtruded on the public as facts, under the ſanction of your reſpectable name.—Every man of ſenſe, every impartial man, is convinced, that the meaſures purſued during Lord Townſhend's adminiſtration, were formed on a moſt liberal plan, and judiciouſly calculated to promote the real intereſt of this kingdom. His Excellency has enemies—but who are they ?—many of our former Chief Governors, who conſider his diſintereſted conduct as a reflection on themſelves.—Many of our late generals on the ſtaff, who

are

are mortified, by seeing SOLDIERS substituted in their room.—Many of those English patriots, who would sacrifice the staple manufacture of this kingdom, to encourage Scotch linen, or Manchester checks. Is it extraordinary, then, that an Irish House of Commons should compliment his Excellency in the usual manner? But the protest—and prorogation, are not to be ascribed to him, but to an aristocratic faction who rendered that measure indespensible, even in the opinion of the patriotic Lord Cambden.—The votes of the House, are facts recorded on their journals;—it is beneath the dignity of the Commons to assign a reason for their proceedings: surely it is impolitic to do so, when it renders their right of *rejecting* questionable, which otherwise could not be contested.

"The distracted state of the kingdom," says this candid writer, "is hardly to be described; since "the prorogation of parliament, when the Money-"Bills only were passed, on the 27th of December, "1769, trade, manufactures, and public credit de-"cayed, and at length expired." I must candidly acknowledge, that I do not understand what is meant by the "distracted state of the kingdom." The first tumultuous risings of the Oak and White Boys, in the year 1760, were ascribed, with some degree of truth, to the oppression of their patriotic landlords. Whenever the name of the present Chief Governor has been mentioned by these wretches, it was to extoll his lenity, not to complain of his rigour.

The Doctor would never assume the stale, nauseous cant of the Freeman, by ascribing every national calamity to the prorogation. The American associations,

ations, which injured our linen manufacture—Our large importation of corn, which has drained us of our circulating ſpecie—The increaſed number of our abſentees—The idleneſs, and illegal combinations of our tradeſmen—The extravagance, and frauds of many, who call themſelves merchants.—Theſe are the true cauſes of the late decay of trade and credit.

The falſity and abſurdity of the whole paragraph, is a demonſtration that Doctor Lucas never wrote it. His deep and accurate knowledge in the trade, revenue, and manufactures of this country, has rendered him as famous for political calculations, as Sir William Petty, or D'Avenant: I refer any *ſceptical* reader to the Doctor's works *paſſim:* even the phraſeology, may convine every perſon of taſte, that the whole letter is a groſs impoſition on the public. To ſay that manufactures *decayed*, and at length *expired*, is in the ſtyle of Doctor Rowley, or Doctor Solomon, but who can ſuſpect Doctor Lucas for ſuch a ſoleciſm?

"Our ſtreets are ſwarming with manufacturers, "reduced to idleneſs and beggary. Theſe have "ſometimes crowded to beg about the Caſtle; but "inſtead of relief, were repulſed by military force." That many of our manufacturers are reduced to beggary, by their idleneſs and drunkenneſs, is a fact. The Doctor has often harrangued the ſeveral corporations, and given them excellent advice on this ſubject, in their reſpective halls.—He has adjured the Taylors, Bricklayers, and Smiths, in the moſt pathetic manner, to mind their buſineſs, and give up the pernicious cuſtom of ſpending their time in drinking whiſkey, and talking politicks: but his *labor* has been

been in *vane*, and he laments moſt bitterly, that the weavers alone have profited by his ſage councils. He knows very well, that the manufacturers never crowded about the Caſtle to beg, and were never repulſed by military force. When the Marquiſs of Kildare preſented an important anonymous paper in their name, (which added great weight and efficacy to the city addreſs) their behaviour was dutiful and ſubmiſſive. The Doctor often talks with pleaſure of the *extraordinary* number of the military who were that day aſſembled by the Lord Mayor, to be witneſſes of the ſober and reſpectful demeanour of the aggregate body.

The account of the riot at the Parliament Houſe, is told with an equal degree of candour and veracity. Doctor Lucas heard both the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs declare, that they were *repeatedly* aſked by his Excellency, "Whether the riot could not be ſup-"preſſed, and the police of the city maintained, by "a due exertion of the civil power?" On their anſwering in the negative, he gave orders to the commander in chief, to furniſh thoſe magiſtrates with any number of troops they might think neceſſary. The Doctor would never have omitted this very material circumſtance, ſo much to his Excellency's honour.

"You are told," ſays the letter-writer, "that "the Lord Chancellor applied to the Lord Lieute-"nant for military aid upon occaſion of this riot. "Be aſſured this report was falſe; that great and "good man was indeed requeſted to do ſo, by cer-"tain court lords, but their application was rejected "with contempt."—Nothing evinces the neceſſity of calling in the aid of the military, more than the

Lord

Lord Chancellor's application, which was previous to the city magiſtrate's. The firmneſs and moderation of that great and good man, is equally admired and applauded by both parties; and he has been frequently honoured with the *Wreath*, for his public ſpirit.

" When that great patriot, Mr. F——d, had fi-
" niſhed the moſt eloquent, the moſt perſuaſive and
" convincing, the moſt unanſwerable oration."—
The Prime Serjeant analyſed it, reduced it to a few clear and diſtinct points, and ſhewed how ingeniouſly Mr. F——d had declaimed on the original form of the conſtitution, for two hours and a half, without ſpeaking ten minutes to the queſtion. It has been obſerved by ſkilful anatomiſts, that the heads of the largeſt animals are furniſhed with very little brains: accordingly, on Mr. H—tch—nſon's diſſecting this monſtrous tumour of eloquence, it appeared to contain no more matter, than might probably be found in the *Pia Mater* of the large-headed councellor R——d M——s. Here, I am ſure, Doctor Lucas, would agree with me, as he has particular reaſons to remember the Prime Serjeant's wit and eloquence on a former occaſion.

" The late Speaker, we are told, diſdained to
" hold the moſt honourable and lucrative chair in
" the kingdom, upon the terms of preſenting adula-
" tory addreſſes, contrary to the ſenſe of the nation,
" and of all good and free-men, to the Governor
" that abuſed the parliament, and indeed the peo-
" ple."—The public are ſufficiently acquainted with Mr. P.'s delicate and nice feelings: however, I honour him for reſigning the chair; it was of eſſential ſervice to his country, and therefore unexpected from

from him. By dropping party and politics, he may do ſome good; as an ignorant quack can only ſerve the public, by quitting the practice of phyſic.

I think it would be ſuperfluous to comment any longer on ſo contemptible an author. In one place he ſays, "that ſeveral of the Commons declined "to vote or ſpeak, while the members appeared "to be in dureſſe, and the Houſe ſurrounded by an "armed force." Surely, ſome profligate mercenary has forged this letter, to caſt an odium on the venerable Doctor —It is cruel thus to perſecute him with unremitting ſeverity.

I venerate his wiſdom; I reſpect his grey hairs. It has been invidiouſly ſaid that he reſembles a fly, which is moſt troubleſome at the latter end of the ſeaſon, when it grows weak and blind: The injuſtice and malignity of this ſarcaſm, I now ſubmit to the impartial public.

Y DIOGENES.

May 9th, 1771.

NUMBER XXXVII.

VERSES to the Memory of Lady TOWNSHEND.

A GRATEFUL muſe, that ſcorns all flattering art,
Shall pour the feeling tribute of her heart;
A public loſs in plaintive ſtrains ſhall mourn,
And weep like Nugent, o'er that ſacred urn*.
Whoſe tender lines in ſofteſt cadence flow,
And melt each heart with ſympathetic woe:
Whoſe moral ſtrain, and poliſhed numbers tend
To heal the anguiſh of his ſorrowing friend.
But what can ſooth his woe, or bring relief,
When even her virtues add new pangs to grief!
Ah who can paint that grief, or tell his pain,
When fond reflection ſhews each tender ſcene,
Each tender ſcene of ſweet domeſtic life,
Which once endear'd the mother, and the wife.
Even now *his* CHARLOTTE to his weeping eyes,
In all her native graces ſeems to riſe,
Such winning graces, love alone could yield
To welcome Townſhend from the hoſtile field.
Oft for his ſake, ſhe felt the throbbing fear,
Heav'd the ſoft ſigh, and dropt the tender tear;
His preſence bid ſuſpenſe and terror ceaſe,
And ſooth'd her ſoul to happineſs and peace,
Joyful ſhe flew in ſmiles and ſweetneſs dreſt,
And claſp'd her ſoldier to a faithful breaſt.

* The verſes alluded to, were written by Lord Clare, and are inſerted at the end of this Poem.

Calm

Calm and ſerene for every virtue known,
Amidſt all pomp, her gentle manners ſhone,
The emerald thus in brilliant luſtre ſeen,
Still looks more pleaſing by its vivid green.
——Unmov'd, ſhe never heard the poor complain
Diſtreſs and merit never ſued in vain;
Whilſt modeſt want by ſecret bounty fed,
Oft bleſs'd her hand that *gave the daily bread.*
In vain our tears—What can the loſs repair,
Or who ſupply a tender mother's care?
For ſhe was vers'd in every noble art,
That moulds the genius, and improves the heart.
Unus'd to kill and trifle time away,
In taſte refin'd, ſhe paſs'd the ſtudious day.

At *ſome* dread hour, Death points his ſcorpion ſtings,
And riches—ſtate—appear deluſive things;
Thoſe dazzling toys which oft corrupt the heart,
But add new pangs, when ſoul and body part.
Then Conſcience rous'd bids every horror riſe,
And wit, and wiſdom drop their vain diſguiſe;
The frailty then of every heart is try'd,
No more puff'd up with philoſophic pride:
Virtue and faith alone can boaſt a power,
To chear the languor of that diſmal hour;
Thro' the dark gloom, *they* dart a chearing ray,
And ope a proſpect of celeſtial day,
Aided by them in peace ſhe yields her breath,
And unapall'd now meets the frown of death.
In that deep ſigh, for ever—ever ends,
The ſweet companion and the beſt of friends.

Alas! what words or numbers can I find,
To paint the anguiſh of a huſband's mind;

What

What lenient balm to eaſe his pain employ,
When ſad reflection bitters every joy!
Ev'n when thoſe Infants meet his fond embrace,
He ſees their mother, in each ſmiling face;
And muſic's charms no ſweet oblivion brings,
He ſees his CHARLOTTE touch the trembling ſtrings,
Whoſe ſoothing notes could all his cares remove,
And make him bleſt with harmony and love.

Y

To the Memory of Lady TOWNSHEND:

By Lord CLARE.

WITH downcaſt look and pitying eye,
Unarmed, the king of terrors ſtood;
He laid his ſting and terrors by,
Averſe to ſtrike the *fair* and good.

When thus an angel urg'd the blow—
No more thy lifted hand ſuſpend,
To conſcious guilt a dreaded foe,
To Innocence a welcome friend.

Bright hoſts of cherubs round her ſtand;
To her and me confeſſed alone;
Each waving his celeſtial hand,
And pointing to the eternal throne.

The angel ſpoke—No huſband dear,
Nor children lov'd, a mournful train,
Could from her eye attract one tear,
Nor bend one thought to earth again.

The ſoul impatient of delay,
No more could mortal fetters bind;
But ſpringing to the realms of day,
Leaves every human care behind.

Yet

Yet ſhall an infant Daughter's claim,
Demand from heaven thy guardian care;
Protect that lovely helpleſs frame,
And guard that breaſt you formed ſo fair.

A parent's loſs, unknown, unwept,
Heedleſs, the fatal hour ſhe paſs'd;
Or, only thought, her mother ſlept;
Nor knew how long that ſleep muſt laſt.

When time, the unfolding mind diſplays,
May ſhe by thy example led,
Fly from that motley giddy maze,
Which youth and guilt or folly tread!

Theſe never knew the guiding hand,
Which leads to virtue's arduous way;
Mothers now join the vagrant band,
And teach their children how to ſtray.

Her's, ſhall the pious taſk engage,
Such once was thine, with lenient aid,
A father's ſorrows to aſſuage
His love with equal love repaid.

So ſhall ſhe read with ardent eye,
This leſſon thy laſt moments give,
They, who like thee would fearleſs die,
Spotleſs like thee, muſt learn to live.

NUMBER XXXVIII.

Continuo auditæ vocos, vagitus & ingens
Infantum.

VIRG.

To the BATCHELOR.

Mr. WAGSTAFFE,

THIS is to let you know, that I am a woman, that keeps the big houſe in College-Green, for rearing and dry-nurſing ill-thriven, ricketty *children*, that *is* ſent to me by their parents or friends. Upon my conſcience now it would move the heart of a Turk, to ſee how my poor head is moidered with the noiſe and racket they make. But to be ſure now, it's *comikal* enough to think what ſtrange things will ſometimes come into children's heads, for would you believe it they have got a play among'em, that they call the *hunting* the *geeſe in the gooſe pye*. Now the way they play it is this. They put the biggeſt child in the houſe in my big ſtraw chair in the middle of the room; they call him the gander, and they all ſtrive to cackle about him like geeſe. The young chaps that can't ſpeak plain, and only ſay *yes or no*, they call *goſlings*.

Now the noiſyeſt child in my whole houſe, at this play, is little PHLOGY. If any of his playfellows vexes him, and does'nt let him have his own way, he whines, and whimpers, and ſqualls as if he was *kilt*.

kilt. To be ſure the creter's a great object with the rickets, and I'm afraid he'l never come to good; and for all that the brat's always a climbing, and gets many a fall by it, that makes him cry as if his little heart wou'd break. Well to be ſure there's another boy that's as *comikal* as he, that's Jacky Blubber. I belive all the world would never get him to learn his horn book, and yet becauſe he's a likely child and come of good people, they moſt commonly make him the gander, and put him in the middle. I'm afraid my poor chair won't laſt long among'em for Jack does not know how to ſit quiet in it, and when any of the boys wants to pull him out of it, he tears out a handful of the ſtraw, and offers it to them, by way of giving them a ſhare. He has another trick to coax the little gentry. He will take cakes and gingerbread out of his pocket, and promiſe them a bite, and juſt as they have it at their mouth, he ſnatches it back and eats it himſelf, for Jacky's a great glutton.

It wou'd take up all day to tell you of all the little rogueiſh tricks theſe children play in the game of the gooſe-pye. But there's one more I can't help telling you of, and that's one of them that's the *cuteſt* child among'm, at building card-houſes. They once turned him out of the play, becauſe he wanted to make them believe that they was built ſo ſtrong, that a puff of wind woud'nt blow'em down. But now he's as great as ever with'em, for he's very diverting, by making the picture cards all march like ſoldiers.

But, dear Mr. Wagſtaff, I'm not come to my buſineſs yet. The hardeſt taſk of all on me is this, to get theſe unlucky children ever to go to reſt. Jacky

to be ſure is the ringleader, but Phlogy makes more noiſe than any of 'em. I made this ſong for him, and the little creter is ſo happy with it, that I can't get him to go ſleep without ſinging it to him. Now what I want is for you to put it in your paper, as it may be of uſe for other nurſes that *is* plagued with croſs ſickly children.

Being all at preſent from,

Sir, your honour's humble ſervant,

MARY *the* NURSE.

A NEW SONG on Doctor LUCAS. Air, *Hey! my Kitten, a Kitten,* &c.

WHAT did my Phlogy, my Phlogy,
And what did my Phlogy wanty;
Tell why did it whimper and fret,
Or what made it ſcold and canty?
Did my pet want a militia,
And did it want it my deary?
Kiſs its own mammy, my honey
And you ſhall get one next yeary.
Diddidy, Diddidy, Diddidy, &c.

If it will ſtand all aloney,
Honey ſhall have its wiſhing:
Come walk by the ſtools my cherub,
And you ſhall get a commiſſion.
Get ye gone, ſoldiery, ſoldiery,
Does their bloody coats fright ye?
Begone naughty fellows, I ſay,
Or I'll call Pompey to bite ye.
Diddidy, &c.

And

And does it ſlide down on the baniſters,
Does it ſlide down my deary?
Ah, Phlogy you muſtn't be climbing,
Without your mammy is neary.
Here go to the toy-ſhop, ye huſſey,
And buy a cock-horſe for a poney;
Come leave off your crying my ſpicey,
My precious ſhall ride all aloney.
Diddidy, &c.

My child knows nothing of Blakeney,
Nor what is become of his money:
Fie, tatling Wagſtaff, I wonder,
You ſtudy to vex my honey.
Yes, yes, if my babe does not cry,
He ſhall have ſugar and jelly;
And mammy will buy a fine book,
And learn her own pet to SPELLY,
Diddidy, &c.

For jewel a coral I'll buy,
Beſides its little DOLL DOUSEY;
And wonderful horns as e'er,
Were in the Parliament houſey.
A paw paw aldermen, aldermen,
Did it miſs ſtipend my deary?
Get it ſome pappy, ſome pappy,
My own little Phlogy to cheary.
Diddidy, &c.

And O! my Phlogy, my Phlogy,
And O! my gay little Phlogy;
Bleſs its fine limbs and odd eye,
Was there e'er ſo coaxing a roguey?

Get ye gone Townſey, Townſey,
How could you vex pretty Phlogy?
Give me a hand and I'll beat it.——
Did he, my petſy, PROROGUEY?

Diddidy, &c.

O! my cherub, my cherub,
And O! my cherub and lifey;
Leave off your ſqualling my jewel,
And you ſhall have a wifey.
You ſhall have viper in broth,
Eggs and ſalop and clary;
Then huſho by-baby, by-baby,
Lie cloſe to your own dear Mary.

Diddidy, &c.

NUMBER XXXIX.

An EPISTLE to R—B—RT J—PH—N, Eſq.

J—PH—N, had I your wit and ſportive vein,
To gild my lays, and dignify my ſtrain;
Poliſh'd and keen my eaſy verſe might ſhine,
And pleaſing ridicule ſhould grace each line,
My trembling muſe, a faint reſemblance draws,
But ſtrives to ſing, and pants for your applauſe.
What ſtuff from Barataria late was ſeen,
Which fill'd lethargic citizens with ſpleen;
Who o'er their cups with rapture often ſwore,
The author wrote——as Lucas wrote before!
Shall ſuch abuſe, like wit and ſatire hurt,
Whoſe higheſt vaunt's to daub and ſmear with dirt,
Then may gooſe dung for *vivid lightning* paſs,
As we all know—*it* burns and withers graſs.

Swift,

Swift, with ſuch ſtrength his TORY *papers* writ,
That even WHIGS admir'd his manly wit;
For if in authors, ſenſe with fancy join,
To throw a luſtre o'er each ſterling line,
Pleas'd we applaud, tho' different be our plan,
And praiſe the writer, when we blame the man:
But loath the fool, who ſlanders vile can raiſe,
And a bad heart, with a weak head diſplays.
Thet rumpet thus, will make the courſer bound,
And joy delighted at the martial ſound;
But ſee him droop, and ſtare with wild amaze,
Start at an aſs, and tremble when he brays.

Let blund'ring *Lucas* ſtill harangue the mob,
Declaim with rage, and always cry——a JOB!
See the ſtaunch vet'ran gaz'd at by the croud,
For being ſhameleſs, petulant, and loud;
Whom mobs have rais'd, and rear'd to ſcandal's throne,
For ſhewing parts congenial to their own;
Zealous and prone his *betters* to abuſe,
And rage, ſedition, in each breaſt infuſe,
To court each worthleſs tribe with fawning arts,
And ſwell the pride and venom of their hearts:
So have I ſeen a ſportive boy, with ſkill,
At frog's poſteriors ply a ſlender quill,
Loathſome at firſt, ſtill more deform'd it grows,
Each livid ſpot expanded as he blows.
Contempt and ſcorn, ſuch zealots beſt reſtrain;
Exile and pillories will make them vain.

See taylors, coblers, ſhoeboys, all conſpire,
To *belch* his praiſe, and ſtupidly admire,

The orator, who tells his patriot cares,
To keep them safe———from *Aldermen* and *May'rs*;
Reduce the troops, to constant riot bred,
And plant a *brave* militia in their stead:
Then by *analogy* he shews their use,
" Since for the goslings fights each valiant " goose;
" A spruce militia sure would lose their lives
" To save their children———or their dearer *wives*."
Of freedom, liberty, and rights he talks,
And in stiff, heavy declamation stalks:
The factious tribune, what he has affords——
Ideas none, he only gingles words.
To ideots, thus, the use of gold appears
Solely to chink, and please their senseless ears:
Sonorous *nothings* in a pompous strain,
Seize ev'ry ear, and madden ev'ry brain:
His bombast eloquence, the audience suits,
For noise and nonsense govern *mobs* and *brutes*,
When sense or music would disgust their tastes;
—This proves the sympathy 'tween them and beasts:
With well chose orat'ry so *Lucas* bawls,
And finds his friends obedient to his calls:
A BURKE on *such*, would only waste his time,
And speak in vain, altho' he spoke—*sublime*.
So *Darby** swains can lead the list'ning hogs,
To the hoarse notes each bristly monster jogs;
A bottle rumbled in a bowl with skill,
The *free born* swine will follow where *they* will:

* It is a custom in *Derbyshire* to call the swine together, by rumbling a bottle in a bowl.

Tho'

Tho' *Hayes* might long a *Handel*'s ſtrains apply
Unheard, unheeded, by the groveling ſtye.

Next in the ſenate hear old *Lucas* babble,
And talk——as if he ſtill addreſs'd the rabble;
Loquacious, bold, he ſcarcely feels a *hit*,
And only ſmarts by *Hutchiſon*'s keen wit;
Diſtinct and clear, whoſe periods roll along
With fancy bright, in reaſon ever ſtrong:
Contempt and laughter, ſenſe can ne'er reſtore;
For *Lucas* pours out nonſenſe as before.
A cabin *cur* thus kicks, and laſhes feels,
That ſnaps and barks at ev'ry horſe's heels;
His nature ſuch, the puniſhment's in vain,
For the next travell'r finds—he'll bark again.
By his *ſage* care has *Grub Street* Journal roſe,
His ſtyle and manner ev'ry writer ſhews;
Such are the men who grumble from the preſs,
Who talk of wrongs, and bellow for redreſs:
With ſcandals mean, a ſoldier's name purſue,
And blame the *whole*, but for the faults of few.

Lately, indeed, you priz'd each valiant band,
When *Gallia*'s pow'r ſpread terror o'er your land;
Humbled by fear, a *red coat* then could charm,
By danger taught, you bleſs'd a ſoldier's arm,
Which *Britain*'s glory ſpread o'er ev'ry coaſt,
And gave her empire—more than *Rome* could boaſt.
A ſtanding army, now is all the cry,
And ev'ry blockhead frights—he knows not why;
A turkey cock thus ſhakes his brainleſs head,
And jabbers loud at any rag that's red.

Let J—PH—N ſpeak, in truths hiſtoric read,
(His pen alone the callous boobies dread)
And paint the ſoldiers virtue, in that hour
When freedom gaſp'd beneath a tyrant's pow'r:
James ſtrove to bend an army to his will,
But found that *Britiſh* troops—were *Britons* ſtill;
Who lov'd their country, priz'd her glorious laws,
And ſcorn'd to combat in a tyrant's cauſe:
Their joyous * ſhouts ſtruck timid *James* with awe,
His army gave us——*Freedom* and *Naſſau*.

Exulting now, we tune the grateful lay,
For rights reſtor'd beneath a ſoldier's ſway.
Our king a viceroy choſe, well known to fame,
(Even *Indian* wilds have heard a *Townſhend*'s name)
Propitious here to rule this favour'd iſle,
Bid faction ceaſe, and make *Hibernia* ſmile:
So *Roman* conſuls from their country far
Shone bright in arms, and ſpread deſtructive war;
By conqueſt crown'd, they bid harſh diſcord ceaſe,
And bleſs'd the *Forum* with the arts of peace;
Enacted laws that grievances redreſt,
And liv'd, like TOWNSHEND, in each grateful breaſt.

Y

* On the acquittal of the biſhops.

VERSES

VERSES *designed as an* INSCRIPTION *for* Doctor LUCAS's *Statue.*

PETRA IMMOBILIOR.

SEE *Lucas* here in marble ſtands,
A patriot firm and true!
In action graceful ſpreads his hands,
Expoſed to public view.

We'll have a god, *Fanatics* ſaid,
To fight in our behalf:
—So *Van Noſt* LUCAS' ſtatue made,
As *Aaron* made a calf.

WAGSTAFFE, lay down your critic rod,
Adore like us, and wonder,
And don't, like *Moſes*, break our god
In pieces ſmall, aſunder.

Around this ſtatue, mobs ſhall roar,
And loud their *Lucas* hail,
He like a paper kite ſhall ſoar,
With ragweed at its tail.

NUMBER XL.

BROGHILL's ANSWER TO SINDERCOMBE.

YOUR letter gave me ſome ſatisfaction—not that I admit the authenticity of your facts, or admire the force of your arguments, not that I think the public will be better enabled to judge of the meaſures of government, by the communication of your ſentiments, or that the Lord Lieutenant will be reformed by the ſeverity of your animadverſions:—but as a well-wiſher to the perſon and adminiſtration of his excellency, I am pleaſed to find that a writer of no deſpicable talents, is obliged to reſort for the materials of invective, to the ſtale refuſe of news-paper anecdotes, and the exploded calumnies of vulgar detraction. You have collected the remnants of both, with a malicious induſtry, and tricked them out in all the tinſil of antitheſis, and the ſecond-hand frippery of imitated periods. You have kept a reverend eye upon that great Homer of defamation, Junius, and like your maſter have created a monſter of your own imagination, in order to ſhew how ingeniouſly you can rail at it.

There

There is something very inconsistent in the advice with which you begin your letter, that Lord Townshend should think it *worth his while* (your own elegant expression) to deliver down unimpaired to posterity, a name distinguished by the virtue of his ancestors, when at the same time, you do every thing to prevent the benefit of your own admonition, at once throwing dirt upon his reputation, and warning him to take care it may not be sullied.

A writer, whose principal aim, like yours, is to rail, must trace up every political event to a corrupted source. Accordingly in rejecting some pretended causes of L—d T———-d's appointment, your very candour is no less malicious, than your sagacity, in fixing upon that which appears to you to be the true one. The interest of families is generally the same, and a great station, obtained by the just reputation of brothers, is seldom held upon ignominious conditions, or used for unworthy purposes.

Full of the best intentions towards the country he was to govern; he opened his first session with the promise of a law to secure the independance of judges, and why that promise was not fulfilled in its utmost extent, must be asked, not on this side of the water, but perhaps of a quondam minister, whose jesuitical politics, seldom had any higher view, than to secure his own department from encroachments, by impeding the business and diminishing the credit of every other.—The public, however, have little to regret, as no inconveniencies have been known to result from this disappointment, and

and the attainment of ten such laws, to secure what was never invaded, could not be considered as equivalent to that which was never expected, though so often demanded, the limitation of parliaments.

It is difficult to determine, upon what authority you so confidently assert, that his E———y never intended, that is, never wished to give either. Is it the shrewdness of your own conjecture? Or has it been suggested to you by that gentleman of *popular manners*, whom you represent so honourably contending against government, in its own armour, and with its own weapons, at the head of his revenue legion of collectors, surveyors, waiters, searchers, packers and gaugers! He indeed might have told you, that as to himself, he never wished success to the limitation bill, notwithstanding his pretended zeal for it; that he had found more than one Chief Governor, on whose sympathy he could repose the insincerity of his bosom, and knowing little more than the station of Lord Townshend, concluded that would operate as it had done before, for the gratification of his private views, which were generally inconsistent with his public declarations. Were these authorities however more powerful, the stubborn fact would not bend before them. We have the law, and the people have paid the honest tribute of their gratitude to him, who disdained an under-hand stipulation to obstruct it, whose name will appear with unrivalled lustre in the records of parliament, and whose memory will be revered while there is any sense of independance, or any abhorrence of oppression, in the yeomanry of Ireland. You next tell us, that the success of the augmentation was the principal object of

of the adminiſtration, and you impute the miſcarriage to his want of management, though you enumerate a catalogue of difficulties, which made ſucceſs almoſt impoſſible. Thus hurried along by a rage to criminate, you either confound the charge with the juſtification, or, (which is more likely) you ſuppoſe the incautious reader may do it for you.

Some circumſtances unfavourable to the meaſure he could not foreſee, and others from a regard to his own dignity, he could not wiſh to prevent. Of the firſt ſort were, the cloſing the committee of ſupply, (which could not be kept open 'till the enabling act, previouſly neceſſary for the augmentation of the forces was paſſed by the legiſlature of England) and the clamours raiſed againſt the army there, and in America, for interpoſing at the deſire of the magiſtracy in both countries, to ſuppreſs riots, and reſtore order, for which no civil authority was found ſufficient. Of the ſecond, was the clauſe of diſſolution in the limitation bill, agreeable to the true ſpirit of the law, as ſuch the object of the people's wiſh, and therefore entitled to the recommendation of government.—But the great difficulty, and the great offence of all remains to be accounted for, the alienation of parties from government. The public have long known this was the real cauſe of oppoſition, but till you appeared, no one was found hardy enough to impute it as the crime of adminiſtration. To ſee the buſineſs of the nation conducted without the venal concurrence of a rapacious confederacy, had long been the wiſh and the deſpair of the people. Thoſe who reverenced the dignity of the crown, were ſorry to ſee it degraded by the ſupineneſs or timi-

dity

dity of its repreſentatives. Too many adminiſtrations had been diſtinguiſhed by events of no greater importance than new acceſſions of influence to connexions already over grown, and the ſhameful barter of the favours of government, to ſecure the repoſe, or to gratify the avarice of the governor. No wonder then, when a new ſpirit of activity and diſintereſtedneſs appeared at the caſtle, that new maxims ſhould be adopted, and new pretences held out by the diſappointed brokers in parliamentary traffick—without changing their principles, they ſuddenly changed their conduct, and united all their ſtrength to harraſs him whom they could neither ſeduce nor intimidate. The well diſciplined cohorts of L—n—r and S—h—n, fell into the ranks at the firſt tap of the drum; and the motley bands of P——y were cajoled and menaced into obedience. A body of independent irregulars joined the ſtandard, not the cauſe of oppoſition, and after diſputing every inch of the ground, victory was decided in their favour by an inconſiderable ſuperiority. It required no ſmall degree of ſpirit to look this formidable alliance in the face, and nothing but the greateſt circumſpection could have prevented its being ſtronger.

So far your capital objection to him as a ſtatſeman, is without foundation; yet admitting, as I do, that the ſucceſs of the augmentation was his principal object, I ſhould be at a loſs how to defend his ſufficiency, had he again been baffled, but to the confuſion of your own argument, you are obliged to acknowledge, that in this meaſure he has ſucceeded; and let the voice of truth tell you how; —with ſuch peculiar felicity, as to give at once new vigour to the crown, and new ſecurity to the people;

people; to unite in its support the real patriot by his principle, and the false one by his pretence, to leave even jealousy without a fear, and ingenuity without one colourable objection. But it seems you are as much offended with the new modification of the measure, and the terms upon which it was obtained in the second session, as at its not being obtained at all in the former. You are hurt to see majesty descending from the throne, and capitulating with the people. I have never understood that an amicable agreement between the king and the subject, for the mutual benefit of both, has been ever considered as a degradation of royalty.—The crown has often made exchanges of a similar nature, surrendering prerogative for revenue; and some of the greatest improvements of the constitution have arisen from such a commerce. Had his majesty, or his representative, meanly stipulated with *individuals* for the support of his measures, and, according to what seems to be the great mystery of your politicks, promised or bribed them into compliance, the king might then indeed be said to have descended from his throne and to have prostituted the royal dignity.—Your prosecution against him as a statesman being closed, you proceed to arraign him as a senator and a soldier. An impartial account of his conduct in both these relations, would be his best panegyrick and your fullest refutation. His ample fortune and splendid expectations, his voluntary engagement in an unlucrative and perillous profession; the spirit with which he relinquished, and with which he resumed it; the testimony of the generals he served under, and of the armies he commanded, have all contributed to set a seal upon his character, and are such memorial-

als to his honour, as the moſt ingenious malice will never be able to efface.

You are groſsly ignorant of, or you groſsly miſrepreſent the motives of his parliamentary conduct. He patronized the militia bill, and the Duke of Cumberland was no friend to it. This was the cauſe of their miſunderſtanding. He preferred the duty he owed his country to every other conſideration, and diſcharged it faithfully, though the temporary diſappointment of his military ambition, and the frowns of a prince, were to be the forfeit. When that prince, diſcountenanced a meaſure ſo congenial to the Engliſh conſtitution, he oppoſed Mr. T—ſh—d, not Mr. T—ſh—d him.—As to the reſt, I will not diſturb the little triumph of your fancy, but rather thank you for that play of words, which having led you from things to ſound, has ſpared me the trouble of an anſwer to an accuſation too frivolous to deſerve one.

There remain but two Particulars more to be noticed, and then I ſhall follow you to a concluſion. L—d T———d's correction of Col. L—tt—l by a political bravo, is no leſs falſe than his launcing the thunder of a reverſionary challenge at Dr. L——s. The mentioning Col. L—tt—l's name in the H. of Commons, was merely accidental, and from the circumſtances of the time and the occaſion, could not poſſibly have happened from ſuggeſtion or preconcert. It is in vain to refer you to all the members of the houſe who were preſent, for you knew the falſehood before you publiſhed it. As to the venerable infirm member, his own petulance drew upon him a reprimand which his vanity choſe

choſe to interpret into a challenge, yet L—d T———d's words bore no ſuch meaning, nor were ſo underſtood by any perſon preſent.

At your concluſion you labour hard in the affected ſtrains of ungenuine pathetic, to give a mournful deſcription of deceaſed merit at the expence of the living, and your impotence ſeems to encreaſe in proportion to your efforts: *diſeaſe* and *death*, triumphs and lamentations, funeral obſequies, a venerable matron, fiends and heroes, Greeks and Romans, graves and monuments, are all grouped in the gloomy picture.

While the yet undecided fate of Canada and of a Britiſh army were depending, the general who ſucceeded to the command had no leiſure to cull ſuch flowers of rhetorick to deck the grave of the departed conqueror: but being himſelf a ſoldier, he paid a more judicious tribute to the merit of his colleague, by publickly teſtifying that his intrepidity and ſkilful operations had enſured the victory.

I muſt ſpend a few words more to detect another calumny, which has baſhfully retired from your text into an humble note, where you accuſe him of uſurping General Monckton's province, and ignorantly or arrogantly ſigning the capitulation. After the death of General Wolfe, General Monckton was carried on board a ſhip in the river wounded, as it was thought mortally; and the command devolving up n Lord Townſhend, it was his duty and his province to ſign the capitulation.

Having

Having now done with your letter, allow me to ſay a word or two to your perſon, and to gueſs at your character by the marks of it in your compoſition.

You are not the friend of the community in general, for you wiſh to ſee all power engroſſed by a few individuals: you are not the friend of Iriſh liberty, or of Engliſh government, for when you wiſh the tone of prerogative may never be relaxed, you wiſh it at the hazard of the peoples affections and at the expence of the conſtitution of Ireland. having told you what you are not, let me now tell you what you are. You are the friend of ſucceſsful corruption, and an enemy to Lord Townſhend, becauſe he does not practiſe the art of corrupting. You are the admirer and humble imitator of Junius, and the fellow labourer in the great harveſt of ſedition The ſignature you have choſen is perhaps expreſſive of your diſpoſition, take care that it may not be an omen of your cataſtrophe; ſince you would leave behind you, a reputation at beſt but infamouſly ambiguous;— to be reſolved by your friends into an aſſaſſin, and by your enemies into a ſuicide.

March 3d, 1770. BROGHILL.

NUMBER XLI.

- Vane Ligur, fruſtraque animis elate ſuperbis
Nequicquam patrias *tentaſti lubricus artes.*
VIRG.

To J. P——Y, *Eſq.*

SIR,

IN addreſſing myſelf to you, I ſhall neither uſe ſatire nor invective: ſuch weapons are unneceſſary; a candid and true ſtate of *known facts* will beſt diſplay the meanneſs and duplicity of your public conduct, which has been ſo abſurd, that the invenomed pen of a JUNIUS, could neither exaggerate or miſrepreſent it.

I am well aſſured that your noble kinſman, whom you and your agents ſo loudly accuſe, and aſſiduouſly revile, has long diſapproved of your conduct; that he foreſaw the inevitable conſequence of your miſerable, fluctuating, inconſiſtent politics;—that he warned you, like a friend, in the moſt *explicit* and candid terms.—A warning you have received from many of *thoſe*, who had long borne you up *triumphantly*, notwithſtanding your *innate* propenſity to ſink. At length, after a ſucceſſion of capital blunders, equally the effect of your own weakneſs and indeciſion, and the impetuous dictatorial temper of that unnatural and fatal alliance, by which you were bullied into implicit obedience, you at laſt brought yourſelf and family into a ſtate of ſubordination and inſignificance. It then became

that

that much misrepresented nobleman, with many others, to reflect seriously on the state of public affairs, and on the duties they owed their *country*. Though you have often played them off against former Chief Governors, merely to enhance your own consequence, and aggrandize your family, yet they could not but see the great difference, between a serious rupture with Great Britain, on a most delicate interesting point, and a contention for Mr. P——y's superiority over any Chief Governor his Majesty might chuse to appoint.

Your shallow intellects never fathomed the depth of your new counsellors. You could not expect that men, who, though strongly attached to you, had still preserved too much spirit to be ranked among your *hacks*, would ever submit to act as subservient tools to the wild ambition of your new allies; especially when they observed your abject humiliation to a party, which had ever opposed you and your family. Let me ask you, sir, how often have you brought in many of your most approved and respectable friends to *oppose*, and afterwards *support* the same measure within the period of the present administration? How often have you publicly declared your disapprobation of questions the most interesting to yourself and your country, and shortly after, deserted your own judgment; influenced and intimidated by the menaces of men, whom you equally distrusted and hated? Even you, sir, have too much sincerity to deny this.—Many of your friends saw this conduct with surprize, and could not but follow you with reluctance; they plainly saw whose measures you stooped to support, and when you thus deserted yourself, they thought themselves at liberty. The late augmentation, on which

which you built your fame, *that* firſt inſtance of your mock patriotiſm, is a proof of what I have aſſerted. You oppoſed a ſalutary and judicious meaſure, from *ambition*. You oppoſed it, becauſe it was not a job, and becauſe you had not the management of it. You canvaſſed againſt it a ſecond time, even before you knew in what new mode it might be introduced, whether ſuch as would effectually ſilenceand anſwer all public objections, or not: and when you found that you could not prevent the meaſure, you voted for it, in hopes that government would, as uſual, be duped by your artifice, and that you ſhould *ſave* yourſelf.

Your very ſingular conduct, ſir, appeared equally flagrant; your duplicity was equally remarkable, when the alteration in the meaſurement of the gallon was propoſed in the houſe. A ſenſe of your duty, as firſt Commiſſioner of the Revenue, prompted you to oppoſe it. Here, the duty of your ſituation, and your own ſentiments coincided;—yet the frowns of the patriots prevailed, and impelled you to defalcate £25000. from the current ſupplies of the year. The only virtue you ſhewed on this occaſion, was *modeſty*: it was ſurely through *modeſty*, you afterwards apologized for your behaviour, by ſaying you had *only* adopted a ſcheme approved by the Board—Thoſe gentlemen, under whoſe ſanction you attempted to ſhelter yourſelf, publicly contradicted you, and left Mr. P——y nothing but his *eſtabliſhed* character for *veracity* and *ſincerity*, to ſupport his aſſertion.

It would be too irkſome a taſk to expatiate on your many tergiverſations, which ſo often ſubjected you, as a ſervant of the crown, to make ſuch humiliating

miliating apologies at the Caſtle, at the very time you were attempting to impoſe on the public by profeſſions of patriotiſm.—I ſhall content myſelf with reminding you of one inſtance at preſent, becauſe it is not only the moſt recent, but in fact, the moſt important to your country, and your own conſequence. Did you not, ſir, a few minutes before Mr. L—gf—d's motion to reject the Money-Bill as originated in the council, declare that you highly diſapproved of that meaſure, and would never conſent to it? Did not your beſt friends expect you would oppoſe it? What obligation then has the public to you for this ſudden guſt of patriotiſm? which was neither the effect of deliberation, nor inclination, but that of wretched *timidity*, which has peculiarly diſtinguiſhed your character.

You, ſir, publicly declared, that you thought you had gone far enough;—that is, you ſuppoſed you had diſtreſſed government ſufficiently for your purpoſe: for you were always too much of a STATESMAN, to let the *real intereſt* of your country have any weight with you.—If a diſpute with the crown of England, upon Poyning's Act, was a *national advantage*, we are obliged to Mr. L—gf—d, and thoſe who ſupported him, and not to you. Your new allies were too well acquainted with the verſatility of your diſpoſition; for when you were wavering, the M——ſs of K—ld—re ſtept up, and menaced the wretched Speaker into obedience. This ſhews how uninformed, and unprepared you were for the queſtion; and ſo little is the public obliged to you, for any part of your conduct which can be conſtrued into public ſpirit!—Nay, your own haughty ſon-in-law was ſurprized and uninformed,

formed, when his followers rushed from the tavern, to join in that sudden and intemperate resolution.

Even your son-in-law has since condemned *that vote*, as rash and impolitic. On what footing then stands your credit? And yet, you call on persons less allied by affinity, or obligation, to support you in what your son-in-law condemns, and what you yourself disapproved. And even, if I mistake not, you have delivered over every confidential secret against them, to be insidiously misrepresented by the malignity of our Free-Press patriots; *foolishly* conceiving, that the virulence and scurrility of a few disappointed men, will prejudice the public against *those*, whose only crime is their refusing to serve any longer under poor J. P——y.

There is, sir, even in this age of mad and illiberal politics, some respect due, from honest and feeling hearts, to old alliances and connections. It is not surely a difference of opinion, upon a serious point of the utmost national importance, that can authorise one gentleman to call in the rabble, to sit in judgment on the family anecdotes of another. Nor ought you, sir, for any political disappointment, (possibly arising from your own folly or presumption) to use those daggers to private happiness, by divulging anecdotes, which you could never have possessed, but by *specious* professions of the warmest friendship.—Let the silly, undesigning, jolly Jack P——y, at his leisure hours, reflect, that his *political* quarrel with his principal friends, *originated* more from his own versatility and insincerity, than from their defection.

I am, sir, yours,

April 20th, 1771. VERAX.

NUMBER XLII.

Rara temporum felicitate, ubi ſentire quæ velis, et quæ ſentias dicere licet.

TACIT.

To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, *Eſq.*

A Sketch of the political Hiſtory of Ireland, during Lord TOWNSHEND's adminiſtration. Written *for* the year 1900.

WE are now arrived at an intereſting period in the annals of Ireland. That celebrated ſtateſman, Mr Pitt, afterwards created Earl of Chatham, ſuggeſted the firſt idea of reducing the exorbitant power of a factious, venal ariſtocracy, who had impoveriſhed the kingdom, diſgraced adminiſtration, and ſullied the dignity of the Commons, by their parliamentary jobbs. The eſtabliſhment of a reſident Viceroy, ſeemed the moſt effectual means of carrying this wiſe, and liberal ſyſtem of policy, into execution; accordingly, George Lord Viſcount Townſhend, was appointed Lord Lieutenant, in the year 1767. The characters and views of the leaders in oppoſition, or as they were *then* ſtiled, PATRIOTS, will be a neceſſary introduction to this part of our hiſtory.

The D—ke of L—ſt—r, ſupported by his powerful connections, and the hereditary influence of his family, entertained extravagant notions of his own importance:

importance: he had been appointed one of the Lords Juſtices in the year 1757; and his ambition was heated by that faint reflection of royalty. He had been raiſed to the dignity of a D—ke, and enjoyed the honourable and lucrative office of Maſter General of the Ordinance; an office, *in thoſe days*, juſt calculated for a man paſſionately fond of parade and grandeur; of ſhining in the military trappings of a ſoldier at a review, without ſharing in the toils or dangers of the profeſſion. Yet the D—ke ſoon forgot his Sovereign's favours——favours which he had ſolicited with anxiety, and received with reverence. His pride was mortified, by ſeeing Engliſh noblemen, inferior to him in rank and lineage, act as the repreſentatives of Majeſty, for he derived his ideas of a ſtateſman's genius and experience, from the book of heraldry. Actuated by theſe motives, and as arrogance and ſelf-ſufficiency operate ſtrongeſt in weak minds, the D—e aſpired to the Lieutenancy of the kingdom, and retired in diſguſt, becauſe his ambition was not gratified. He grew ſplenetic, ſullen, and diſſatisfied, loudly exclaiming againſt the ſame meaſures of government, as oppreſſive and unconſtitutional, which he had formerly approved and applauded. His capacity was mean and narrow;—all his ſtudies were confined to the ridiculous œconomical arrangement of his houſhold. As he neither poſſeſſed talents or knowledge, he was ſervilely bigoted to forms and ceremonies. He was oſtentatious from pride, and ſplendid rather than hoſpitable;—naturally reſerved and diſtant, and but ſuperciliouſly civil and polite;—peremptory and obſtinate, becauſe his dull, ſombrous imagination, rendered him incapable of varying his ideas on any ſubject, by viewing it in different lights. Want of penetration prevented his being

guided by the ableſt men of his own party, as he was neither ſenſible of his own weakneſs, or of their ſuperiority. However, the D—ke veiled his ambition, under the ſpecious appearance of independence and public ſpirit. Sometimes, he would even condeſcend to capitulate with government, and pledge himſelf to ſupport a *particular meaſure*, if the Engliſh legiſlature could be induced to relax ſome of thoſe ſevere, reſtrictive laws, which were *then in force*, though equally prejudicial to the trade, and true intereſt of both kingdoms. Yet, ſo inconſiſtent was his conduct with his profeſſions, that he oppoſed with rancour every well-concerted ſcheme of the Viceroy's, either for the extention of our commerce, or the improvement of the revenues, which derive their preſent flouriſhing ſtate from Lord Townſhend's judicious regulations.

John P—nſ—by, Eſq; was *then* Speaker of the H—ſe of C——ns. A man, who by the conflict of faction, and ſubtilty of intrigue, joined to ſome fortuitous circumſtances, ſaw himſelf raiſed to a ſtation, for which nature and education had totally diſqualified him. His perſonal inſignificance rendered him contemptible, notwithſtanding the exorbitant power he long enjoyed: as there was nothing reſpectable in his character to excite fear, he was only deſpited, but never hated. His memory juſt ſerved to make him recollect a ſaying of his father's, the Earl of Beſb——gh, "that want of "veracity was an eſſential ingredient in the com- "poſition of a ſtateſman." Of all the Earl's maxims, *that* was the only one he either underſtood, or practiſed—Diſſimulation, timidity, and irreſolution, were the leading principles of his politics. His diſſimulation was ſo blended with timidity, that it ſeemed

seemed to arise, rather from an apprehension of giving offence, than a constitutional weakness. This *apparent*, tho' fallacious mark of distinction, flattered those who addressed him, and was misconstrued by them into a mark of respect: by these means, some followers remained attached to his person, *whom* his insincerity would otherwise have estranged. He had cunning enough to insinuate, that his irresolution rather sprung from a deference to the judgement of others, than from his own indecisiveness. There was an air of sincerity in his solemn professions, sufficient to deceive those who were not thoroughly acquainted with the duplicity of his heart.—Many were secretly pleased to see a man at the head of the Commons, whose influence and interest could command any favour from government; and whose timid spirit, and shallow intellects,, encouraged them to extort promises, either by bullying or, persuasion. In a country, not quite civilized in the middle of the last century, hospitality was more esteemed than at present. Mr. P. was excellently fitted to shine in this sphere, and promote the pleasures of the table, as he was both social and generous. He was beloved by his companions, for his conversation convinced them, that his understanding was of the lowest order, and thereby flattered them into a better opinion of their own.

The servility of the Commons in that age, and absolute submission to the will of the Speaker, will scarcely be credited at present; yet the instances I shall produce are so well authenticated, that they must force conviction on every reader. To strike, and intimidate the Earl of Hertford with an idea of his unbounded power and influence, he obliged the obsequious Commons to resolve, "That an entry,

" recorded in the journals of the year 1615, ac-
" knowleging the conſtitutional prerogative of the
" crown, and the legal rights of the Deputy and
" Council, ſhould be expunged, as a diſgrace to
" parliament." The next day, Mr. P. after having had the honour of a ſecret conference with the Earl, induced that ſubſervient aſſembly to vote, " That the clerk had miſtaken the ſenſe and orders " of the houſe;" though it was proved beyond a poſſibility of doubt, that the motion was conceived in *thoſe words*, which were taken down by the clerk with accuracy and preciſion, and repeatedly read to the whole houſe.

For this ſhameleſs conduct, the Speaker was applauded by his friends, as they fooliſhly ſuppoſed he was a conſummate politician, by conciliating the favour of the Vice-roy, and ſhewing the implicit obedience of that ſupple Senate, who had diſgraced themſelves to exalt him. By this ſhameful tranſaction, we may evidently perceive the tergiverſation and effrontery of an ariſtocratic faction, who are always ready to ſtart any inſidious queſtion, to excite a popular clamour againſt government, and then meanly to retract and reſcind their own ſolemn votes and reſolutions, at the beck of their chief. Since that diſgraceful æra, the dignity of the commons hath been ſtudiouſly preſerved.

The ſecond inſtance, by which he proſtituted the honour of the Commons, was, by procuring an iniquitous act of parliament, to protect and enrich an infamous, diſcounting ſhopkeeper, whoſe crimes were of ſo uncommon, and flagitious a nature, that the laws of his country had not deviſed any puniſhment for them. Some years after, this man became a member

a member of that houſe, in whoſe journals he is ſtill recorded for every ſpecies of meanneſs and fraud. As his poſterity are now peers of the realm, I do not chooſe to mention his name, leſt it ſhould be voted a breach of privilege. — — — —
— — *Cætera deſunt.* — — — Q

NUMBER XLIII.

Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem;
Nec tecum poſſum vivere, nec ſine te.
MARTIAL.

To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, *Eſq.*

SIR,

I THINK it will furniſh out a whimſical ſpeculation, to conſider the various traits which peculiarly diſtinguiſh his Excellency Lord Sancho; and alſo the various diſcordant notions which our great men have entertained, at different times, about this heteroclite being. By theſe means, we may form ſuch an idea of his principles and politics, as cannot be ſuggeſted, either by panegyrick or invective.—If your paper is not ſervilely devoted to the court, you may gain ſome credit, by admitting an eſſay written on this ſubject, with freedom and impartiality.

On his Excellency's arrival he was, like the reſt of his predeceſſors, complimented, careſſed and flattered.—Amidſt the general feſtivity, the pleaſures

and *ſnares* of the table were not neglected in this hoſpitable country. Sancho was a *bon vivant*, and being both a ſoldier and a man of wit, was early habituated to a jovial life, and ſeemed to reliſh our Hibernian mode of aſſociating claret and politics:—He laughed and joked, talked with Mr. P. of hounds and horſes, and entertained ſome of the Dublin Society with a *lively* account of the cultivation of Norfolk turnips. He uſually diſpatched a meſſenger every week to Rainham for dogs of every ſpecies, *from* a fox-hound to a turn-ſpit—*theſe* he preſented to our nobility and gentry, and ſeemed to have no other view, than improving the *canine* breed in this kingdom.—Mr. P—nſ—by, like a wiſe miniſter, was charmed by the diſſipated manners of the Viceroy; ſwore "he was the very man "*they* wanted, that *they* would do his and the "King's buſineſs, and carry him triumphantly "through the ſeſſion."

In the mean time, the ſprightly Governor's nocturnal revels and *bon mots*, furniſhed entertainment and converſation to the town; and it was even confidently reported, that he had made his implicit dependence on the Engliſh miniſtry, and his want of power, the ſubject of a ſatyrical *caracature*, and had actually drawn himſelf in a ludicrous attitude, with his hands *tied behind his back*. Arts like theſe might well deceive the moſt ſagacious of our politicians, without any impeachment of their underſtandings, as dangerous meaſures could ſcarcely be purſued by ſuch a merry Viceroy; who, like Charles the IId. did not aſſume the airs of royalty one hour in a month. However, Mr. Wagſtaffe, this pleaſing deluſion did not laſt long. At the commencement of the ſeſſion in 1767, the obſequious, undeſigning Sancho,

Sancho, began to talk in a different ſtyle. He informed Mr. P. as *premier*, that he he did not chooſe to be a *nominal* Lord Lieutenant; that he would not ſit idly on the box, like the ſtate coachman, whilſt *others* led and governed the horſes. This alluſion Mr. P. perfectly underſtood, and it both ſurprized and mortified him.—He was alſo alarmed by ſtrange accounts of Sancho's converſation, as a *man of buſineſs*;—his knowledge of *our* conſtitution, acquaintance with the policy of the country, and ſtrictures on the ſyſtem of jobbing, filled him with ſerious apprehenſions.

At this time, his Excellency had neither the foreſight nor experience of the Attorney-General to direct, nor the copious, perſuaſive, and irreſiſtable eloquence of the Prime-Serjeant to aſſiſt him. Both theſe gentlemen were then in the oppoſition; but Sancho, who ſet a proper value on ſuch abilities, had art and addreſs enough to conciliate their affections, and make them ever ſince his firm ſupporters and friends.—By this conduct, he acquired the character of a penetrating and crafty ſtateſman. His unexpected digreſſions, and ſudden flights of fancy, on the moſt ſerious and important ſubjects, were *then* eſteemed artful diſguiſes, to conceal his real ſentiments and intentions.—As I deſign my obſervations merely to enable the candid reader to form ſome judgment of this extraordinary perſonage, from authentic facts and anecdotes, I paſs over the augmentation, prorogation, and other public acts of his adminiſtration, without either praiſe or cenſure.

His Excellency's vivacity and volatile diſpoſition, furniſh a perpetual fund of agreeable entertainment.—One day, the munificence and ſplendor of a Nor-

thumberland dazzles us at the Caſtle;—the next, preſents us a ſtriking view of Lord H—rt——d's tarniſhed dignity. Sancho's temper and converſation are alſo *uniformly ſingular*, and exactly ſuited to his domeſtic œconomy. Wit, and lively picturesque ridicule, ſometimes take entire poſſeſſion of his imagination: gaiety and beneficent good humour illuminate his countenance, and diffuſe over his addreſs the moſt captivating and amiable graces.—Suddenly the ſcene changes, and nothing is preſented to us but a *groteſque* picture of Dutch phlegm, and Engliſh ſullenneſs.

I ſhould alſo obſerve, though he never courts, but ſeems ſtudiouſly to deſpiſe popularity, yet he has had the good fortune of attaching the common people to him. The familiarity of his deportment, and ſtrong ſympathetic feelings, which often excite him to occaſional acts of generoſity in his *rides* and *walks*, has accompliſhed this, without premeditation or deſign. His uncommon condeſcenſion has a wonderful effect; and he carries it ſo far, that I have ſeen *him* and his ſervants perſonally employed in little offices of humanity. This has been of more ſervice to him, than all the boaſted pieces from *your* preſs, profeſſedly written to compliment and vindicate him.

He certainly muſt have uſed great art and addreſs, in detaching L—d E——ly from his old connections: this was a Machiavelian ſtroke in politics, and could only be equalled by his placing Mr. P—r—y *in the chair*, on Mr. P—nſ—by's reſignation. His talents for buſineſs, and *his times* for doing it, are full as eccentric as the reſt of his conduct. I am aſſured, that he is his own ſecretary, and that he often

ſits

sits up till four or five o'clock in the morning, writing dispatches, after strolling the Green, arm in arm with L—d M—lt—on, as the town says, with the laudable intention of picking up a girl.

It is *now* shrewedly suspected, that this *perturbed spirit* intends to *haunt* us five or six years longer. The report of a successor being appointed, is founded on an artful collusion to discover the views and expectations of those patriots, who are ashamed to *lay themselves open* to Sancho. Many of them are *now* at Paris, offering their services, and pouring out their complaints to one who *affectedly* seems to pity them, and promises to redress their grievances. But let it be remembered, that a most confidential minister, the Provost, is on the spot, *chargé des affaires*, and pledged to support his old friend Sancho's interest. To carry on the farce with more plausibility, this *reversionary* Vice-roy has nominated two or three aids des camps, and may appoint his whole family like Lord Bristol, without any serious intentions of coming over. These grand manœuvres are all preparatory to the session of parliament which Sancho will open next winter, as he is *perhaps*, determined to give us the *coup de grace*, and conclude his administration by establishing a LAND TAX.

I am, sir, yours,

Dublin, July 6th, 1772. SPECULATOR.

NUMBER XLIV.

Iratus Chremes, tumido delitigat Ore.

HOR

To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, Esq.

SIR,

DOCTOR Swift, in his "short view of the state of Ireland." includes the *non-residence* of a chief governor among the list of national grievances.—To remedy this, and many other inconveniencies, the celebrated Lord Chatham, proposed a new political system, which was instantly adopted, and happily brought to perfection by the present Lord Lieutenant;—yet this very measure has been the cause of all our complaints. The powerful aristocracy which had so long reigned without controul, could not be to relinquish their power: Like pyrates they immediately hung out false colours, to deceive the people, and assemble them under the specious standard of patriotism.—To restore *Independance* to the House of Commons has been represented as a design to enslave the nation. To attempt governing the kingdom without Lords Justices, was esteemed high treason against the constitution. The reverence usually paid those mighty lords, often made me recollect the custom of leading an ass into church, and singing an anthem in his praise; yet when Europe had emerged from barbarism, an attempt

attempt to abolish this ridiculous custom occasioned many riots among the bigotted rabble.

The proceedings of the house furnish the strongest proofs of these inveterate prejudices—The nation is said to be *bankrupt* and ruined, sinking under oppression, loaded with taxes, cursed with a venal and corrupt administration, who profusely lavish the public money in unnecessary expences. An honourable member who seems to have tuned his voice to the doleful notes of a passing bell, lately preached a prolix funeral sermon over his country.—Ireland was ruined because—but I learn to imitate the Kilkenny orator, who substitutes virulent invective and personal deformation, for precision in argument, and candor in debate.—Mr. H—ss—y's attic elegance may apologize for his satire;—hut the premeditated joke, the forced conceit, the aukward raillery, are Mr. Flood's peculiarities, and distinguish him as much as *distortion*, vociferation, and a *vicious* pronunciation, that would even disgrace the *Ciceronian* society.

After the ablest champions of *opposition* had exhausted their rhetoric, and exhibited their mistaken inaccurate calculations to gain the applause of the gallery, they were answered by the Prime Serjeant in a style and manner that adds grace to a dry and tiresome subject, and renders it agreeable. The patriots were shewn to be weak reasoners and miserable financiers, and not in the least qualified for a seat at either the *old* or a *new* board. The inconsistency of their arguments was evident. In the year 1769—under Lord Townshend's administration, the trade of the kingdom it seems was anihilated, because the revenue had decreased £59,000.—Yet in

1761,

1761, under the mild, wise, and œconomical Mr. P—nf—by, a deficiency of £81,000 had spread no alarm. The exports (our only beneficial commerce) have encreased;—yet if we were to credit these sage politicians, the nation was undone, because the treasury was not enriched by duties which arise on our imports. These new commercial principles are not to be found in D'Avenant or Petty, the public spirited financiers may have picked them up from Sr. W—ll—m M—yne, or—a writing master.

However, the debates yesterday in the house, proved the legality and expediency of the New Board, beyond a possibility of doubt. The Kilkenny orator, moved for the following resolution, "that the House would not allow, any sums applied to the payment of new Commissioners of Excise, but should credit the nation with their sallaries." The illegallity of this motion was pointed out, as it was directly contrary to a positive act of parliament, which both empowered the king to appoint a New Board; and also, provided for the additional expence. Mr. F. then *modestly* withdrew his motion, and candidly apologized for introducing it, by acknowledging his ignorance of the Excise Laws! He then proposed another resolution, which was only a little deficient in sense and grammar; However, by the assistance of Mr. Malone's judicious remarks it was at last reduced to English, and shaped into consistency: The purport of it was, "that the House would refuse their consent to any alteration in the present Excise Laws, which might carry into effect the division of the Board. &c.—— Mr. Mason immediately perceived the absurdity of agreeing to such a resolution, and to shew it in the strongest light, he proposed this amendment, "however

" however *beneficial* ſuch an alteration might be for collecting the public revenue." In the courſe of the debate, Mr. F. exhibited his uſual oratorial powers: he compared the friends of Government to a PHALANX, which penetrated like a WEDGE through the looſe ranks of independance.—Metaphors, and figurative expreſſions, introduced with elegance and propriety have a *peculiar* beauty: but M. F——d deſpiſes ſuch *puerilities*: his inaccuracies, his blunders, his miſtakes are owing to the ſublimity of his genius: He reſembles the antient philoſopher who often fell into a ditch, while he was ſtudying aſtronomy, and contemplating the ſtars —Even Potter's antiquities might teach him to diſtinguiſh between a PHALANX and a WEDGE, and not uſe theſe terms as *ſynonimous*, in a finiſhed oration. However, as Mr. F. ſeems *angry* at a friendly hint you formerly gave him, to vary his ſtudies frm Demoſthenes to Salmon's grammar, I I ſhall ſay no more on the ſubject.

Sir George Macartney, in a ſenſible manly tone of reaſoning, defended the meaſures of adminiſtration. Mr. F. had aſſerted, " that it was an indignity and inſult offered the Houſe, to appoint a New Board, in contradicton and defiance of their * *late reſolution.*" Sir George proved, how inexplicit, indeciſive, and nugatory, this boaſted reſolution was. It was entirely *retroſpective*, and could not by any conſtruction *extend* to the *future*. He juſtly termed it an *inuendo* reſolution. It was neither addreſſed to the King, or the Lord Lieutenant. The Houſe ordered the Speaker to lay it before his Excellency, and he told them he would tranſmit it to his Majeſty; but at the ſame time in-

* That ſeven Commiſſioners had *hitherto* been ſufficient.

formed

formed them, he had received his Majesty's orders for dividing the Boards.

Though he gave the House that information, they still hoped the King would *recal* or *cancel* those letters. For it is universally believed, that the patriots chief objections were not grounded on the inexpediency of the measure, but arose from *personal* pique and disappointment. They could not bear to think, that gentlemen, who had supported government, and acted wisely, should be distinguished by their Sovereign's favour, when some of their leaders had been dismissed for folly and ingratitude: the contrast was too strong and humiliating.—— They also had another excellent reason for opposing the present arrangement.—As they *probably* intend supporting a future administration, they meant to keep the New Board as a reserve, to be composed of their friends, and therefore can't forgive Lord Townshend, for cutting off this *dernier resource*.

It is evident to a demonstration, that Mr. P——n s——by's chief aim was to establish a new board for the provision of his friends. In his virtuous administration, and in the first year of his present Majesty's reign, *the* act passed which has facilitated the execution of this long projected scheme, *sanctioned* by three *particular* acts of parliament.—The expence at the utmost will not exceed 12000l. per ann.—and the gain to the revenue will probably be five times as much: for it is well known, that the inland excise of Ireland is now less than it was a century ago, and yet the people, and consequently the comsumption, is nearly doubled.

No

No one exclaimed so loudly against the expence of the board as the œconomical Mr. J——n—— P——nſ——by. He *propheſied* it would occaſion a land tax, (which he has taken care his tenants muſt pay) and alſo, that the meaſure itſelf was impracticable, without a new clauſe in the act.—It is really pleaſant to obſerve this gentleman in his new character of an œconomiſt—The man who had for ſo many years loaded the country with unneſſary ſine-cures.—He who had ſwelled the charges of the revenue in incidents and ſallaries, from 69,651l 15s. 2d. to 114,714l. 4s. 3d. annually.—This inſidious management of the revenue rendered government dependent on the Iriſh ariſtocracy: conſequently the patriotic proſtitution of it, became a fundamental maxim in their politics. New taxes were levied on the people to ſupply the deficiency; and the odium was thown on government, by theſe *conſcientious* gentlemen.

When Mr. P—nſ—by precided at the Board, Capt. Mercer was permitted to build as many boats as he pleaſed. He built one, called the Hibernia, for Mr. Glover. Her *outſet* coſt 4000l. Her annual expence was 6000l. though ſhe never made a capture. When Mr. Beresford, and ſir W. Oſborne, were appointed Commiſſioners, they thought it their dudy, to enquire into the matter. They found ſhe was totally unfit for any purpoſe. To make an experiment, however, they ordered her to block up the port of Ruſh; ſhe did ſo; at low water, the ſmugglers all ſailed out, the *Hibernia* was lying dry, and could not float 'till high water. CaptainM—r—er, on being examined, was obliged to give in a report in writing, that ſhe was unſerviceable. Here was a

dead

dead expence of 4000l, incurred at firſt, beſides 6000l. per annum; which is above half the ſum, the new board can poſſibly coſt. This is *only* one example of Mr. P——n——by's œconomy.

The laſt motion propoſed in the H—ſe, could only proceed from a head ſtored with ſuch *trumpery* ideas, as Mr. B—ry B—ry's. "That the "Commiſſioners of the Exciſe, ſhould be ſuſpend-"ed from their functions in parliament." This motion was treated with cold contempt. Mr. Buſhe's arguments on the ſubject, were maſterly, ſpiritted, and ingenious. This Mr. Wagſtaffe, was the laſt effort of Mr. P. and an expiring faction; of a faction whoſe laſt efforts againſt the eſtabliſhment of a new board, may be compared to the convulſive ſtruggles of a *headleſs* fly, that ſeems for a moment to acquire ſtrength from the very wound that deſtroys it.

Yours, &c.

February 15th 1772. SENATOR.

Q

NUM-

NUMBER XLV.

Extremum autem præceptum in beneficiis, operaque danda eſt, ne quid contra æquitatem contendas, ne quid per injuriam. Fundamentum enim perpetuæ, commendationis, et famæ eſt juſtitia, ſine qua nihil poteſt eſſe laudabile.

CICERO de Officiis.

To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, *Eſq.*

SIR,

PLINY deſcribes a ſpecies of men with heads like dogs, who barked inſtead of ſpeaking; I fancy our complaining patriots are lineally deſcended from thoſe monſters. The dull declaimers in the Freeman, without either preciſion in their arguments, truth in their aſſertions, or any knowledge of the ſubject they write on, ſtill continue to pour out illiberal invectives on our Chief Governor; though a moment's reflection might convince them, that the preſent deficiency in the revenue principally *originated* from the management of that able financier, and incorrupt patriot, Mr. P.

The late Sir Richard Cox conſtantly aſſerted, and proved by the moſt accurate calculation, that Mr. P—n—by's election to the chair, and ſupporting him in it, coſt the nation one million ſterling. Sir Richard formed his eſtimate by the ſeveral parliamentary grants for different jobs, including the penſions

ſions beſtowed by government on Mr. P—nſ—by's friends, from the year 1754, when Lord B—ſb—gh was appointed *Lord Juſtice*, to the year 1764, when Mr. P. vainly imagined himſelf firmly eſtabliſhed by the *family compact*.—In the year 1765, he became chief contractor for doing what was called the King's buſineſs, that is, *procuring the uſual ſupplies eſſentially requiſite to the ſupport and defence of the kingdom*' For thus graciouſly condeſcending to ſerve his country, he enjoyed the invaluable privilege of conducting every job in the Houſe of Commons, and of laviſhing the public revenue, to influence and carry on elections in the country. Such were the grand objects of Mr. P—nſ—by's adminiſtration, when he preſided in the houſe, and at the board.

The expence of the revenue eſtabliſhment annually increaſed, from 69,658l. 15s 2½d, 'till in the year 1769 it amounted to 117,714l. 4s 2¾d. By this means Mr. P. became intoxicated with power, and fought government, (as BROGHILL expreſſes it) " in its own armour, and with its own wea-" pons, at the head of his revenue legion of collec-" tors, ſurveyors, tide-waiters, ſearchers, packers, " guagers."

If we examine his mniniſterial conduct, we ſhall find, that inſtead of providing for the exigencies of government, by judicious and equitable taxes, he loaded the nation with a debt of 581,964l. 3s· 9½d. either through inattention or deſign; and ſuffered the very laws, on which the collection of the revenue immediately depended, to be explained away by the ſubtle diſtinction of lawyers, and the quirks of ſmugglers, agents, and ſolicitors.—To Mr. P.

We

We are obliged for the act of parliament to explain part of the 14th and 15th of Charles II. by which the revenue has been diminished 86,151l. yearley.—Not content with this, more jobs was accomplished by his unbounded power in the House of Commons to compleat the defalcation.

When the Lord Lieutenant's firmness had rendered the leaders of faction contemptible, and baffled every effort either to cajole or intimidate him: when Mr. P. found himself disappointed in all his mercenary schemes, he at last resigned the chair. Like an ass stung by a hornet, he had smarted by the councils of the Kilkenny orator, and was glad to escape from him.

Government, now freed from a disgraceful subjection to state contactors, is in the condition of a person, who on coming to age, discovers the frauds of a knavish guardian: this will appear evident by the following state of the revenue.

Deficiency occasioned by the explanatory act of the 5th of George III. —	£86,151 0 4
By six-pence per gallon, draw-back on rum landed in England—a bounty equally prejudicial to both kingdoms, as it encourages smuggling on their coasts. —	64,613 7 0
By an alteration in the excise gallon, —	20,000 0 0
	£ 170,764 7 4

In

In Auguſt 1744 Mr. P. was appointed Commiſſioner: In that year, which ended at Lady-Day 1745, the revenue eſtabliſhment amounted to	54,092	2	2½
Which in the year ending Lady-Day 1759, was	83,259	14	1½
Increaſed charge —	29,167	11	11

INCIDENTS.

Year ending Lady-day 1744.	15,566	13	0
Year ending Lady-day 1769,	31,454	10	1½
Increaſed charge in incidents	15,887	17	1½
	£45,055	9	0½

Mr. P. thus appropriated the ſum of 45,055l. for the maintenance of his *civil liſt*. The officers of the revenue, inſtead of minding their duty, employed themſelves in election-jobbing, as the moſt effectual recommendation to their patron.—A total relaxation of diſcipline took place among Mr. P.'s troops.—Collectors might embezzle his Majeſty's caſh, and even ſend up falſe returns for their receipts, to apologize for not anſwering an acquittance.—

tance.—If they could influence a *burgeſs*, or command two or three votes, they were eſteemed excellent officers, and received the thanks of the firſt Commiſſioner.

Nothing can be more abſurd than to ſee a ſet of men affecting to be patriots by exclaiming againſt every thing that tends to improve the revenue. They muſt know that they ultimately diſtreſs their country by this conduct; the civil and military liſt muſt be kept up for the ſake of the whole; and ſome gratifications are neceſſary, not only as rewards to merit, but to alleviate the misfortunes of families fallen from their rank and affluence, who would otherwiſe be reduced to obſcurity and indigence.

The greateſt inſult, and indeed impoſition on the public, is, to ſee thoſe who already enjoy preferment, and thoſe who expect it, diſtreſſing their country by an affectation of virtue—tho' they brandiſh the ſword of oppoſition with one hand, the ſupplicating palm of the other is extended; like the *ſpiritual* eye of a Swadling preacher, up lifted to Heaven in a fervour of devotion, whilſt the *carnal* one is caſt down, to count the ſhillings, and compute the *godly gains* extorted from a deluded audience.

Whoever examines the penſion liſt, will find that no families have loaded their country ſo unmerceifully as our preſent bawling patriots. They even obtained penſionary favours for *years* that the prejudice they had done their country might not ceaſe with their lives, and that they might ſhew their ingratitude to government without injuring themſelves.

The

The public caught with the mere ſound of their preſent profeſſions, do not ſee that the national revenues have been mortgaged, and are likely to be again mortgaged, to ſupply the inſatiable demand of thoſe pampered patriots on a ſecond converſion. This we may expect, whenever their own noiſe, and the public credulity, ſhall raiſe them to ſufficient conſequence.

VECTIGAL.

June 25th. 1771.

Q

NUMBER XLVI.

PATRIOTISM. *An* Ode.

I.

WHEN generous Greece, in virtue bold,
Diſdained the Perſian power and gold,
She formed a ſacred band;
Philoſophy, her ſoldiers charm'd,
In freedom's cauſe her heroes arm'd,
To ſhield their native land.

II.

Not ſuch the zealots of our days,
Who cringe for hire, revile or praiſe,
And yet for patriots paſs!
So the falſe Pruſſian clips and coins,
From Dantzig's ſterling gold purloins,
Then circulates his braſs!

III.

III.

What muſe can ſing that *changeling's* tricks,
Renown'd for ſhallow politics?
Pledg'd both to foe and friend:
Yet he can lead the venal throng,
With promiſes entic'd along,
On which the dupes depend!

IV.

Thus, a mean quack by chymic oils,
Norwegia's hungry vermin foils,
Without the aid of cheeſe;
The ſcent alone attracts them round,
They ſeem to tread on magic ground,
And truſt the inſidious breeze.

V.

Thy rhetoric, Fl—d, can I rehearſe,
And paint diſtortion in my verſe,
Or tumid periods ſcan?
You ſoar aloft in bombaſt phraſe,
Whilſt Ch—le—nt with aukward gaze,
Admires the wonderous man.

VI.

Thy aim, to tire, retard, perplex,
By calumny to ſtain or vex,
Ungratefully upbraiding;
On your old friends to fling diſgrace,
For without penſion, or a place,
You're Satan viewing Eden.

VII.

With jaundic'd envy deeply ſmit,
Like Hutchinſon, you'd ſhine in wit,
But ſluggiſh fancy halts;
Flat, when you change your uſual key;
So miſts ariſing from the ſea,
Evaporate their falts.

VIII.

See G——rld——ne ſequeſtered, dull,
Of his high lineage vainly full,
And buoyed with empty pride:
A Satrap, fit for *ſtars* and ſtate,
As Mordeccai, *raiſed from the gate*,
In royal pomp to ride.

IX.

In corporation trappings gay,
The M——ſs ſure deſerves my lay,
And claims diſtinguiſhed place.
He'll ne'er eclipſe a father's fame,
In wit and worth ſo much the ſame,
We ſcarce ſhall miſs his grace.

X.

Heavens! how reduced that antient line,
Who in Hibernia's annals ſhine,
Renown'd at Breſny's field;
When Raymond led the gallant train,
And awe-ſtruck Aldem, viewed the plain,
Blaze with the kindered ſhield!*

* Vide Littleton's hiſtory, vol. 3. page 280

XI.

XI.

Can the degenerate ſons aſpire,
To emulate their noble ſire,
Intrepid, great, and free?
They boaſt a Raymond's blood indeed!
So the caſt racer, *fallen* in ſpeed,
Is puff'd by pedigree.

XII.

See patriot landlords thin the ſoil,
Forgetful of the bloody toil,
Which made a tyrant bow:
Ulſter, both James and Lewis braved!
That land the father's valour ſaved,
The ſon's forbid to plough.

XIII.

Shall induſtry oppreſſion feel,
And throw aſide her buſy wheel,
To ſeek Oſwego's gloom?
His cot and babes the weaver flies,
No more the pointed ſhuttle plys,
Tho' Britain bribes our loom!

XIV.

Where ariſtocracy prevails,
Juſtice reſigns her ballanc'd ſcales,
And ſhuns the hated ſhore;
'Till one bold ſpirit breaks the chain,
He blaſts the venal junto's reign,
And tyranny's no more.

XV.

Hence, liberty's diffuſed around,
Electors catch his joyous ſound:
" Let vile dependence ceaſe;
" On change of ſtates freedom waits,
" When members hold their purchas'd ſeats,
" *Short as their tenants leaſe.*"

XVI.

Jobbers no more our treaſures waſte,
No more each petty tyrant's taſte,
Can uſeful projects ſmother:
In vain the anxious ſtateſman toil'd,
—The hay-rope's end in vain we coil'd,
While aſſes nip'd the other.

XVII.

Already, commerce waits the gale,
From the new world expands her ſail,
To make our ports her boaſt!
The Engliſh merchant jealous ſees
Our ſtreamers catch the weſtern breeze,
Nor touch Britannia's coaſt!

XVIII.

Theſe bounties Townſhend's hand beſtowes,
To whom capricious Albion owes,
Her peaſants train'd to fight;
For he beheld with juſt diſdain,
Imported Germans crowd her plain,
To guard a Briton's right!

XIX.

XIX.

Let faction roar, and patriots rail,
Their venom'd arrows may assail,
But never wound his breast:
Unnoticed, dull invective lyes,
A mere Ephemeron it dyes,
Or but provokes a jest.

XX.

The Ephori thus indignant smil'd,
When drunken Chians has defil'd
The magisterial chair;
Thro' sober Sparta they proclaim,
"That men bereft of sense and shame
"Were safe, and guiltless there."

Q

NUMBER XLVII.

Ut pictura poesis.

HOR.

To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, *Esq.*

SIR,

LAST night I happened to call on a certain great man not far from the Castle, and being introduced into a room to wait till he was at leisure to see me, I amused myself by looking over some books and papers which I found scattered about on

a green table. In turning over the latter, I found the notes which I ſend you: they ſeem to be wrote in haſte, and in ſome places are ſcarce legible; but 'tis plain they are intended as ſketches of deſigns, which are to be filled up at leiſure.—They put me in mind of that anecdote which is recorded of the Roman Emperor, in whoſe cloſet (after his death) was found a liſt of ſenators, and other obnoxious perſons, with marks to each name, as memoranda of the time and manner in which they were to be executed. At firſt I had ſome little ſcruple as to the propriety of publiſhing a paper, of which I got poſſeſſion by the means I have mentioned, without the conſent or knowledge of the owner; but on conſidering the manner in which the great perſon's name and character is every day treated in the public papers, I find he is not intitled to the benefit of thoſe laws and principles, by which other members of the community are protected; and no dealing can be unfair with an highwayman, or a Lord Lieutenant.

And am, ſir, yours, &c.

R, G.

1. Mr. F. in the habit of a kettle-drummer, riding on Mr P. in the ſhape of an aſs.

2. Mr. F. mounted on the box, driving a ſtage-coach, with Mr. P—nſ—by in the cradle.

3. The D. of L. in his robes, examining the ducal coronets painted on his bomb-carts and wheel-barrows.

4. D——r

4. D——r C———ts, with a horn-book in his hand, teaching his noble colleague the M. of K. his letters.

5. C—n—r F—z—ns, in the dreſs of a mendicant fryar, preaching a funeral ſermon.

6. C—n—r H—l—n, in the character of a ſexton, tolling a muffled bell.

7. Mr. B-rch with a pair of ſcales in his hand, weighing the reſolution of the Commons in the year 1754, againſt a bank-note of five pounds.

8. W——— B——gh, Eſq; in the character of the executioner who cut off K. Charles's head.

9. B—ry M—x—ll, Eſq; (in the character of Demoſthenes) rehearſing his ſpeech, with a hot potatoe in his mouth, inſtead of pebbles.

10. D—n—s D——ly, Eſq; in the character of Milton's cherub, rebuking SATAN.

11. Right hon. Antony Malone, Eſq; holding up the luſtre in the Houſe of Commons.

12. Apollo and the Graces, preſenting the Prime Serjeant with a *new* edition of Coke upon Littleton, and the STATUTES at large.

13. His Excellency Lord Townſhend in the character of a Legiſlator, offering the Octennial and Abſentee-bills, a bounty on Iriſh linen, &c. &c.

to the people,—*who set up the Irish cry.*

14. Counsellor Scott with Blackstone in one hand, and Congreve in the other.—The back ground of the picture exhibits a perspective view of Doctor Achmet's baths.

15. Mr. P—r—y in his robes, seated in the speaker's chair, and Mr. P—nf—by in the character of a door-keeper.

16. G—n—l G—sb—ne in the character of a Roman consul, harranguing his army before an engagement.

17. Sir K——e B—r—ws in the character of 'Squire Booby, marrying Pamela.

18. The head of H. L. R——y, Esq; painted at the request of the Kirk of Scotland, as a frontispiece to the Lamentations of Jeremiah the Prophet.

19. Sir J—— s C—ld—ll with a bee-hive on his head, singing the ballad of the Poor Blind Boy to the Dublin Society.

20. Lord M—ng—n, setting the Ode on Lord B—m—t's installation, to music.

21. Sir W—ll—m M——ne, throwing a box of Scotch snuff into the lord mayor and aldermen's eyes, just as they are going to *sign his city lease.*

22. Sir

22. Sir L——s O'B——n in the character of Silenus, hung round with leaden pints, quarts, and *new* exciſe gallons, aſtride on a beer-barrel, drinking ſucceſs to the King's revenue in taplaſh.

23. L. V. M—nt—s, delivering to his bookſeller Cicero de Oratore, and the laſt treatiſe on cotillons, to be bound together.

24. Lord B——s, expounding the church catechiſm to his family, and ſcratching out the eighth commandment.

25. An emblematical figure of Mr. P——ly's *profeſſed* moderation, exhibited in the portrait of C—v—l M——re, waiting at the door of the H—ſe of C———ns, (in a *frait waiſtcoat*) to give his vote, but prevented by his keeper

26. Fryar John, in the character of Abraham, ſacrificing little J—ff—s, his ſon-in-law, on the altar of popularity, with an angel holding his patriot knife, and pointing to a buſh in which a ſucking biſhop is entangled.

27. The ſame, in the character of the elder Brutus, condemning his ſon to death, but ſtealing off before the execution.

28. Lord B——t dancing before a large glaſs, and practiſing to weep at the diſtreſs of his country, with a white handkerchief in his hand.

29. J. M—g—ll, Eſq; in the ſhape of a ſpaniel, licking my L—d S——n's feet, who kicks him.

30. Lord S——n directing his followers to vot againſt penſions, and ſigning a receipt for the arrears of his own, due the day that Jeremiah Dyſon's was ſtruck off.

31. The rev. Dr. B———ws, explaining the revelation of St. John to his pupil, and ſtealing the Woman of Pleaſure into the pocket of the young gentleman's ſiſter.

32. His Excellency L—d T———d on the hill of Howth, caracaturing Sir W. M—ne, and his patriotic band, on their return to England, amidſt the groans of a deſponding city.

33. A portrait of L—d H——th, preſenting an oyſter, to his Excellency, to conſole him in the general calamity.

34. Mr. F——d, giving a clyſter of calve's head ſoup to A. R——m, Eſq; to enable him to ſit out a long debate in the H. of C———ns: the E. of C———t, Sir E. N———m, and Sir L. O'B——n, in the back ground, waiting to kiſs him after the operation.

Y. Z.

NUM-

NUMBER XLVIII.

Extract of a letter from Stockholm, June 30.

A few days ago a very extraordinary occurence happened here. A Finlandman brought a ship load of wood to sell in this capitol; and a dispute arising between him and one of the soldiers upon guard, in which the latter threatened violence; and uttered the bittereſt execrations, the Finlandman, ſlily taking an herb out of his pouch, rubbed it in a violent manner over the jaws and mouth of the ſoldier, who thereupon was inſtantly ſtrucken dumb. The affair came before a civil court of judicature. The court not deeming this violent, though natural mode of doing one's ſelf juſtice, and not ſtrictly juſtifiable, were going to paſs ſentence on him; but the Finlandman begged he might be heard a few words. This requeſt being granted, the honeſt Finlandman replied, that, had he totally deprived the ſoldier of his uſe of ſpeech, he would not pretend to juſtify his own conduct, but as the herb which he had made uſe of, occaſioned only a temporary deprivation of ſpeech, and the power of that herb might be counteracted in half a minute's time, by the application of another herb, which he had then in his pocket, he hoped the judges would releaſe him, on condition of his reſtoring the ſoldier to the uſe of his ſpeech. This requeſt being alſo granted, the Finlandman applied the antidotal herb to the ſoldier's mouth, and the dumb man inſtantly recovered his ſpeech.

From the ENGLISH PAPERS.

To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, *Esq.*

SIR,

I AM reduced to the cruel neceſſity of addreſſing myſelf to you, Mr. Wagſtaffe, on a moſt important ſubject, as the Committee of the Free-preſs have deſerted the cauſe of liberty and their country, and inſtead of ſcourging an arbitrary Vice-Roy, and his venal dependents, frighten the tender-hearted ladies into fits by their tremendous rod. Laſt Tueſday, a Cabinet Council was held under a pretence of iſſuing a proclamation obliging all ſhips from Ruſſia to perform quarantine, but the true intent of that cabal was to ſtrike at the *very vitals of our conſtitution* by a direct attack on the freedom of—SPEECH! The cruel and tyranical Sancho, not content with ſapping the foundation of liberty by his two odious boards of Exciſe and Accounts, has deviſed a ſcheme to render parliaments uſeleſs; and to ruin and impoveriſh this unfortunate country, without either a *union* or *land tax*.—Yes, Mr. Wagſtaffe, with tears I inform you, that a ſpecial meſſenger is diſpatced for the *Dalecarlian peaſant*; thoſe two public defaulters, Mr. Cl———nts and Sir H———y C—vd—ſh, notwithſtanding the *emptineſs of the treaſury*, have found means to furniſh 10,000l. to bribe the Northern Goth to import a large quantity of his *benumbing* herb againſt the opening of the next ſeſſion. The houſe will be ſurrounded with ſoldiers as it was the 26th of February 1770, and Sawney Cunigambo the Sythian, has already received a commiſſion, under the great ſeal, commanding and authorizing him to rub the mouth of every patriot, the moment he ſays a diſreſpectful word of adminiſtration.—Me-

thinks,

thinks, I now see our generous patriots struggling in the hands of a raw-boned Scot, and making as many wry faces, as poor Gulliver in Brobdignag, when he was crammed by the Monkey. To prevent all opposition, Sir Richrd Johnston, who has signalized himself by suppressing those sons of freedom, the Hearts of Steel, is to attend at the bar of the house with a chosen party of light infantry to assist Cunigambo on the least resistance.

Let me persuade you, my dearest countrymen, at this critical juncture, to form a spirited association to preserve us from slavery and oppression. To rouse your slumbering virtue, I shall paint to your imaginations some of our most celebrated patriots actually suffering under the sacrilegious hands of the barbarous Scot.—Let us *then* suppose Mr. F——d addressing the house in this sublime strain of eloquence, "*I will dispel every shade of darkness by an inundation of light.* The nameless vermin that court sunshine quickens in the *slime* of *venality* shall tremble. They will soon find that the same influence, which produced, will destroy them; when the moisture of that dirt in which they crawl, is a little farther exhaled, they find it stiffening about them: They will first be deprived of *motion, then of life*, and the next gale will sweep them away with the dust in which they perished." [*Vide Irish parliamentary, debates, vol.* 1st. p. 35.]

Here, Sir, he will be interrupted, (and on the Attorney General's giving a signal) delivered over to the hands of the executioner.—See the fatal herb rubbed on his lip—he trembles—turns pale—alas! our Kilkenny Demosthenes is dumb.—Yet still he exerts himself, and menaces the foes of his country by *making*

ing faces at them, for he is yet maſter of that figure of rhetoric, and like the taylor's wife on the ducking ſtooll, is ſatirical by his geſtures, though deprived of the power of ſpeech.—In agonies of deſpair I ſee him gently carried out of the houſe, by his two faithful friends, the M——ſs of K——e and Mr. H——y.

Obſerve that veteran patriot, J—n F—tz——ns, interrupted in the midſt of his harangue, whilſt he thus expatiates on the grievances of his country. "*Here, Sir*, I have made it evident, that *if* there "ſhould be an exceſſive drain of our current ſpe- "cie, there will be a ſcarcity of caſh—and now, "Sir, *if* there is a ſcarcity of gold—this in its "conſequence will occaſion a ſcarcity of ſilver— "and *if* this ſhould happen—there will be an "interruption of trade.—Now, Sir,—by an inter- "ruption of trade—the circulation of caſh will be "checked.—And here, Sir,—the manufacturer "and tradeſman will be diſtreſſed—becauſe it will "be impoſſible to find employment for them, if "there is no demand for manufactures.—And no "money to purchaſe them—there can be none "ſold.—Here, Sir, we are at preſent reduced to "this ſituation by the oppreſſive and unconſtitutio- "nal meaſures of government."—But alas! Old Tiſdalowitz gives the fatal ſignal—the poyſon is applied—and Father John is conveyed off, *croſſing himſelf*, in the arms of Meſſrs. R—w——y and Le H——te.

Whilſt Sir L——s O'B—n is pointing his facetious ſarcaſms at the court, his lips will be cloſed.—Some venal placemen recommend a good *underſtanding* between Great Britain and Ireland, which the witty baronet will anſwer in theſe word.— "Sir, I

am

" am ſurprized, to hear that honourable gentleman " recommend a good *underſtanding* between the " two kingdoms—Sir, I ſay there is no *foundati-* " *on* for a good *under-ſtanding* between them— " for, ſir, the ſea is *between* them. He, he, he,— " and therefore there cannot be a good *under-ſtand-* " *ing* between them. He, he, he." *——The political conjuror waves his wand, Cunigambo approaches. Perhaps C—nſ—r S—tt may move for an arreſt of judgment, by ſhewing the innocency and milkineſs of the baronet's ſatire :—But Black Phil. is inexorable ; and this remnant of Iriſh royalty is carried off (ſimpering at his own joke) in the arms of Meſſ. O'H——a and F——tzg——d.

Again, Mr. Wagſtaffe, let us contemplate little Will. B—gh, acquainting the houſe in a ſpirited harangue, " That after infinite pains and labour, he " had diſcovered that the identical Oliver Plunket, " Preſbiterian teacher, and one of the Committee " of the Free-Preſs, was lineally deſcended from " the executioner who beheaded that tyrant Char- " les the Iſt. and therefore, as a reward for that " *ſubſtantial act of juſtice*, performed by Plunket's " glorious anceſtor, he moved the houſe that they " might addreſs his Excellency to create *him* a Bi- " ſhop, as ſoon as the rev. Mr. Carr, their chaplain, " was provided for."—Inſtantly the wand is waved, —Cunigambo approaches cautiouſly,—Sir Richard marches from the bar with his myrmidons, and, after a deſperate reſiſtance, little Will. ſubmits to his fate, and is carried off by Mr. C—m—r and B——y M—x—ll.

* This was the Knight of Clare's wit, at the Lord-Mayor's table, when the toaſt was— a good underſtanding between G. Britain and Ireland.

But

But let us, with the deepeſt affliction, reflect on the cruel treatment Mr. P—nſ—by receives, even when he apologizes for the arbitrary conduct of the Viceroy. " For my part, ſir, and upon my honour, an " aſſertion, ſir, which is ſacred to me, and which " I never forfeited on any occaſion, I have the " greateſt perſonal eſteem for his Excellency the " Lord Lieutenant.—Sir, I am not prejudiced againſt " government—I am always inclined to ſerve it— " nothing but the good of my country could make " me oppoſe his Majeſty's meaſures—to whom I " and my family confeſs their obligations. Sir, " though the Lord Lieutenant has come from a " country which produced a race of tyrants, for, " as I am informed, William the Conqueror came " from Norfolk, yet I am perſuaded he never meant " to prejudice this country. I have heard, and up- " on my honour I believe it, that he kept as good " a pack of fox-hounds as any in England, and " always rode fair—excellent qualifications for a po- " litician!— I ſpeak from experience, ſir, and with- " out partiality or affection. Though I have been diſ- " miſſed from my employments for my ſincerity and " plain dealing, yet I ſolemnly acquit Lord T——nd " of all act or part therein; however, ſir, the ap- " probation of my conſcience is a better reward " than place, title, or penſion, which I am deter- " mined never to accept of. I always acted with the " greateſt œconomy and integrity, and made the ho- " neſt management and encreaſe of the revenue my " principal ſtudy.—As Speaker, my impartiality in " the chair, eſpecially in all conteſted elections, is " ſo notorious, that I appeal to that right hon. " ſervant of the crown, Mr. Attorney General; let " him ſtate my conduct on the Ardee election, and " that of the county of Galway."———Alas, ſir!

" in

in ſtead of an anſwer, the ſtate inquiſitor riſes, delivers *him* over to the ſecular arm, and honeſt Jack P—nſ—y is carried off by Mr. B——ch and Mr. T—n—m.

The faculties of that conſumate orator and ſteady patiot ſir E——d N——m, may be torpedoed by this wicked weed, before he has half delivered the following abſtract of his ſentiments. "The time, ſir, is now come, when it is the duty "of every man to ſpeak out for the public; corruption and venality have pervaded every part of the "conſtitution, and it has at laſt reached even to the "members of this auguſt aſſembly. How different, "ſir, is this aſſembly now, from what it was in the "time when my friend and admirer Mr. P——y "governed it, or from the parliament men of antient "Rome and Greece, when the tyrant Brennus "trembled at their inexorable countenances giving "judgment in the forum, when they expected to "have their throats cut by the invading tyrants of "their liberty, and their ſacred *aras* and deareſt "*focuſes*. 'Tis not his ſacred majeſty we are to "blame for it, but his wicked repreſentative. That "repreſentative, ſir, if he has but the king's com-"mands, and the law of his ſide, will conſtitute a "Board of more Commiſſioners than ever we "thought of, if the members of this Houſe won't "do the public buſineſs without it: For does it not "appear, that he dares to do any thing? Has he "not dared to turn me out of my office, though "I purchaſed it with money which was more dear "to me as a patriot, becauſe I had no right to it? "I will venture to ſay, ſir, that he is more degene-"rate and dangerous to Ireland, than the *forty five* "Spartan tyrants we read of in antient hiſtory. Be-"fore I loſt my place, no man could tell what I

"meant

" meant by oppoſing government; but how could it " be doubted, that I meant to have my office giv- " en to another, when I ſo loudly and repeatedly " ſaid in full p———t, it was a paltry office, that I " did not value it of the dirt under my feet, and that " I defied the crown to deprive me of it. Suppoſ- " ing, ſir, that I aſked, before I ſpoke, all my ac- " quaintance who I thought were in the ſecrets of " the caſtle, whether if I oppoſed ſtrongly, L—d " T——d would get a body turned out for it; did " I not ſhew the circumſpection of an orator, " without which, that old Roman, Plutarch, ſays, " that an orator is no more than figs upon a trench- " er, or my breech in a band box. But, ſir, though " the crown has loſt a revenue officer, the public " and my friends at Kilmainham, ſhall not loſe an " active and intrepid juſtice of peace. I am ſtill " ready to ride at the head of the troops, if the mob " throw down the walls of the governor's fields at " the hoſpital, and General Dilkes may again ſleep " in peace, and without fear from the danger. If " Jack the Batchelor was not dead, I'd offer to go " againſt him, and deſtroy that ſmuggler, as Pompey " did the pirates. If I am ſent for to the North, " I'll head the forces under Col. Patterſon, as I once " offered to command the corps of Drogheda on " that deſperate ſervice; I will write another epi- " gram with notes more pungent than the former, " againſt Mr. S—n, Col. F—r, and Capt. J—ph- " —n. I will publiſh it again in the Hibernian " Journal, and if what I ſay againſt them is not be- " lieved by the reader, I will make oath before my- " ſelf, of the truth, as I did once of my having Pam " in my hand, when ſome incredulous ladies ſeem- " ed to doubt my veracity. Theſe, ſir, are my " merits, and my reward is greater than my ſuffer- " ings; for every traveller on the road to Munſter,

" ſhall

" ſhall read my name in conjunction with that glo-
" rious word liberty at Kilmainham ; my health ſhall
" be the laſt that ſhall be drunk within ſight of
" our flouriſhing metropolis, and every perſon who
" rides from the new road to the Phœnix, ſhall ſee
" the face of N——m, not aſhamed to ſhew itſelf
" on thoſe ſymbols of patriotiſm, the ſign-poſts.
" I ſhall be remembered as a patriot, when the ſcrib-
" lers of the Batchelor, are gone to the jails which
" are now gaping for them, and to which I ſhall
" be always ready to conduct and commit them."—
The noble frenzy beginning to blaze to a height that might be fatal to tyranny ;—the old Magus ſighs to have this Curtius of popularity ſtruck dumb, and when the weed touches his lips, Mr. Joſeph D—e, and Sir William M——e, bear him off, ſtill ſtrugling in the convulſions of liberty.

I ſhall conclude, Mr. Wagſtaffe, with a ſerious addreſs to my countrymen, to reflect coolly on the calamities which threaten this devoted nation. Let the ſcattered and patriotic members aſſemble—let them appoint deputies to ſupplicate his majeſty, and deprecate the vengeance of the incenſed Sancho. Though they may be ridiculed by court ſcriblers, and though boys may be hired to follow them in the ſtreets with potatoes fixed on the end of ſticks; though they ſhould be called the potatoe ambaſſadors, * (as they once were on a ſimiliar occaſion) yet let them perſevere, and cry out.

Welcome, for thee, fair Virtue, all the paſt !
For thee, fair Virtue, welcome ev'n the laſt !

If this ſcheme ſhould be diſapproved, let them, raiſe ſubſcriptions, and bribe the Delacarlian peaſant to diſcover his *counter-acting* herb, which will im-

* Dalrymple's Memoirs.

mediately

mediately cure the afflicted ſenators. Probably the peaſant will act like an unprejudiced lawyer, and take a fee from both ſides. L—nſt—r-h—ſe may be the appointed hoſpital for the patients reception; and as ſoon as they are recovered, they may take their ſeats again. By this means the antidote may be adminiſtered as often as the poiſon: On the ſame principles, the Middleſex electors returned Mr. Wilkes after every expulſion.—To raiſe an immediate *ſupply*, to anſer theſe ſalutary purpoſes, I make no doubt but the M. of K——re, and the reſt of the public ſpirited committee, would advance the *large ſum* in their hands, for erecting a monument to the great patriot Doctor Lucas, which may be replaced at a more convenient opportunity. There can be no reaſonable objection urged againſt this, for the Romans were permitted to expend the *ſacred* treaſures depoſited in the Capitol, on an invaſion of the Gauls;—and thus, Mr. Wagſtaffe, by imitating that noble precedent, "The phœnix of freedom may ariſe, from "the aſhes of the Doctor, to animate my degene-"rate countrymen."—[*Vide, an addreſs of thanks to the freeholders of Enniſcorthy.*]

I am ſir, yours,

Y. Z.

NUMBER XLIX. *

RESPECT for the genius of Rouſſeau, and veneration for his character, firſt led me to ſeek his acquaintance, and to cultivate his friendſhip: we met like men whoſe ſouls had ſomething

* This was written in the character of David Hume, in anſwer to a letter ſigned Jean Jacques Rouſſeau, which appeared in the Freeman.

conjenial

congenial, and a name in the republic of letters abridged the forms of introduction, and served as a link to that kind of intercourse which subsists between men, unincumbered by the clogs of the world, and the slavish shackles of interest and selfishness. We had called ourselves Philosophers, and as such we were received by those, who did not give themselves the trouble of examining into the right by which we became our own sponsors. In return for this complaisance, I thought myself bound to conform to the world, where it did not interfere with my happiness, or require a sacrifice of my principles; and when I failed to reform abuses, or to rectify errors, I sat down contented with the endeavour, and wished more skill, and better success to my fellow labourers in the same undertaking. The citizen of Geneva I soon found was of a very different complexion: an ardent thirst for pre-eminence in science; a prurient vanity, disguised under the affectation of much simplicity and plainess; an understanding too subtle to be convinced; and a temper too irritable to be at peace, made him jealous, discontented, and uncomfortable. The intimacy which ensued between us, left me no room to doubt that he shunned society, not so much to indulge contemplation, as to escape a scrutiny, which would reduce him to the level of that herd from which he had retired. Heteroclite opinions, and the singularity of sectaries, were sure of his countenance; his was a persecution of establishments, and to shake the foundation of systems, confirmed by compact and prescription, was his principle pursuit, his favourite pleasure, and his ultimate ambition. A retrospect to the cause of his alienation from me, (which became afterwards a subject for the tables, and the news-papers of London,) gives me no uneasiness. Though his misantrophy

rudely

rudely turned back the ſtream of my benevolence on the ſource from whence it firſt proceeded, yet it has ſtill enough of vigour remaining to flow towards him in the ſame gentle and temperate current; and if he will not uſe its waters to waſh away the ſtains of prejudice, let them ſerve as a mirror, where he may contemplate the incongruity of philoſophy with faction; and of profeſſions of good will to mankind in general; with rancorous invectives againſt innocent, and reſpectable individuals.

"The hiſtory," he ſays, "of the Engliſh nation, "firſt induced him to ſeek a refuge among the ſons "of freedom, as he thought them; and my *miſ-* "*repreſentations* contributed to the *captivating er-* "*ror.*"—That is, I have in my hiſtory repreſented the people of England as a free people—my pages contain all the information I could collect on that important ſubject, and my ideas of the Britiſh conſtition ariſe from the ſum of that information. So far then, as I have endeavoured to explain to my countrymen their right to liberty, I am certainly a friend to freedom. "Yet Hume," he ſays, "is the "miſſionary of corruption, and applauds the political "ethicks which himſelf inſpired."—The very reverſe of his premiſes will lead to his concluſion. Had he gathered from my writings that Britain had no juſt claim to freedom, that every circumſcription of monarchy was an innovation, every extenſion of the ſubjects privileges, an encroachment on the royal prerogative, well might this friend to the natural rights of mankind, have called the arbitrary hiſtorian a miſſionary of corruption. What does the miſanthrope mean? Is it that my converſation and example are pernicious, and have a more extenſive influence than my litterary labours? The ſuppoſition

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is abſurd; and yet without this abſurdity, I know not how to collect a propoſition from his inconſiſtent rhapſody.

Let me now conſider his argument on a ſubject ſo often diſcuſſed in the parliament of Ireland, and in the fugitive publications of that country. It is immediately palpable from what political MENTOR, the PHILOSOPHER OF THE ALPS, has imbibed his doctrines of the Iriſh conſtitution. The ſentiments in his letter are an abſtract of that *ſenator's* tenets, whoſe capacity and perſeverance have raiſed him far above his competitors in the ſtrife of oppoſition. That orator has often perplexed the wiſe, and aſtoniſhed the ignorant, with fine-ſpun ſophiſtries on this his favourite topic; and it is not the meaneſt of his triumphs, that his rhetoric has roufed the harraſſed Rouſſeau again to buckle on his armour, and enter the liſts of controverſy in the cauſe of error. It ſhall be my endeavour to ſhew him he is deluded by a phantom; and it will be his duty to thank me for the diſcovery.

In reaſoning on all conſtitutional queſtions, we ought to conſider what the conſtitution and the laws *are*; not what we *wiſh* them to be, or what we *think* they *ought* to be; otherwiſe, we ſubſtitute ſpeculation for reality, and the reveries of every viſionary reformer, for the ſubſtantial acts which hold nations in obedience to legiſlative authority, ſince by that coercion the great end of all civil inſtitutions is promoted, and the frame of government preſerved in harmony and good order.

He aſſerts that the commons of Ireland, *only*, have a right to propound and model bills of ſupply; that the crown of England has *only* a *negative* on ſuch bills, and that it has *no power* to *alter* them. As a friend

friend to the immunities of a generous and loyal people, I am ſorry to inform him that many laws muſt be abrogated, and many precedents ſwept from our remembrance, before any one of his aſſertions will bear the teſt of an examination. Let him look to the ſtatute of Poyning's, by which 'tis provided, that no parliament ſhall be ſummoned in Ireland, till the *articles* of the acts propoſed to be paſſed therein, are firſt certified by the governor and council, under the great ſeal of Ireland. In this there is no exception of money-bills.—Let him turn to the fourth of Philip and Mary, which to prevent the inconvenience of frequent diſſolutions, (and for that purpoſe chiefly) provides, that bills in the uſual form may be certified to England, during the ſeſſions of parliament. In this there is no exception of money bills.—Let him conſider the money bills which have been brought from the governor and council into the houſe of commons, and there paſſed—Let him ſurvey the money bills which have been altered in England, and paſſed with ſuch alterations by the parliament of Ireland —When he has done this let him recommend to the friends of independence, not to deny the exiſtence of ſuch laws and precedents; but, if poſſible, to annihilate them: nor to charge a temperate, and public-ſpirited adminiſtration, with attempts to violate the conſtitution, when they themſelves are in fact, the only innovators. He aſks, "What ſupport "or exiſtence has the ineſtimable privilege of the "commons, that of being their own tax-maſters, if a "rival and deſtructive power be veſted in the crown "of Great-Britain?" I anſwer, that the crown does not exerciſe the power, nor pretend to the power of taxing you; that your bills of ſupply don't become laws till the commons have approved and paſſed them: and that the modelling (as he calls it) an

Iriſh

Iriſh money bill in England, is no more than propoſing to your conſideration, for an uncompelled acceptance, one mode of taxing commodities imported into your kingdom, which England thinks preferable to that you have offered for her approbation.

So far I have examined and expoſed his injuſtice and ingratitude to Mr. Hume, and his ignorance or perverſion of the conſtitution of Ireland. It is now time to try, whether he is more candid or better informed in his ſentiments of the two military gentlemen, who he inſinuates, "Are hired to the taſk of "wounding with their pens, that conſtitution they are "paid for defending with their ſwords." A late publication in the Batchelor which he ſuppoſes to be a joint labour, (though I am well informed of the contrary) is, he thinks, a ſufficient juſtification for his contemptuous admonition to both the writers, and for his malicious accuſation againſt one of them. I have carefully peruſed that paper, and am bold to affirm, that ſo far as it goes in regard to the late Money-Bill, the poſitions are fair, ſenſible, and conſtitutional. For the ſake of letters, I muſt hope, that the author, (let his profeſſion be what it may) will often employ his leiſure and his talents on ſubjects which he ſeems ſo well qualified to handle; let him not abuſe the gifts of nature, and the advantages of education, by mixing in ſcenes of idleneſs, diſſipation and vanity: though his ſtudies ſhould prove offenſive to the pretended champions of liberty, and though the philoſophic Rouſſeau ſteps into the looſe robe of Petronius, and recommends, inſtead of them, the exerciſes of the dance, and the allurements of the theatre. His malice is of a deeper dye, when he addreſſes himſelf to the other gentleman: yet though there be much venom, there is little vigour in the ſhaft he has aimed

at

at him. Baſely and unjuſtly to revile the man to whoſe family he belongs, and to whoſe favour he is obliged, would be abſurd and immoral. I know from good authority, the charge is utterly falſe and groundleſs. Suppoſing it had even the colour of truth; how can Rouſſeau be juſtified for making it public? It ſtrikes at the fortune, not at the arguments of his imaginary antagoniſt. If this *kin* to *Hermes* enrertains an ill opinion of his patron, that opinion muſt have been communicated in the freedom of intimacy, and under the ſecurity of confidence. It muſt have been uttered to the *friend*, not to the *publiſher*. He knows no friend vile enough to *betray* ſuch a *ſecret*. He knows no gentleman wicked enough to *invent* ſuch a *calumny*. As his duty prompted, and his capacity enabled him, he has more than once vindicated the honour of his patron, from the ſhameleſs defamations of a licentious preſs; nor can that noble perſon one moment admit the teſtimony of a libeller againſt the integrity of his advocate, without giving weight at the time, to the ſame ſort of ſpurious evidence, againſt his own inſulted virtues. The Chief Governor knows why the names of theſe gentlemen are become the ſport of every news paper, and the prey of every anonymous mungril. It may raiſe, but it cannot hurt them in his eſtimation. It is, becauſe, they do not look on, and tamely ſee his name reviled, his conduct miſrepreſented, and his government rendered odious. It is becauſe they can diſtinguiſh between *pretence* and *principle*. It is becauſe they have ſometimes wreſted the dagger from the hand of the lurking aſſaſſin, and turned the point againſt the magnifico who ſuborned him. It is in ſhort, becauſe, they have done that in the cauſe of juſtice, public virtue, and private friendſhip, "*quod* "*quiſque ſuos in tali re facere voluiſſet.*

Z *January* 9th 1772. DAVID HUME.

NUM-

NUMBER L.

To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, Esq.

SIR,

IT gave me the greatest pleasure to find, from an intimation in a late Batchelor, that we are to have a cessation of party-hostilities, at least for some time, on the side of your correspondents; and that you will again oblige the public with such Speculations as formerly, when you paper was not engrossed by a few hands, for the purpose of vindicating government, or exposing opposition. As a friend to letters in general, I have seen with concern the powers of reason, rhetoric, and fancy, employed on local and temporary topics, which can scarce hope to survive the short duration of the day that gives them birth: Wit and genius exercised on such perishable subjects, are misplaced and thrown away, no less than elegant ornaments, and exquisite chisel-work would be on the shaft of a sky-rocket, or the rattle of an infant. Though we admire the neat hand of the artist, and the fineness of his tools, we must surely pity his want of judgment, in so gross a misapplication of his skill and industry.

I will not go so far, as to assert that PARTY-WRITING never was, nor ever can be essentially necessary in any cause, or at any conjuncture. In answer to so bold a paradox, I should be told, no doubt, that many administrations have been sup-

ported, or overturned, by the dexterous management of that engine only: the great name of Swift and St. John would be produced againſt me, and I ſhould hear that Mr. Pultney became popular and powerful, not more by his knowledge of buſineſs, and his eloquence in the ſenate, than by his pamphlets, and periodical papers. I ſhould be referred to the report from the SECRET COMMITTE, in the time of Sir Robert, for the great ſums given out of the public treaſury by that wiſe miniſter, to animate the genius, and reward the zeal of his literary coadjutors. The NORTH-BRITON, perhaps, might bring up the rear of this formidable body of authorities; and it would be urged, that a few ſheets of that libel, though utterly deſpicable in point of compoſition, and only formidable for its bold accuſations, and virulent perſonality, ſhook the helm from the hands of the King's favourite miniſter, when neither his own inexperience, nor the jealous cabals of all the diſcontented nobility of England, could intimidate him. The following ſhort anſwer, formed on an anticipation of my antagoniſt's ſagacity, will, I hope, ſerve to diſengage me from one point of a controverſy, into which I had no thoughts of entering.——When I advance ſo ſingular a notion, as that PARTY-WRITING is not an inſtrument of great conſequence in a free ſtate; I mean not to extend it to other times, and to other countries, but to confine it to the country, and the times we live in. Its effects in England have been prodigious, and *there* they muſt ever be ſo. Nay, it cannot be denied, that the whole armoury of oppoſition contains not a weapon of ſuch various uſe, and ſo eaſily managed. In ſkilful hands, it becomes at once a dagger, and a ſhield; it inflicts the wounds, and covers the aſſailant; and even the moſt errant bungler

bungler may employ it, as the footpad does his unloaded piſtol, to bruiſe and terrify: but theſe properties vaniſh when government pretends to wield it. Let me not be underſtood to mean any diſreſpect to the perſon of our preſent Chief Governor, or any contempt of thoſe talents which it is ſuppoſed his patronage has called out to public obſervation. This country is indebted to him for ſeveral excellent laws and regulations; his diſintereſtedneſs is above the breath of impeachment, and his fine endowments are univerſally acknowledged. Let it alſo be one part of his praiſe, that he has ſhewn diſcernment in the choice of his inſtruments, though the principle, which led him to think they might be uſeful for any purpoſe of the ſtate, is erroneous. He has had the art of attaching men of parts and erudition to his intereſts; he has diſtinguiſhed the fruitful ability, from the barren promptneſs to treat every political ſubject; encouraging the one, and rejecting the other. If the meaſures of an Iriſh adminiſtration could derive any advantage from the zealous ingenuity of its literary advocates, many of the eſſays in your paper, deſerve to be preſerved as models for that ſpecies of compoſition. But pray, ſir, what end has been attained by all this waſte of genius, by this "*great effuſion of Chriſtian ink?*" He knows what purpoſe they have anſwered, let him declare it.—It may be ſaid, that the daily papers are "*the brief abſtract, and chronicle of the* "*times; and it were better have a bad epitaph* "*after death, than their ill reproach while living.*" From thence the lower orders of the people form their notions of men and meaſures; without ſuch cheap and expeditious vehicles of intelligence, the ſober citizen, who remains nailed to his counter, and the ruſtic, who ſeldom roves beyond the pre-

cincts of the chase, would never know to what name he ought to offer the libation of a bumper, or for what decision in the senate he should burn his furze-bush. But let me add, that if confusion to the Vice-Roy was tacked to every city toast, and his effigies was the fuel for every bonfire, the governor would not be deluged by the one, nor consumed by the other.

Allow me now, sir, to ask a few short questions. Do the periodical papers of Dublin, make part of the studies of his Majesty or his ministers? Does the King withdraw his countenance from his representative, because the Freeman's Journal describes him as an unworthy object of it? Or does the first Lord of the Treasury forward his arrangments with more expedition, because the MERCURY proves them to be constitutional and necessary? No, sir; it is more than probable, that neither one or the other ever reached the closet or the cabinet.—Do well-stated facts, solid arguments, pointed satire, elegant panygerick, harmonious verses, and fine turned periods, thin the votaries of faction, and bring daily proselytes to the shrine of government? Alas! sir, in such times as these, more political transformations have been wrought by that magic Talisman, the broad seal, dangling at the bottom of parchment, than by all the enchantment of the muses; and the black lists will convince you, that there is more persuasion in a King's Letter, than in the most eloquent address that ever was pen'd to the reason and the passions. You, Mr. Wagstaffe, who have some interest in this question, will rouse, perhaps, and desire me to look back to the history of former Lord Lieutenants: You will tell me that the Duke of Bedford had both power and inclination, to promote

every

every ſcheme for the advantage of this country. You will ſay, he might have ſtood his ground againſt the intrigues of a few crafty politicians in the houſe of commons, had they not called in the preſs to their aſſiſtance. That the baſeſt calumnies were invented, and by this means circulated againſt him; and having no friends to raiſe the mounds of contradiction, or to turn back the foul ſtream on the ſources from whence it proceeded, he was at laſt overwhelmed by a torrent of unoppoſed ſcurrility. You will not ſuffer me to overlook the example of Lord Hertford: the ſhort reſidence of that nobleman, was not diſtinguiſhed by any event to draw upon him the curſe of unpopularity; yet, with powerful connections in England, with a ſteady majority in the Iriſh parliament, he returned to the royal preſence, bleeding all over from the porcupine quills of Grub-ſtreet; which had excited even the unintereſted to deteſt him, and the rabble to inſult him by the groſſeſt indignities, even when under the protection of guarded ſtreets, an attending ſquadron, and all the formalities of a pompous proceſſion. His lordſhip, you will ſay, was ſo ſenſible that a guard of authors was as neceſſary as a guard of ſoldiers, that he bought off, by a conſiderable penſion on the eſtabliſhment, one obſcure and impotent libeller;* and his only champion, Dr. B—rr—ws, would not have been requited with a ſcanty pittance of a few private bounties, had not his infamous private character, and his mean abilities, made him an object unworthy of any further protection. I expect to be aſked triumphantly, did either of theſe noblemen augment a ſtanding army in time of profound peace? Eclipſe the ſplendour and power of their deputies, by conſtant reſidence? Enter a proteſt againſt the proceedings of parliament,

* W—— Ly—d—n.

and afterwards prorogue that parliament for their proceedings? Shake the foundations of the beſt eſtabliſhed intereſts in the kingdom? Diſmiſs men of power and following from their offices, and their honours? Conſtitute new boards, at a time when the revenue was decreaſing; beſides a long catalogue of public and private tranſactions, which malicious ingenuity might eaſily aggravate into the moſt enormous offences? Were the ſpirit of detraction ever more alert? Were our demagogues ever more vociferous? Did the mint of faction ever coin more falſehoods? Have the arrows of envy, revenge, and ambition, ever deſcended in blacker ſhowers, than againſt the head of Lord Townſhend? Has he not been ſearched by every probe, tried by every fire? Has the ſtateſman, the ſoldier, the huſband, the father, the friend, or the patron been ſacred? How comes it then you will ſay, that a man ſo obnoxious, has not long ſince deſerted his ſtation, and ſheltered himſelf in obſcurity from ſuch complicated dangers? ——Were I only to conſider what would be moſt agreeable to the intereſt and opinion of Mr. Wagſtaffe, I ſhould but aſſign one cauſe for all theſe things, otherwiſe unaccountable; namely, the wonder-working operations of your political eſſays: but I find a ſolution of the difficulty in other cauſes more ſatisfactory, becauſe more natural. The ſpirit of the times is not now what it was formerly. The flames of a party in the year fifty-three, were ſcarce extinguiſhed when the duke of Bedford came to Ireland, and a fire ſoon kindled from the hot embers which ſpread to the very walls of the caſtle: afterwards for a ſhort time it ſubſided, till again blown up in the æra of lord Hertford's adminiſtration. The character of his lordſhip was of a caſt little adapted to his ſtation. An enemy to expence, he had

had no relish for hospitality or splendor; his address too, though sufficiently polished, was equally cold and distant to all men, nor did he study any arts of recommending himself to the multitude. An opinion prevailed too generally (though I will not pretend to say how justly) that he prefered the enriching his own family to every public consideration. A rumour also ran, and was believed, that he acted in conjunction with Mr. P—s—by, to stifle in its birth that infant darling of the people, the bill for the limitation of parliaments. These, I imagine, will be allowed very sufficient reasons for their indignation against him. Consider, now, sir, that this very bill was obtained under the auspices of Lord Townshend, while the memory of the obligation was fresh, the people did not lose all sense of gratitude. Add to this, a tax of four shillings in the pound on absentees, a bounty on Irish linen, and other acts of unquestionable merit. But above all, sir, consider the character of that man, who first attempted to stir up opposition against him: even ignorance and dupery stared to hear the language of patriotism from the mouth of Mr. P——by. Distrust of their new convert, held the populace for some time in suspence, till a little reflection at last determined them in favour of that persuasion which he had deserted. The transition was too sudden; such a change might please in a Harlequin, but to produce surprize, is not the only business of a political pantomine.

Your candour, sir, will, I hope, acknowledge that these are good reasons for the opinion I entertain, concerning the inutility of PARTY-WRITing in the cause of government: as to the gentlemen concerned in it, as no one can be more sensible of

their abilities, ſo no one more ſincerely regrets to ſee them employed on unprofitable ſtudies,

Than your humble ſervant,

Z ATTILA.

NUMBER II.

The fair ſat panting at a courtier's play,
And not a MASK *went unimprov'd away;*
The modeſt fan was lifted up no more,
And virgins ſmil'd, at what they bluſh'd before.
POPE.

To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, Eſq;

SIR,

AS the rage for politics is ſomewhat ſubſided, I hope you may find room for an original piece, which has nothing but poetical merit to recommend it. Prologues are too often compoſed without any reference to the play they are deſigned to introduce; and may uſher in Shakeſpear and Congreve, or H——d and Griffith, with equal propriety; like niches in a building, fitted to receive either the buſt of a Cicero, or an alderman. However, the incloſed prologue is an exception: the author paints the manners of Charles's court with a juſt and delicate pencil;—his ſentiments are chaſte and ſpirited, expreſſed in eaſy and harmonious numbers. He cenſures the illiberal and indelicate ribaldry, which

which was the *bon ton* of the age, but respects Wycherly's genius, and manly wit; and by a beautiful and appositе allusion, shews both *his* faults and excellencies.

I am, sir, yours:

Y. THEATRICUS.

PROLOGUE to the PLAIN DEALER, as altered from WYCHERLY.

In Charles's days the bold licentious stage,
With shameless wit disgrac'd, and charm'd the age;
On pleasure's lap entranc'd the monarch lay;
Loose love the night, and riot stain'd the day.
Let Austria treat, and Belgia's cannon roar,
When Villiers jested,—these were heard no more:
Wise laws, grave counsellors grew irksome soon,
Or fell sad victims to each gay buffoon.
At length, proscrib'd by riot's madding crew,
Virtue, with exil'd Clarendon, withdrew,
The court's loose manners to the stage were spread,
Chaste scenes no more were penn'd, no more were read;
But charm'd by coarse obscenity of wit,
Loose as the sov'reign liv'd, the poet writ.
But this a happier æra, shall disclose
In purer streams, how bright its fountain rose:
Taught by this truth the modern poet came,
Who blends with Wycherly his humble name;
Prunes with a cautious hand wild fancy's shoot,
Checks its luxuriance, but preserves its root.
From the bold prise by vigorous genius rear'd,
Whence with false ornaments true skill appear'd,
The false he strips, but trembles to deface
True Doric strength, or touch Corinthian grace. Z.

NUMBER LII.

——————*Poemata pango.* HOR.

VERSES *addreſſed to* G. E. H. *Eſq.*

APOLLO, and the tuneful nine,
Did on Parnaſſus ſit;
A Heav'n-born genius to refine.
For buſineſs,——and for wit.

On Pallas, firſt, they called for aid,
To lend her attick fire.
And inſtantly the blue-ey'd maid,
Did Howard's breaſt inſpire:

With courage for his country's cauſe,
To ſtem corruption's flood;
A Solon, to reform our laws;
A patriot, firm and good.

Hence, tho' Exchequer PLEAS were hid,
He drag'd them into light;
The wrangling, babbling, bar he chid,
And prov'd the LAW was right.

Illuſtrious bard, of NORFOLK line,
Still tune thy matchleſs lays;
Exalt our King in Odes ſublime,
Or chaunt in beauty's praiſe.

You

You ſhew Anacreon's eaſy vein,
And ſoar on Pindar's wing!——
Almeyda, too, adorns the ſcene,
Whilſt you like Shakeſpeare ſing.

Thy muſe can ſtill the people's rage,
Tho' roaring like the ſea;
Your ſcenes deluded mobs aſſuage,
And all their heats allay.

In various arts you ſhine too bright,
Dull bards your fame decry;
Thus ſtrong effulgent beams of light,
Offend the weakly eye.

To G. E. H. *Eſq.* *

WHEN Pope and Swift, illuſtrious ſhone,
All Grubſtreet was in arms;
Thus, Howard's genius, ſo well known,
Each heavy dunce alarms.

Your wit has often ſet them mad,
They can't it's ſting endure,
Your riches too have made them ſad,
—Becauſe the rogues are poor.

* This elegant complimentary addreſs to Mr. H. was occaſioned by the following dull and malicious epigram.

To poets of genius 'twas always a curſe,
To find that their wit only lightened their purſe,
But H—w—rd is happy in his ſcribbling itch
For as he writes nonſenſe, he therefore is rich!
Then Gorgy write on, ſtill *laugh in your ſleeve*;
Your printers alone, will have reaſon to grieve.

Your

Your praiſe extorted from ſuch foes,
Shall well thy fame expreſs;
Let fools or beggars envy thoſe,
Whom ſenſe and riches bleſs.———

NUMBER LIII.

——— *For our end*
We muſt ſuggeſt the people, in what hatred
He ſtill hath held them, that to power he would
Have made them mules, ſilenced their pleaders, and
Diſproperty'd their freedoms: holding them
In human action and capacity,
Of no more ſoul, or fitneſs in the world,
Than camels in the war, who have their provender
Only for bearing burthens, and ſore blows
For ſinking under them.

To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, *Eſq.*

SIR,

YOU have wiſely, in my opinion, avoided as much as poſſible, entering into any altercation with the ſupporters of thoſe two contemptible vehicles of public ſedition, and private ſcandal, the Freeman and Hibernian, and indeed have left them in a great meaſure unnoticed. However, I hope you will not object to theſe few ſtrictures on Brutus's letter of

the

the 3d of this month : he there affects to give an impartial ſtate of the public account between the Lord Lieutenant and the Nation, conſidered as debtor and creditor. To add weight to his reaſoning, he copies the example of the Grub-ſtreet publiſhers of *red and black liſts* ; doubtleſs conceiving, that the colours which heretofore doomed ſo many members of parliament to eternal obloquy, or conſigned them to immortal fame, will carry equal conviction to the underſtanding of his credulous readers. This dull, faſtidious, lying performance, is evidently the child of the puritanic O—l—r P—k—t, notwithſtanding the declarations in the ſame paper to the contrary : his malignant levelling ſpirit is apparent through the whole ; in denying it he only copies the example of his late coadjutor doctor Lucas.

It is to be preſumed, that this worthy author aſſumes his ſignature from the factious tribune mentioned by Shakeſpear ; a man who brought his country to the brink of deſtruction, by the perſecution of her beſt and braveſt citizens ;—how unlike that immortal Roman, who, from a conſcientious and ardent love of liberty, drew his ſword againſt an uſurping tyrant. —I am the laſt man, Mr. Wagſtaffe, that would proſtitute my pen to palliate, or apologize for the *actions* of corrupt magiſtrates, who plunder or inſult my country ; much leſs of a Viceroy who deſerved that character. On the other hand, I think it the duty of every friend to truth, and the public weal, to oppoſe the turbulence of a reſtleſs faction, to detect and expoſe the falſehoods, inſidiouſly calculated to poiſon the minds of the credulous multitude, and to check the overweening pride of thoſe malecontents, who cannot brook that ſubordinate rank in the community, which chance or nature has aſſigned them.———

Whoever

Whoever reflects seriously on the conduct and views of these *men*, will easily discern how impossible it is for the most prudent and mild government to ensure the peace and good order of society. The malignant, tho' contemptible libels of a Pl—k—t, may disgrace the country which was immortalized by a Walker; whilst those popular ruffians, Savage and Redmond, shall parade over the very ground, where the illustrious William marched to our salvation. Such miscreants, as *professed friends* to the prosperity of Ireland, would render every industrious inhabitant discontented with his situation, and justify the excesses of the profligate against the sober and honest part of the community, charging government (as the father of all sin) with the misery and depopulation that inevitably follows.

As *friends to the constitution*, they exhort the juries to judge of the expediency of the law, and the conduct of the legislature who passed it, not of the atrociousness of the crime, or the proof before them; and as *determined opponents* to military *government*, and *augmentations*, they excite and cultivate such a rebellious spirit among the common people, as obliges the landed gentry, and the *northern patriots*, to solicit the aid of the military, and place themselves in fact entirely under their protection.—Such are the patriotic consistencies, and pious labours of Brutus Pl—k—t, and his coadjutors, however unsupported, and even condemned by the general sense of the nation. Indeed, I cannot recollect any county, (Meath excepted) or corporate town, which has adopted his language. The general opinion and voice of this kingdom, breathe nothing but a dutiful acknowledgment of the virtues and firmness of our truly amiable

sovereign,

ſovereign, though he is repreſented in our loyal papers as an ideot, a tyrant, a Jacobite, and a patron of ſodomites. With reſpect to his ſubſtitute here, I ſhould be at a loſs to determine his real character, were it not for thoſe public teſtimonials he has received from ſo many counties and corporations, which have never been cancelled, as I hear, by any one authentic diſavowel, during an unuſual reſidence of five years.

Here might be the proper place to enter into a particular diſcuſſion with Brutus, both as to his Excellency's public and private character; for I obſerve that he is as accurate an arithmetician as Sir W—ll—m M—ne, and keeps a *pence table* to regiſter his charities: as *theſe* are of a private nature, and belong only to the feelings of the heart, I ſhall take no notice of them. The Lord Lieutenant's attention to our public works, charter ſchools, foundling hoſpital, &c. is remembered by every thinking man, when the violence and ſelfiſh ſpirit of a party had drawn on the prorogation. It was a bitter diſappointment to a faction, which hoped to bring every calamity on their country, to ſee themſelves defeated by the kind attention and benevolence of the crown.

Let me proceed to ſtate Brutus's charges, with explicit anſwers, and then preſent the candid and impartial reader with a true account of the many extenſive benefits this country has received in the quinquenium of Lord Townſhend's adminiſtration.

BRUTUS's Charge.

Prorogation.

To be imputed to Mr. P. and the patriots, who paſſed a uſeleſs and unconſtitutional vote. The parliament met the following winter, merely to tranſact the national buſineſs, in conſequence of a decent and dutiful addreſs from the city of Dublin.

Oppreſſions of the veterans at Kilmainham.

An abſolute falſehood. The contemptible ſtring of liès on this head, can be confuted by the teſtimony of every governor of the hoſpital.

Riot Act.

All counties ſhould have a Riot Act, who prefer a legal, to a mob government.

Penſions to whores and pimps.

The charge on the civil liſt for penſions, is decreaſed 6000l. per annum during Lord Townſhend's adminiſtration; nor has he loaded the eſtabliſhment with a ſingle one for any of his blood, or relations.—An unprecedented inſtance of diſintereſtedneſs.

Squandering the public money to purchaſe members of parliament.

An abſurd falſehood.—If the charge could be proved, why did your patriots drop their long blazoned enquiry?

Obſtructing

Obſtructing the act, That the judges ſhould hold their employments, quam diu ſe bene geſſerint.

The nation is obliged to Lord Townſhend for his good intentions: He promoted and recommended this act in the ſtrongeſt manner.—The Prime Serjeant, laſt ſeſſions, explained the true principle, *why* a clauſe was inſerted in that bill, which induced the commons to reject it.

Livings to many ungodly men.

Puritanic cant and nonſenſe.

Augmentation Act.

The beſt military regulation ever adopted.—Prerogative reſtrained, and the defence and ſecurity of the kingdom provided for by the ſame means.

Breach of the royal promiſe, &c.

Abſolutely falſe.—The army *in* this kingdom, conſiſts of four regiments of horſe, eight of dragoons, and twenty-two regiments of foot; they all are as complete as poſſible, *allowing for deaths and deſertions.*

Sinking the Quarterage-Bill.

It is to be feared that the Lord Lieutenant has not ſo much merit on this occaſion, as is imputed to him,—Ireland is the only Proteſtant country, which does not encourage able and induſtrious ſtrangers. The bad policy of this injudicious prevention, is owing to the

the pitiful local jealouſies of the noiſy and monopolizing corporations of a metropolis, ſinking under diſſipation and faction.

The ſpirit of the Abſentee tax diſpenſed with.

This grateful nation is indebted to Lord Townſhend for the Abſentee-tax; nor has he exerted his intereſt or influence to counteract its beneficial effects. He refuſed to recommend Lord Chief Juſtice Clayton's requeſt to the King, for a nett annuity of 1000l. —His conduct on this, and ſimilar applications, is his beſt eulogium.

Supporting Popery Acts.

No acts have been ſupported by government, but ſuch as will conciliate the minds of dutiful, peaceable, though unfortunate ſubjects, at the ſame time that they tended to cure that evil which the Freeman ſo loudly complained of—a ſcarcity of caſh.

Appointing uſeleſs ſurveyors.

The improvement or decline of the revenue will prove whether they are uſeleſs or not.

Preventing (or at beſt, not recommending) the return of Grier's and Howard's bill.

Another bold lie.—The true cauſe of its failure was occaſioned by ſome Engliſh creditors, who petitioned the privy council—and their objections were deemed valid.

Not

Not encouraging trade, by residing at Black Rock.

Is his Excellency to live all the summer at the Castle?—Then why do not our patriots reside in Dublin also? Are not levees held every week? and is not all the cash for the maintenance of his household expended in Dublin?—Which of our patriots can say with his Excellency, that they themselves, or their families, have never worn any thing but Irish manufacture during five years.

Disgracing the representative *of Majesty, by keeping company with the dissolute and abandoned.*

I much fear his Majesty himself will be more disgraced in the next papers.—Who are these dissolute and abandoned?—Is it owing to the charity of the Freemen, that they remain in the shade?

By appointing men, scarcely a degree above ideots, to seats in the privy council.

Are their understandings inferior to Lord L—th's, Lord W——st——th's, Sir W—ll—m M—ne's or Mr. P—ns—by's?

By appointing men to the office of high sheriffs, &c.

It is notorious that justice is more impartially administered than ever, by the appointment of sheriffs: to maintain a strict impartiality in counties, where strong divisions prevail, the sheriffs are frequently nominated *alternately* from each party.

To *Appoint-*

Appointment of the five commiſſioners of exciſe.

The judicious oeconomical regulations already adopted in the revenue, prove their utility.—In a few years Mr. P—nſ—by raiſed the charge of collecting the revenue by incidents, &c. 45,000l. per ann. In a few months the new board have diminiſhed them above 7,000l. per annum.

Commiſſioners of accounts.

It is a fact, that the Lord Chancellor, and the Barons of the Exchequer, neither did, nor had leiſure to examine the national accounts with accuracy and preciſion.—The ſaving to the nation, by the eſtabliſhment of this board, will be conſiderable; as will moſt evidently appear next ſeſſion of parliament.

And laſtly, by great miſrepreſentation of the whole Iriſh nation.

Where did the lying author collect this?—It is probable that if his Excellency, after the prorogation, had repreſented the conduct of a violent, diſappointed faction, to have been the general ſenſe of the kingdom, this parliament had never met again. It is evident from *that* event, that both the Chief Governor, and the Britiſh cabinet, formed a very different idea, nor were they miſtaken; for the ſenſe of the parliament, when they met, and the ſenſe of the whole nation, has proved very different from the language of the Free Preſs, and Proteſting Lords, which are no more than a weak and contemptible imitation of the ſeditious language of the contemptible ſupporters of the Bill of Rights, at the London Tavern.

After

After thus *anſwering*, I hope in a ſatisfactory manner, every charge urged by this deſpicable writer, I ſhall conclude by recapitulating thoſe eſſential benefits which we have received from him.

Abolition of Lords Juſtices, and of an ariſtocratic ſyſtem, which was a diſgrace to a free people.

The Octennial-bill—which has diffuſed an Engliſh ſpirit of liberty among the freeholders of this kingdom.

The Abſentee-tax—which produces 16 or 17 thouſand a year, and ſaves ten times as much to the nation, by preventing many of our nobility and gentry from reſiding abroad.

Actual produce of it —	£.	16,000	0 0
A reſident Lord Lieutenant, (per annum) —		16,000	0 0
The bounty on linen *renewed*. This, by *experimental proof*, occaſions the export of 3,564,381 yards, value — —	£.	237,625	0 0
An *extenſion* of the bounty to Iriſh printed Linens.			
Preventing a bounty of three-halfpence a yard on all Manchester checks, which would have operated as a bounty of 45l. per cent. againſt our linen manufacture.			
Reduction of the ſtaff, — —		2737	0 0

Penſions

Penſions diminiſhed, - - 60000 0 0

The Privilege Bill, which has *diſobliged* ſeveral of the Patriots, by ſubjecting them to the laws of their country, and compelling them to act like honeſt men.

The Bankrupt Bill, which will extend our trade, by eſtabliſhing confidence and credit among our Merchants.

The Rum-bill—which will extend to our commerce, and increaſe the revenue. 40,000 0 0

A judicious parliamentary augmentation, by which the royal prerogative was reſtrained, and a corps of twelve thouſand troops provided for the defence and ſecurity of the people who pay them. That public ſpirited meaſure, executed with the ſtricteſt œconomy, produce a ſaving of 23,358l. 15s. 8d. This was effected by the Lord Lieutenant's *innovating* on the uſual mode of iſſuing pay for the intended augmentation, as ſoon as it was voted. By this means, a large non-effective fund became the property of the public, and was applied to the ſervice of the ſtate.

The appointment of more Iriſh judges, and Iriſh biſhops, than any of his predeceſſors.

VERAX.

To

To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, Esq.

THE passionate and tender sentiments of love, are expressed with elegance and classical purity, in the following beautiful verses. By inserting them in your Speculations, you will oblige,

MUSÆUS.

KISSES.

By PAUL JODDEREL, *Esq*;

SOLLICITOR *to the late* PRINCE *of* WALES.

AS erst to Damon's sacred shade,
These eyes their grateful tribute paid,
Of many a tear beguil'd:
Sweet Anna saw my tender grief,
And in kind pity brought relief;
She kiss'd me, and I smil'd.

2.

Ambition next my bosom warm'd,
Adieu each softer care:
Alarm'd the fair Enchantress came:
One kiss infus'd a gentler fire,
I felt the noble heat expire,
And curs'd the phantom Fame.

3. Transfix'd

3.

Transfix'd by Envy's poiſon'd dart,
When late my inly-feſt'ring heart,
Conſum'd in ſilent pain;
Like wounded Edward's gen'rous Bride,
Sweet Ann her balmy lips apply'd,
And drew out all the [redacted] bane.

4.

Strange to relate, the Tygreſs rage,
Her gentle kiſſes can aſſuage,
And in ſoft fetters bind;
Not muſic's powerful charms e'er gain'd,
Or calm philoſophy attain'd
Such empire o'er the mind.

5.

Then to ſecure my peace and bliſs,
Sweet Ann in one eternal kiſs,
Breathe in the all healing balm;
No, ceaſe thou fatal fond deſire,
Ah, treach'rous kiſſes you inſpire
More paſſions than you calm.





Fortunati Ambo.

NUMBER LIV.

Cum tot sustineas, et tanta negotia solus. HOR.

An EPISTLE *to* GORGES EDMOND HOWARD, esq; *with Notes explanatory, critical, and historical, by* GEORGE FAULKNER, esq; *and* alderman. *The Ninth edition, with material additions.*

Advertisement, by the Annotator.

THIS Poem is justly ranked with the most celebrated Compositions of Doctor Swift, Pope, Major Pack, Cowley, Prior, Mrs. Pilkington, Parnel, Addison, and Henry Jones, whose Works may be had, bound or in Sheets, at my Shop in Parliament-street. I have undertaken, at the Request of my Friends, to add Annotations, Remarks, Strictures, and Observations, explanatory, critical, and historical, for the Benefit of Strangers, who might otherwise be ignorant of many Persons, Things, and Circumstances, alluded to in the Composition, after the Manner and Form of my Notes on Dr. Jonathan Swift, D. S. P. D. that have not a little contributed to improve, and likewise make his Works be understood. I should now likewise observe, that it hath already gone thro' Eight Editions in the City of Dublin, this being the Ninth, and Two in London, where I am less known; but

by my Journal and the Earl of Chesterfield which maketh its Circulation much more general, the Monthly Reviewers for the Month of August 1772, *remarking,* "*That it is a Piece of excellent Hu-*" *mour at the Expence of Mr Faulkner the Print-*" *er,*" *affording the highest Entertainment thereat; whereby they mean Mr. Howard the Attorney. Printed by William Goldsmith in Pater-Noster-Row, and T. Lewis in Russel-street, Covent-garden.*

An EPISTLE *to* GORGES EDMOND HOWARD, esq; (a)

LET F-k-r boast (b) of rhymes and letters,
To praise himself, and maul his betters;
For

(a) *Epistle to G. E. H.*]—He hath amassed a considerable fortune by various means, and lived in tolerable repute, as a practising attorney; till he quarrelled with the author hereof; who has since exposed him in sundry witty paragraphs, pointed epigrams, stinging repartees, facetious verses, biting epistles, humorous acrostics, sharp railleries, keen retorts, brilliant quibbles, and anonymous stanzas.

(b) *Let Faulkner boast, &c.*]—George Faulkner, printer, bookseller, and author of the Dublin Journal. He hath lived with the first wits of the present age in great credit, and upon a footing of much intimacy and kindness. He is well known to have been the particular friend of the Dean of St. Patrick's, and at this moment corresponds with the Earl of Chesterfield, whose letters will be published by him immediately after the demise of said Earl.

He

For law and wit we read your page,

He was ſent to Newgate by the Houſe of Commons, in the year 1738, for his ſteadineſs in prevaricating in the cauſe of liberty; and ſworn an alderman of Dublin in the year 1770: fined for not ſerving the office of ſheriff in the year 1768. His Journal (to which he hath lately added a fourth column) is circulated all over Europe, and taken in at the coffee-houſes in Conſtantinople, beſides Bath, Briſtol, Boſton, Tunbridge Wells, Brighthelmſtone, Virginia, and Eyre-Connaught. In his paragraphs he hath always ſtudied the proſperity and honour of his native country, by ſtrenuouſly decrying of whiſkey, projecting cellars, holes made by digging for gravel in the high roads, voiding of excrements in the public ſtreets, throwing of ſquibs, crackers, ſky-rockets, and bone-fires; by which many lives are loſt, men, women, and children maimed; ſick perſons diſturbed out of their ſleep; eyes burned out, and horſes ſtartled; recommending it to Archbiſhops, Dukes, Lords, Privy Counſellors, Generals, Colonels, Field Officers, and Captains, to fall down precipices, tumble into cellars, be overturned by rubbiſh thrown in the ſtreets, in order to remove nuiſances; diſſuading all bloods, bucks, ſmarts, rapparees, and other ſuch infernal night-walkers, from committing man-ſlaughter upon pigs, hackney horſes, watchmen's lantern's, and other enormities: profane curſing and ſwearing, and breaking the Sabbath, and the commandments; exclaiming againſt the importation of potatoes, and adviſing to grow more corn; inciting to virtue by characters in his Journal, and calling upon the magiſtrates to do their duty.—The Earl of Cheſterfield compareth him unto Atticus a Roman Baronet, and ſundry other compliments.——*N. B.* His nephew Todd, continueth to make the beſt brawn, and hath

Which guides the courts and charms the ſtage. (c)
The *ermin'd ſages* quote your *Pleas*,
And children liſp your roundelays.
On Fancy's wing aloft you ſoar,
To praiſe Monroe, (d) and Letty Gore;
Their

hath lately imported a large quantity of James's Powders.

Beſides the great men above-mentioned, as Dean Swift and the Earl of Cheſterfield, who at preſent correſpond with the author hereof, he hath the moſt kind, affectionate, and complimentary letters from the celebrated Mr. Pope, of which the following underwritten Epiſtle is a copy.

" To Mr. George Faulkner, Bookſeller, in Dublin.

" SIR,

" I hear you have lately publiſhed an edition of " Doctor Swift's Works: ſend it to me by the firſt " opportunity, and aſſure the Dean that I am ever, " his ſincere and affectionate ſervant.

" Alexander Pope."

Alſo the following moſt friendly letter from the famous Mr. Wilkes.

" To Alderman Faulkner, Dublin.

" SIR,

" As I have no further occaſion for your Journal, " I deſire you will diſcontinue ſending it to your " humble ſervant, John Wilkes."

(c) *Which guides the courts, and charms the ſtage.*]—Howard hath publiſhed Pleas on the Exchequer Equity; Rules of Chancery; Almeyda, or the Rival Kings, a Tragedy; the Siege of Tamar, and the Female Gameſter in Manuſcript.

(d) *To praiſe Monroe.*]—This hinteth unto the under-written ſtanzas of ſaid Howard, whereby he adviſeth and encourageth a painter to proceed in painting

Their charms ſhall laſt in ſong divine,

painting ſaid lady, and likewiſe publicly declareth, that he himſelf will be an adventurer, and will dare to undertake to compleat, and alſo to finiſh the piece, by partly ſupplying ſome hints, whereby ſaid painter may be forwarded in his work.

To a certain nobleman, on being told he had wiſhed for the picture of a celebrated beauty.

Fond ſwain, I hear your wiſh is ſuch,
Some painter ſhould on canvaſs touch,
The beauties of Monroe;
But where's the adventurer will dare,
The happy mixture to prepare,
Her peerleſs charms to ſhew.

Yet by thoſe radiant beauties fir'd,
And my ambitious muſe inſpir'd,
Let me ſome hints ſupply:
To nature's ſtores then ſtraight reſort,
Cull ev'ry tint, the goddeſs court,
This piece to dignify.

—Firſt, let the cheek with bluſhes glow,
Juſt as when damaſk roſes blow,
Gliſt'ning with morning dew;
Contraſted with the virgin white,
With which the lily glads the ſight,
Blend them in lovely hue.

And truly then that cheek to grace,
Upon her flowing treſſes place,
The cheſnut's auburn down;
Her lips you may in ſort depaint,
By cherries ripe, yet ah 'twere faint,
Should them with her's be ſhewn.

Like embryos preſerved in wine. (e)

Your

Next, let two eyes with luſtre gleam,
Even as the ſun's reflected beam,
Upon the glaſſy lake;
Tinge it with dye of brilliant jet,
Let it in milk be ſweetly ſet,
Each wand'ring heart to take.

Let the tranſparent web of lawn,
Be o'er the virgin boſom drawn,
As fair—yet cold as ſnow;
That love may thro' the veil eſpy,
What elſe were more than mortal eye,
Cou'd view and ſafely know.

But O to trace th' internal grace,
That beams divinely in her face,
How vain the muſe would ſoar:
If e'er celeſtial cherub came,
To bleſs thy ſight, in myſtic dream,
Snatch that——the taſk is o'er.

(e) *Like embryos preſerved in wine.*]—Embryo's are young children which are not born, which Anatomiſts after they come into the world preſerve in ſpirits of wine in bottles. There is the fineſt collection of theſe in the known world, in the College Anatomy-houſe, in Dublin; alſo many human figures of both ſexes in wax, in the fact of child-bearing, a dead ſhark, and an Ægyptian mummy, as old as king Charlemaigne.—It may be of great ſervice to families who are apt to keep their children in bottles, to mention an accident which happened by this means, to a perſon who was my particular acquaintance. Being taken in the night with a violent tooth-ach, and wanting to ſwage it with brandy, or ſome hot liquor, he ſtarted out of bed in the dark, and ſeized a bottle which he found on the top of the chimney, but being ſurprized to meet ſomething

Your classic pencil finely traces,
The beauties of the SISTER GRACES; (f)

thing solid between his teeth, he cried out to his lady, who was asleep by his side, what's this in the bottle over the chimney? and was much concerned and ready to vomit, when she replied, that it could be nothing else but poor little Dickey.—By burying them decently as soon as they are born, it may prevent their being drank, and other accidents to which bottled children are liable.

(f) *The beauties of the* SISTER GRACES.]—Three Miss Montgomeries, on whom Howard wrote the following under-written verses printed in these notes.

On the absence and return of THE THREE FAVOURITE SISTERS.

Of late Love's Queen all in despair,
Fled through each region of the air,
Her graces were astray:
To seek them Maia's winged son,
From Pole to Pole with speed had run,
It was a bustling day.

Cupid who had to earth been sent,
Return'd, with haste and toil near spent,
And vow'd he saw them there:
That 'twas on fam'd Ierne's shore,
Than which with beauties none shines more,
On the terestrial sphere.

Straightway a troop of little Loves,
Who tend their Queen where e'er she moves,
And bask in her sweet eyes:
Flew for the nymphs, whom, when they brought,
Alack! 'twas found the urchins caught,
The three Montgomeries.

Soon

When in an eaſy vein you tell us,
Of Love's miſtake, and Venus jealous.
His ſire, his fortune to improve,
To ſtudy law young Ovid drove, (g)
He heeded nought but verſe and love.
The ſame thy vein ;—but happier you,
Can make eſtates and verſes too ;
In both you equally ſucceed,
Reſiſtleſs when you ſing or plead ;
Thus by the force of diff'rent arts,
Men loſe ther lands, and maids their hearts.
Oh how each breaſt with rapture glow'd,
At your ſublime Pindaric Ode : (h)

With

Soon as their charms ſhone full to view,
The Paphian Goddeſs jealous grew,
She fear'd her future reign :
Her boy ſhe chid for his miſtake,
Nor would forgive, 'till he took back,
The three to earth again.

(g) *To ſtudy law young Ovid drove.*]—Ovid, otherwiſe called Naſo, a famous poet in the reign of Auguſtus. He wrote ſeveral books of Metamorphoſis, or the changing of one thing into another, Love Epiſtles, and Faſt Days : he was not called to the bar, nor ever practiſed as an attorney. For further particulars ſee his works, *In Uſum Delphini*, printed and ſold by me in Parliament-ſtreet.

(h) *At your ſublime Pindaric Ode.*]—Howard wrote an Ode on his Majeſty's Birth-day, which much reſembleth Dryden's on the Feaſt of Alexander. I have conſulted ſundry of the beſt critics, judges, and geniſuſes ; Mr. Dexter, who keepeth the Four-Courts Marſhalſea ; Mr. Kavanagh, attorney at law ; Mr. Croker ; Alderman Emerſon,

at

With your applauſe the Garden rings, (i)
When you deſcribe the beſt of Kings;
All hearts to loyalty you tune, (k)

P 5 'Till

at the Spinning-wheel, Caſtle-ſtreet, and others; who all aſſure me they don't think Howard's Ode ſuperior to Dryden's. In my own opinion, Dryden's is preferable.—For inſtance, the following Stanzas equal, if not ſuperior to, any of the aforeſaid Poet's, or of Swift, Pope, Pindar, Plutarch or C. Cibber.

I.

Celeſtial maids deſcend and ſing
With rapture touch the trembling ſtring;
To hail the ſun of this auſpicious morn,
On which the Star of Britain's iſle was born.

II.

While conquerors joy in din of arms,
And ſhake the Globe with dire alarms;
Great GEORGE's glory is to be
The beſt, the Father of the free.

III.

When death ſhall blot out every name,
And time ſhall break the Trump of fame:
When tongues ſhall ceaſe, and worlds conſume
Thy fame ſhall laſt, thy glories bloom.

(i) *With your applauſe the Garden rings.*]——The Garden, commonly called the New-Gardens, or Doctor Bartholomew Moſs's Gardens. They were opened in the year 1757, and an hoſpital erected for lying-in women. 'Tis an excellent charity, and a ſtately edifice.—This note was ſent me by an ingenious friend, who deſires his name may not be made public.

(k) *All hearts to loyalty to tune.*]—The people of Ireland are remarkable for a great deal of loyalty, and thick legs: as proof of this, the Government goes

'Till Jacobites turn Whigs in June! (l)
Well Bartlemon' (m) you may take pride in
A bard who ſoars above old Dryden; (n)
For

goes in their coaches every 4th of November round the ſtatue of his Majeſty King George II. at Stephen's-green, in honour of King William III. who hath one of his own in College-green, of glorious and immortal memory, whom God long preſerve.

(l) *Jacobites turn Whigs in June.*]—The furious blind rank ſticklers for the Houſe of Stuart, were called Jacobites, becauſe they abhorred, deteſted, and diſliked King William IIId. of glorious and immortal memory. I knew a Jacobite of great learning, parts and erudition, who was found ſmothered alive in the Black-hole at Calcutta, with my Journal in his fob.

(m) *Bartlemon.*]—A celebrated muſician, who playeth upon the fiddle at the New-Gardens, or Doctor Bartholomew Moſs's Gardens. He ſet Howard's ode to muſic, on the birth-day of his Majeſty George III. whom God long preſerve. *Vivat Rex.*

(n) *A bard who ſoars above old Dryden.*]—John Dryden, a poet, who was well known in the reign of Charles II. He was born of a gentleman's family in Northamptonſhire. In order to give his Countrymen of Ireland ſome more intimate knowledge of him, (no author's works having a better ſale at my ſhop in Parliament-ſtreet) I undertook a journey to London, to collect materials for his life; but after remaining there three months for this purpurpoſe, I could only learn that he was accuſtomed to ſit in a big chair among the wits at Button's; and this my friends telling me not being ſufficient for a life of ſaid poet, I accordingly diſcontinued it.

I alſo begun a life of the Dean of St. Patrick's, in

For who that Howard's Ode can taſte,
Will reliſh Alexander's Feaſt?
Shou'd fooliſh George attempt to turn all
Your works to burleſque, in his Journal,
You'll make him of your wit the butt,
And prove a deadlier foe than Foote. (o)

For

in a ſtyle which was much admired, and equal to the fine ſimplicity of the Greeks, and the Dean himſelf, which I begun in this manner. "Dean Swift "was a man who had wax in his ears." I am in poſſeſſion of many other anecdotes, known to no perſon now living, and when they are compleated it will be publiſhed by me and my executors in Parliament-ſtreet.

(o) *And prove a deadlier foe than Foote.*]—Samuel Foote, Eſq; manager of the Theatre-Royal in the Hay-Market, London. He expoſed Alderman Faulkner, under the character of Peter Paragraph, in one of his pieces, acted upon Smock-alley ſtage in Dublin. He was proſecuted for ſaid offence by Mr. Faulkner, and tried before Mr. Juſtice Robinſon, who inveighed very eloquently againſt ſtage-players, and ſaid he might be conſidered as rubbiſh or a dunghill, and brought under the head of nuiſances.—The learned council for the proſecutor, alſo compared him unto Ariſtophanes, and the alderman unto Socrates; adding alſo, that Socrates was not the worſe for the compariſon. The play-houſe would have run with blood on this occaſion, and many ſwords would have been drawn, had not Mr. Faulkner prevailed on his friends (who were preſent every night of the repreſentation) to hear the piece out, and let him take his remedy by law; to which they very obligingly conſented.——*N. B.* Said Foote hath with impunity expoſed upon the ſtage, ſome of the greateſt men, and greateſt wits

now

For tho' good-natur'd all your life.
Averſe to calumny and ſtriſe,
Yet Satire's ſting you can impart,
Tho' oft good-nature hides the dart:
On thiſtles thus ſoft down we ſpy,
Yet underneath ſharp prickles lie,
In vain the Freeman aid ſhall bring,
" You're not a bee without a ſting;" (p)
Tho' wiſely ev'ry ſweet you cull,
Of which your apothegms are full. (q)

Your

now living; ſuch as the late Duke of Newcaſtle, Mr. Glover, the late Alderman Beckford, Mr. Langford the auctioneer, Mr. Peter Taylor, and the Rev. Mr. Whitfield. He loſt his leg by a providential fall from his horſe, in company with his late Royal Highneſs the Duke of York, at the ſeat of the Earl of Mexborough, he was taken up much bruiſed, and the amputation was performed by Surgeon Bromfield.

(p) " *You're not a bee without a ſting.*"]—There is a peculiar felicity (as I am told) in this compariſon of Howard unto a bee, although the Epiſtle ſayeth that he " is not a bee," for whereas a bee never reſteth upon one bud or flower, but flyeth about in wandering and uncertain angles, from ſhrub to ſhrub, and from Hollyhock to poppy, and never is content until his bags be filled: ſo Howard hath amaſſed an ample fortune by different occupations; and alſo hath compleated a volume of apothegms, from the divers rich ſpoils of learning which he hath happened to encounter in his poring over books, many of which he hath had acceſs to in my ſhop in Parliament-ſtreet.

(q) *Of which your apothegms are full.*——Some of the greateſt geniuſes of antiquity, and the moderns, have

Your verſe the Iriſh (r) SHAMROCK *ſaves*,
You ſtamp your genius on its leaves:

St.

have taken particular delight in collecting all the wiſe ſayings, and brilliant proverbs of the cute obſervers upon men, manners, and things—an excellent collection of this ſort is to be found in one of the laſt pages of Boyer's French Gentleman's Grammar. But I am informed that the Lord Bacon, Baron Verulam, Viſcount St. Albins, and Plutarch, have been more induſtrious in this way than any of their cotemporaries, the moderns. Howard, in imitation of theſe ſupernatural wits, is alſo the author of a compilation of an octavo volume, under the title of Howard's Apothegms, collected from Bacon, Plutarch, Sir John Fielding, Julius Cæſar, The Wit's Vade Mecum, Solon, a Chriſtmas Box for Young Ladies, Taylor's Holy Living and Dying, and the Buck's Companion.

(r) *Your verſe the Iriſh* SHAMROCK *ſaves.*]—This moſt certainly meaneth the multifarious collection of poems, printed in a thick volume in quarto, at the inſtigation of Mr. White, the writing-maſter, in Grafton-ſtreet, by ſubſcription, for his benefit, which conſiſteth of his pupils, their fathers, grand-mothers, aunts, parents, couſins and other kindred, whoſe names are made public for the encouragement of the work.—Said Mr. White further teacheth, and inſtructeth, young maſters, miſſes, and other children who are come to their full growth, in the Whole Circle of the Sciences, ſuch as Salmon's Gazetteer, aſtronomy, the whole ſecret of ſpelling made eaſy to the meaneſt capacities, the uſe of their letters to thoſe who cannot read, geography, the true meaning of the globes, hiſtory and other branches of the mathematics.—The big book of Madregals which he publiſhed he ſtyleth the SHAMROCK, it being compoſed of the choiceſt

St. Patrick with a gracious ſmile,
Beholds *thee* poet of his iſle, In

choiceſt pieces of wit and humour which ever appeared, and doth great honour to the geniuſes of this kingdom, it having been wrote altogether by Iriſhmen, ladies, and other lords of quality ſince the revolution.—Here followeth two of the moſt admired verſes in the whole production, one being An Epigram on " a lady employed in the office of blowing a *turf* fire with her pettycoat, for want of a pair of bellows."—And the other on ſaid lady, " who was ſo diſaſtrous as to ſpill a diſh of tea upon her apron." Which will do for a ſample of the reſt, they being equal, if not ſuperior, to any of the foregoing, or thoſe inſerted after.

EPIGRAM. *On a cup of tea, ſpilt in a lady's lap.*

Mourn not, AMIRA, that to love's abode
The warm adventurous ſtream preſumed to preſs.
Not chance, but ſome unſeen admiring God
In rapturous ardour ſought the ſweet receſs:

Nor doubt what Deity, ſo greatly bold
In form unuſual thus ſhould viſit thee;
The God, who raviſh'd in a ſhower of gold
Can charm the *fair* one in IMPERIAL TEA!

EPIGRAM. *To a young lady blowing a turf-fire with her petticoat.*

Ceaſe, ceaſe, AMIRA, peerleſs maid!
Though we delighted gaze,
While artleſs you excite the flame
We periſh in the blaze.

Haply you too provoke *your harm*
Forgive the bold remark,
Your petticoat may fan the fire
But, O, beware a SPARK.

In

In buſkin'd dignity you ſhine, And

In the ſame ſtyle and form, and I think more ſtinging, I made an Epigram on my Nephew Tom Todd, (which Mr. White promiſeth to inſert in his next edition of the Shamrock) who is always ſtirring and rooting the fire becauſe he thinks he never can be hot enough, ſince he was ſun-burnt in the Eaſt-Indies, it being there dog-days all the year over ſummer and winter, as it is with us in the dog-days in Auguſt.—Tom Todd, ſays I, extempore, You put me to a great ſupernumery expence in COALS, which coſts me a great deal of COLE.—COLE is a cant word among my news-boys and other black-guards, for caſh, pounds, ſhillings, pence and farthings. This I have briefly expreſſed in my excellent Epigram, which is as followeth.

Tom Todd the fire always prokes,
For he's a hearty ſoul;
His unkle cannot SLACK his jokes,
But always pays the COLE.

Mr. Howard was very much enraged becauſe Mr. White did not print ſome of his anagrams and acroſtics in the body of the work, though he had no juſt pretenſion thereto, he not having been one of Mr. White's pupils, nor a ſubſcriber to his book, who to pacify his rage made an Appendix to make room for him.—*N. B.* The SHAMROCK is a green herb, which groweth and flouriſheth among the graſs, in our pleaſure gardens and in the open fields on St. Patrick's birth-day, which commonly happeneth on the 17th day of March, and is worn by moſt people at home and abroad, eſpecially at court in croſſes in honour of the Saint, who was the firſt chriſtian biſhop of Armagh, and converted the poor infatuated natives of this country from the errors of the church of Rome, by the help of the Shamrock as ſaid White obſerveth.—He likewiſe baniſh-

ed.

And prove your claim to Norfolk's *line*; (f)
That *line* which pull'd *fanatics* down,
And always prop'd the church and crown. (s)
You prove what riches tillage yields, (t)
And ſmiling plenty crowns our fields; Sure

ed toads, ſerpents, frogs, ſnakes, wolves, bears, nightingales, and other venemous creatures, but was pleaſed to leave us crabs, lobſters, rabbits and other ſea fowl.—The common people moſt commonly get drunk on this day with whiſkey, which occaſioneth much fighting, quarrelling, maiming, bruiſing, bad language, and other accidents.

(f) *And prove your claim to Norfolk's line.*]—The Duke of Norfolk's name is Howard, from which Gorges Howard is deſcended in a ſtraight line, his anceſtor being the Hon. Mr. Edward Howard, who was alſo reputed a great dunce in the reign of King Charles the IId. and compoſed ſeveral plays and tragedies, ſuch as the Britiſh Princes, King Arthur, &c. which ſuffered much abuſe and provocation, from the witty noblemen of the day, being the Earl of Dorſet, Mr. Dryden, Lord Rocheſter, Mr. Butler author of Hudibras, the Duke of Buckingham and others.

(s) *And always prop'd the church and crown.*]—Mr. Howard is church-warden of Mary's church, and was employed as an attorney by the Rev. Mr. Moſes Magill, the curate of the pariſh to ſpeak againſt the Preſbyterians, who refuſed to pay ſaid Moſes for diſturbing them with prayers early in the morning at an unſeaſonable hour, though they never attended divine ſervice; which Mr. Howard did, to the univerſal ſatisfaction of all his pariſhoners at a veſtry.—He is likewiſe ſolicitor to the crown, for the quit rents, caſual revenue, and other forfeited eſtates.

(t) *You prove what riches tillage yields.*]—Howard is

Sure all who read you muſt allow,
You write as if you held the plough.
You prove by ploughs the kingdom's fed, (u)
That *pictures* cannot ſerve for *bread:*
From whence 'tis plain this lazy nation,
Owes to you pen its preſervation.
My muſe the Architect now greets,
Whoſe lofty domes adorn or ſtreets; (w)
Who,

is the author of ſeveral letters, ſigned Agricola, recommending tillage. I printed them without any expence to the author, before our quarrel, but have ſince declined it. He hath taken moſt of his hints from my paragraphs, and endeavoured to imitate my ſtyle and ſpirit; but my friends tell me he hath failed therein.

(u) *You prove by ploughs the kingdom's fed.*]—Ploughs, an inſtrument for turning up the earth, were firſt invented by Triptolemus, a near relation of the Goddeſs Ceres, and afterwards much improved by Mr. John Wynne, Baker, of the Dublin Society—The Iriſh formerly ploughed by the tail with the bullocks; but upon Dr. Swift's voyage to the Houynhams being publiſhed, and his ſaying ſo much in praiſe of horſes, this barbarous, horrid, attrocious, ſhocking, deteſtable, cruel, nefarious cuſtom was aboliſhed by act of parliament. See an Abridgement of the Iriſh Statutes, ſold by me in Parliament-ſtreet.

(w) *Whoſe lofty domes adorn our ſtreets*]—Howard owneth many houſes in Parliament-ſtreet. I built my own houſe myſelf, Howard having nothing to ſay to it, nor ſhall ever come within my doors, unleſs it be to pay for advertiſements in my Journal, or to buy medicines of my nephew Todd.—It may be worth while to mention a very entertaining anec-

dote

Who, Vanburg like, claims double bays, (x)
For piling ſtones and writing plays,

Your

dote (for the ſatisfaction of the curious) relating thereunto: When my houſe was building, I happened to be out of the way one morning, penning an advertiſement for an agreeable companion to pay half the expence of a poſt chaiſe, to ſee that ſtupendous curioſity of nature, the Giant's Cauſeway, about which 'tis ſtill a doubt amongſt the learned, whether it be done in the common way by Giants, or whether it be an effort of ſpontaneous nature, and my houſe was erected without any ſtair-caſe; whereby the upper ſtories were rendered uſeleſs, unleſs by the communication of a ladder placed in the ſtreet. But upon conſidering my misfortune in wanting my member, and the careleſneſs of hackney coachmen, who drive furiouſly through the ſtreets at all hours, in a ſtate of drunkneſs from the ſpiritous liquors, whereby the ladder might be ſhook or thrown down when I was aſcending it, I thought it better to re-build my houſe, and it has at preſent a ſtair-caſe, by which there is a convenient and elegant communication between all parts of ſaid tenement.—It is ſomewhat remarkable that my houſe in Eſſex-ſtreet had no ſtair-caſe, whereby nature ſeemeth to point out, that having but one leg, I ought not to attempt climbing, and ſhould always remain on the ground floor.

(x) *Who Vanburg like, &c.*]—Sir John Vanburg. He was a great poet and architect. I was not perſonally acquainted with him any farther than printing his works, becauſe he died before my time. Being impriſoned in the Baſtile, and having no light, nor pen or ink allowed him, he amuſed himſelf with drawing divers plans of the Baſtile which he hath ſince introduced into many buildings with great ſucceſs, particularly Blenheim, which much reſembleth the Baſtile.

Your ſkill inſtructs Gymnaſtic ſchools, (y)
And Carte and Tierce reduc'd to rules,
Prove you the firſt of mortal men,
To poiſe a ſword, or point a pen.
New light on ev'ry art you ſtrike,
And matchleſs ſhine in all alike;
For who can tell if moſt you're ſkill'd in
The pen, the plough, the ſword, or building?
A puny author may diſcloſe
Some ſkill in rhyme, but none in proſe;
In proſe another ſhews his wit,
Who can't a ſingle ſtanza hit:
Your foes unwillingly confeſs,
In both you equal ſkill poſſeſs. (z)

On

(y) *Your ſkill inſtructs Gymnaſtick ſchools.*]—Howard wrote a treatiſe on fencing, and is accounted an expert ſwordſman—He declined accepting a challenge which I ſent him to fight my nephew Todd, (in the way of proxy) at the Fifteen Acres, with piſtols. I could not fight myſelf, becauſe I am pledged to the public for my Journal, three times a week, and have the care of the city upon me in my capacity of an alderman. My nephew was at firſt unwilling to accept the combat, but upon my promiſing to leave him the Journal after my death, and making him take two ſpoonfuls of his own *Elixir Vitæ*, he at laſt conſented. This medicine is only imported by him, and is excellent for preventing accidents by ſudden death and megrims: It alſo cureth all mortal wounds, by gun-ſhot and other miſſive weapons.

(z) *In both you equal ſkill poſſeſs.*]—This, I conceive alludeth to the following under-written letter of

On a *true* mirrour's poliſh'd face,
All objects thus we plainly trace,

But

of Mr. Howard's, from Killarney, with the ſignature of POBLICOLA, with a deſcription, and likewiſe a compariſon of the Giant's Cauſeway, whereunto he ſubjoineth an inſcription for the tomb-ſtone of Dr. Averel, biſhop of Limerick, and uncle to the right hon. Francis Andrews, Provoſt of Trinity-College, Dublin, that repreſenteth the loyal city of Londonderry in parliament.——*N. B.* That Killarney is a ſmall village of that name in the county of Kerry. It is a market town, but doth not ſend two members to parliament, as moſt other boroughs do. It is part of the eſtate of Lord Viſcount Kenmare, who hath forfeited his title, he being a Catholic nobleman, although very hoſpitable, and keepeth a moſt plentiful table, furniſhed with all the varieties the ſeaſon affords. I alſo had the honour to dine with him when I journeyed into theſe parts, to ſee the beauties of this wonderous lake.

To the Printer of the DUBLIN MERCURY.

SIR, *Killarney, Sept. 26th,* 1771.

I have at length ſeen what I have long wiſhed to ſee, this wonderous lake; to attempt to deſcribe it would require the ableſt pen of the antient poets, or, of modern poets, the famous painter of Killarney, wherefore, I ſhall never attempt it:—yet notwithſtanding all the beauties of the lake, I cannot think it, as a curioſity, equal to the Giant's Cauſeway; I have ſeen both, I never ſaw any thing LIKE the firſt, nor any thing EQUAL to the latter; this diſtinction is agreed to by all I have mentioned it to. But alas! this lake has been the death of a man, for whom the whole province here is in tears, the late

But if in ſpots the MERC'RY lie,
A broken image meets the eye.
O Howard! is it not ſurprizing,
Your wit alone ſhould ſtop your riſing!
Elſe on the bench you might be thruſt,
Tho' ſlow as ſnail, that crawls thro' duſt,

By

late biſhop of Limerick, Dr. Averel, our countryman:—To ſum up all ſhortly as I can, I heard the people of Limerick, (where I was ſhortly after his death) ſay, that there has not been ſuch a biſhop ſince the time of the apoſtles; that the Romiſh clergy ſaid, they ſhould not wonder, had he lived any time, if they had loſt many of their flocks.—What obligations then are due to our Lord Lieutenant, for having appointed ſuch a man their paſtor, for though Heaven has pleaſed to take him away, his ſucceſſor will hear ſo much of him, that he cannot but endeavour to imitate him? I heard this acknowledged by ſeveral, as alſo for his concurrence in appointing that well known friend to his country, and their city, eſpecially, ſpeaker: from theſe and many other like inſtances of his impartial conduct, it is wiſhed that we may never loſe him,—and every day the advantage of a reſident Vice-roy becomes more and more manifeſt; that from this new mode of government, there is far more likelihood that merit will be rewarded, proper perſons appointed to offices, and the laws ſupported and executed. A gentleman of your city happening to be at Limerick, ſhortly after the interment of the biſhop, and hearing the prodigious great character of him from all perſons, wrote the following lines, extempore, as an inſcription for a monument.

POBLICOLA.

Beneath

By self-conceit you might advance,
As quickſilver makes puddings dance. (a)

From

Beneath this marble ſtone weep, mankind weep,
Averel, your friend lies wrapp'd in endleſs ſleep;
Who, for the poor alone, did fortune crave,
And deem'd himſelf but rich in that he gave;
From whom, the pray'r of want, or plaint of woe
Ne'er did unpitied, or unhappy goe.
His mournful flock to their bleſs'd paſtor's praiſe,
With grateful heart this parting tribute pays.

Before our quarrel, Howard wrote the following Epitaph on me, which had we continued friends, I ſhould not have been ſorry to ſee put upon my tomb-ſtone, which I now accordingly publiſh, that my friends may ſee what an opinion Howard once entertained of me.

An Epitaph on George Faulkner.

Beneath this Stone lyes ſet
An Earthly Light,
George Faulkner.
To tell you what he was
Would be to tell the World
There was a Sun and Moon.
Oh then
But from this Star
Such Rays divine diverg'd
Hoſpitality, Friendſhip, Love,
That all who ſaw admir'd.
Can more be ſaid?
If ought,
Say it who can.

(a) *As quickſilver makes puddings dance.*]—Nothing is more entertaining to a large company, than to ſee a pudding vibrating, ſhaking, moving, and dancing upon the diſh, by means of quickſilver inſerted into the body of it.

From men of ſenſe fools win the day,
As horſes fly, when aſſes bray.
O ſons of dulneſs! bleſs'd by fate!
Fitteſt for law, for church, and ſtate;
Your parent's influence prevails,
And gives her dunces—mitres—*ſeals:*
A Tiſdall's depth, (b) a Townſhend's wit
Is not for plodding buſineſs fit;
An Eagle's wings were form'd for flight,
A Gooſe's furniſh quills——to write.
I'd alſo ſing, if I were able,
Your generous wine, and feſtive table;
Where all thoſe wits in crowds aſſemble,
Who make the vile Committee tremble:
There, Donough's humour mirth provokes, (c)
While all admire his *Attic* jokes, (d)
Tho' oft to prove his taſte the beſt,
He laughs alone at his own jeſt:
Then boaſts how once his patron roſe.
And told the ſtory of THREE CROWS;

Which

(b) *A Tiſdall's depth.*]—The right hon. Philip Tiſdall, Attorney-General.

(c) *There Donough's humour mirth provokes.*]—The rev. Doctor Dennis, chaplain to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; author of many ingenious pieces.

(d) *While all admire his* Attic *jokes.*]—The people of Attica were remarkable for the goodneſs of their jokes, and for having the beſt ſalt for preſerving meat for foreign importation; by which means they underſold all their neighbours in the article of ſalt proviſions. I hope this may be a timely warning to this poor, undone, infatuated country—Attica was called the Corke of Greece.

Which he'll inſert, with meet apology,
In his new Syſtem of Chronology; (e)
And after mending Newton's errors, (f)
St. Audeon's—Arch he'll fill with terrors.
The Caſtle tribe aloud confeſs, (g)
Him great Alcides of the preſs,
Like that immortal hero known,
For fathering labours *not his own*.
B—w—s, in epigram ſo ſmart, (h)
'Till

(e) *In his new Syſtem of Chronology.*]—Doctor Dennis is at preſent engaged in digeſting a new ſyſtem of Chronology, under the title of Chronological and Hiſtorical Diſſertations; which I ſhall be glad to print and ſell at my ſhop in Parliament-ſtreet.

(f) *And after mending Newton's errors.*]—Sir Iſaac Newton. He was made a knight by Queen Anne, and maſter of the mint, a place worth 1000l. yearly. He was reckoned a good mathematician, and was very fond of looking through ſpy-glaſſes.

(g) *The Caſtle tribe aloud confeſs.*]—This alludeth to the Doctor's being the ſuppoſed author of all the political pieces which appear in the Mercury.

(h) The Reverend Doctor Lewis Burroghs, Curate of St. Thomas's, Dublin. He was bred a Sizer or Servitor, in the College of Dublin, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf very much by his early diſpoſition to write verſes, which appeared by his inſcribing epigrams on moſt of the Fellows trenchers, which he had an opportunity of handling after they had dined thereon. When he was too much hurried to conclude an epigram, which happened ſometimes by the variety of his occupation in taking away the cloth, knives, ſpoons, forks and other eatables, he always filled up what was wanting in verſe by the figure

figure of a gooſe, a gander, or goſling, or ſome other emblematic type or ſhadow, expreſſive of his diſpoſition for ſatire. Being very poor and having no livelihood, he advertiſed himſelf as a private tutor, to inſtruct youth in morality, religion, geography, law, phyſic, natural philoſophy, botany, and the globes, at ten pounds per annum. Being taken into a gentleman's family on theſe terms, he was much captivated by the beauty of a young lady who was ſiſter to his pupil, and by the comelineſs of his perſon, being a ſleek man, and remarkably polite in his cloathing, he made ſuch a way in this young lady's affections, whoſe fortune was in her own power, that he ſoon made a conqueſt of her perſon, but being alſo a man of great prudence, in which he was certainly very commendable, he left her to make the beſt of her own folly, thereby conveying a very uſeful leſſon to all frail young women, and which he has often ſaid he hopes (being the ſole reaſon of his doing it) will be a timely warning to prevent other ladies from falling into ſuch ſnares. He afterwards was preferred to a ſmall living in the dioceſe of Derry, where he carried on the Proteſtant religion with ſo much zeal againſt Papiſts, eſpecially of the church of Scotland, that he ſuffered divers perſecutions in conſequence thereof, which he bore with the true meekneſs of a Chriſtian clergyman, being often kicked, cudgelled, bruiſed, tweak'd by the noſe, and otherwiſe inſulted, which he bore with great humility and patience. Hearing a great character of the Earl of Hertford's adminiſtration, as remarkable for facts, homilies, penitence and true religion, he propoſed himſelf to his Excellency to write epigrams, to ſupport him againſt Mr. Flood, Brownlow, &c. who were ſeldom ſeen at church, which he did with great ſpirit and ſucceſs, calling them geeſe, ganders, goſlings, aſſes, and other opprobrious fowl and birds, in the Mercury. He was ſo perſecuted for his witty alluſions, that he found it neceſſary to publiſh an advertiſement in my Jour-

nal, April 24, 1770, swearing thereby on the faith of a Christian clergyman, that he had no concern, and never was the author of any production in said paper, and much blaming the printer Hoey, and another gentleman, for discovering that the letter X in said paper, was his property, and that he was the author of many productions therein, which base conduct on their parts he resented so highly in this impudent indecent manner, proving a Christian clergyman a liar to the ruin of his character, and the great scandal of his holy function, that it determined him to write in the Freeman's Journal without the letter X, and as seldom as possible to mention ganders, geese and goslings. Soon after he went into the North, where he was taken into the confidence of a gentleman of great sense and fortune, who had near lost his understanding by age and infirmities, and by the many spiritual comforts he administered to him, pretending to be a good Jacobite, and an old Tory, in that condition he prevailed on him to suppress all ties of blood and alliance, and bequeath his fortune to a stranger, instead of three very deserving daughters and their issue, who were disinherited. The Doctor's true reason for this was not to make himself necessary to the heir for the sake of the legacy which was left him, but for the honour of the church, shewing it is necessary to pay them respect in all families, and that though a Christian clergyman may be tweaked by the nose, kicked, cuffed, and buffetted, yet the church shall abide, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it. He hath the happy art of persuading old ladies who do not think of their souls till they are in the other world, to leave legacies in his hands for the poor, which he applieth to the best purposes, making himself and family, otherwise poor and distressed, in a comfortable way thereby, until he is called upon in a public manner, to the scandal of the church, when he produceth receipts signed after the complaints from which his exemplary life and conduct

as

as heretofore mentioned, taketh away all colour. His great genius for poetry, has not only appeared in his preaching a ſermon on the fineſt text in Exodus, chap. xxxii, v. 23, on Chriſtmas day, " I will take " away mine hand and thou ſhalt ſee my back parts, " but my face ſhall not be ſeen;" but alſo by writing birth day odes, in the manner of Mr. Victor, at the moderate price of half a guinea, poetry and ſtationary ware included. He hath a peculiar faculty for witty epigrams: I have ſelected a few as a ſpecimen of the Doctor's abilities:

What! ſweet Miſs Meredith of Cheſter,
Eſpous'd to Alderman Trecothic!
That ſtupid cit—but what poſſeſs'd her,
To chuſe an animal ſo gothic:

Some demon ſure her mind miſled,
To make a choice ſo void of reaſon;
Elſe what could tempt the girl to wed,
A wretch who ſoon muſt ſwing for treaſon.

X.

Batchelor Vol. 1. Page 62.

A gooſe in the oven! no, ſir, 'tis a ſlander,
As ſome, who diſcover'd the fact can declare,
For it was not a *gooſe*, but you a poor *gander*,
(As fools will be peeping) who thruſt your head there.

X.

Batchelor No. 25, Vol. 1. Page 105.

The great Doctor Phlogos has publiſhed an order
That Counſellor Goſlin ſhall be our Recorder.

X.

An Epigram on reading the above.

We'er threatned by Phlogos with an action of ſlander,
For calling his fav'rite the ſon of a gander,
In anſwer to which we ſhall plead no excuſe
But ſhew that the Doctor himſelf is a gooſe,

'Till griping H—rt—d broke his heart, (h)
Now deals in Hebrew roots profound,
And only treads prophetic ground;
Jerus'lem Artichoke ſupplies,
Thoſe viſions that made Daniel wiſe.

The

So he and his goſlin as birds of a feather
May both, when they pleaſe, bring their actions together. X.

Another puniſhment propoſed for the gander.

Heigh ho! that wicked bird produce
The gander that defamed the gooſe. X.

Another Epigram.

How ſhall we uſe the wicked gander,
That goes about retailing ſlander.
Why ſince in ſcandal he delights
Let him read all that Phlogos writes. X.

(h) *'Till griping H--rt--d broke his heart.*]—Some of my moſt familiar and intimate critics and geniuſes is of opinion, that the poet meaneth gripping Hertford, and that it ought therefore to be ſpelled with a double p. But I candidly and totally differ from them, and proſecute my own opinion, in maintaining that it implyeth, that his Excellency the ſaid Earl of Hertford, was grievouſly afflicted with various diſorders of the gripes, brought upon him by windy flatulencies, mortal dry belly-achs, and other pinching ſickneſſes of the guts, during the time he preſided over the chief government of this his native country; and that this was the whole tote of his caſe is notoriouſly known to every human creature, man, woman, or children, whether in the Caſtle, in the city, or the ſuburbs of Dublin.

The Doctor proves to all the nation,
No myſt'rys couch'd in Revelation.
'Till every goſſip can explain,
What ſage divines explore in vain.
No juggler ever play'd ſuch tricks,
As he with John's ſeven candleſticks,
By whoſe myſterious lights are ſpied,
Wicklow's Seven Churches typified.
Next maudlin B——ke, (i) whoſe novels pleaſe,
Like ſome old dotard's reveries,
Without

(i) *Next maudlin B——ke, &c.*]—Henry Brooke, Eſq; an excellent poet, philoſopher, and patriot. He hath for ſome time retired to his country ſeat in the Bog of Allen, where he is carrying on great improvements, in laying the country under water, and ſearching for hidden treaſures in the bottom of lakes, ponds, marſhes, ſloughs, and other navigable rivers. He publiſhed a famous Novel, called, The Fool of Quality, which is ſold in ſeperate volumes, or together, at my ſhop in Parliament-ſtreet. There is ſo much variety in this piece, that the beſt judges agree, 'tis indifferent at what part you begin to read it, being beautifully interſperſed with ſtories of beggars, trouts, foreign birds, and Indian princeſſes. The Earl of Cheſterfield, as a proof of his eſteem for his fine talents, made him a barrack-maſter. He is a true friend to the religion of his country, and hath written many excellent tracts in defence of Popery, and the Proteſtant perſuaſion. He wrote a ballad opera, called, Jack the Giant Queller, being a ſatire upon the Lords Juſtices of Ireland, which was accordingly forbid to be repreſented. The excellent tragedy of Guſtavus was alſo ſtopped for the ſame reaſon, by the Lord Chamberlain,

Without beginning, middle, ending,
To *utile* or *dulce* tending.
With equal art, his genius pliant,
Can drain a bog, or *quell a giant*.
Whilſt one hand wounds each venal brother,
He for a bribe extends the other.
Your character's worth juſt ſo much,
As you afford, and he can touch:
With ev'ry virtue he abounds,
Who tips the patriot fifty pounds;
Gold works ſtrange wonders in his eyes,
Makes cowards brave, and dunces wiſe.
Like Swiſs, his hireling muſe engages,
On any ſide that pays beſt wages;
One while ſtaunch friend to Martin Luther, (k)
He finds pure light and goſpel truth there;
Then

being a noble incitement to ſedition, in the cauſe of liberty. He was at firſt the conductor of the Free-Preſs, which truſt he executed with great integrity, taking divers ſums of money from ſeveral public officers, to prevent their being ſatirized in ſaid Journal; which he did with great integrity. This Journal is not ſo univerſally circulated and admired as mine, becauſe it containeth not ſuch a variety of intereſting particulars, intelligence from foreign courts, the Tranſit of Venus, high-water at Dublin-bar, aſſize of bread, ſailing and return of packets, births, deaths, and marriages; not to mention curious queries, and ingenious paragraphs.

(k) *One while ſtaunch friend to Martin Luther.*]—A Roman Catholic Clergyman, eſteemed a good Preacher. He underſtood Italian, French and other languages. He quarrelled with the Pope of Rome about Tranſubſtantiation and other church cere-

monies.

Then thro' the realm makes proclamation,
For Popery, Prieſts, and Toleration.
He firſt with many a fair pretence,
To public ſpirit, truth, and ſenſe,
Hatch'd that diſgrace to law and reaſon,
That maſs of ſlander, dulneſs, treaſon;
That Journal which the Arch produces, (l)
For ſingeing fowl, or viler uſes.

monies. Henry the VIIIth offered him the united Biſhopricks of Clonfert and Kilmacduagh, in the county of Galway, which he politely refuſed, and publiſhed a virulent libel againſt ſaid King. Said King replied with much wit and humour, for which the Pope preſented him a fine Provence Roſe for a Noſegay, and called him Defender of the Faith, and ſo forth.—Nicholas Luther, who liveth at the ſign of the Mitre and Punch Bowl, in Martin's-lane, is deſcended from ſaid Martin Luther.

(l) *That Journal which the Arch produces.*]—— The Freeman's Journal is printed at St. Audeon's-Arch, in Old Bridge-ſtreet, Dublin, where contrary to law, there is no Printer, nor any other perſon who anſwereth queſtions, but an old woman who is dumb. The following anecdote happened once to the Printer hereof. A gentleman came to his ſhop whom he had put amongſt the deaths in his Journal the day before, and was much enraged to find himſelf dead, as it occaſioned ſome confuſion by thoſe who were in his debt coming to demand what was due to them, whereupon the author hereof acted in this manner, Sir, ſaid I, 'tis impoſſible for me to tell whether you be alive or dead, but I'm ſure I gave you a very good character in my Journal. The gentleman was ſo pleaſed with the repartee, that he laid out thirteen ſhillings and four-pence half-penny before he left my former ſhop in Eſſex-ſtreet.

How chang'd from him whoſe noble rage,
Brought great Guſtavus to the ſtage,
And rous'd the Patriot's God-like fire,
In ſtrains which Stanhope might admire!
Now Metius' fate and his are one,
By all he's torn, that's true to none.
MACRO, with college duſt beſprent, (m)
There mingles to give malice vent,
With various tongues thick ſet as fame
And ev'ry tongue diſpos'd to blame.
In ſtudious Macro may be ſeen,
The copious Polyglot of ſpleen:
He ſearches old and modern lore,
To learn to hate his neighbour more;
Fond of men's follies and their vices,
As beggar of his ſores and lice is;
With eyes like fox, and mouth like ſhark,
That ſeems leſs form'd to ſpeak than bark.
Let others while their bowls they quaff,
Diſtend their lungs with heart-felt laugh;
In ſhort ſhrill ſhrieks of fiend-like glee,
He proves his riſibility.
His knowledge, like a treacherous bacon
Holds out falſe lights to the miſtaken,
And when they wander from their way,
Humanely leads them more aſtray.

Yet

(m) MACRO, *with college duſt beſprent.*]—We have not been able to diſcover whom the author intendeth to deſcribe in theſe verſes: but ſome ingenious friends conjecture that it is ſome rev. gentleman, who underſtandeth many languages, and keepeth a play-houſe Miſs.

Yet Macro, whose peculiar pride
Is to expose a friend's blind side,
Can to more glaring folly stoop:
Himself a bankrupt *player's* dupe.
There bashful B———n once was seen,
Mistaking dulness for the spleen;
Who says, unsays, agrees, disputes,
And his own arguments confutes.
How eloquent in shrugs and sighs!
In uplift hands, and winking eyes!
What supplication, what contorsions!
His words half form'd, his thoughts abortions!
Such wriggling, grasping, pawing, leering,
You know not if its praise, or sneering.
Such sudden stops, and circumflections;
Such prefacings, and interjections,
With "ah, good Heaven," and "oh, my
"God, sir;
"I'm wrong, I own, I kiss the rod, sir;
"There's weight and sense in all you utter"
—Mere prologues to an egg and butter;
That did not pudding sleeves declare him,
Some antic Scaramouch you'd swear him.
Yet underneath that form uncouth,
Dwell learning, piety, and truth;
And no distortion can they find,
Who view him only in his mind.
But oh, what power more dull than sleep,
Does o'er my torpid senses creep?
Does Morpheus shed his poppies round?
Do fresh-pluck'd cowslips strew the ground?
Do harps Æolian lull my ear?

Are drones of Scottiſh bagpipes near?
Do beetles wind their drowſy horn?
Are gales from ſwampy Holland born?
In vain with ſnuff my noſe I ply,
In vain the power of ſalts I try,
I yawn—I nod—for Cl—ke is nigh. (k)
Let miſts and fogs inveſt my head,
Let all the fathers pen'd be read,

Bid

(k) *I yawn—I nod—for Cl——ke is nigh*]—The rev. Dr. Cl—ke, Vice-Provoſt of Trinity-College, Dublin. He hath a very fine taſte for poetry, which plainly appeareth by the ſpecimen annexed to this piece, as it was firſt publiſhed.

On a lady's forgetting her riding hat. Written by the rev. Dr. CL——KE, *when Vice-Provoſt of Trinity-College.*

I.

Fair Anna had no heart to give,
So left her head behind,
Bright MINA on whoſe ſmiles I live,
Was not by half ſo kind.

II.

Both head and heart ſhe with her brought,
And both ſhe took away,
And with her carried all ſhe caught,
THAT's all THAT gaz'd THAT day.

III.

Ye nymphs that o'er nine wells preſide,
Inſtruct the willing fair,
To give their hearts, whate'er betide,
And hands when they come here.

IV.

So when we ſee St. John's great eve,
The fires that round do move,
Shall each inſtruct us to receive
A hand and heart that glow with love.

Bid B——nt recite his ſpeech, (l)
F———ns plead, or Garnet preach; (m)
Set mayor and aldermen before me,
Bid everlaſting C——ll bore me,
Tell o'er again a thrice told tale,
Drench me with Port or ropy ale,
Be opium mingled with my drink,
My hands ſhan't fold, nor eye-lids wink:
But theſe vain boaſts avail not now,
More pond'rous Cl——ke to thee I bow.
When wilt thou eaſe the groaning town,
Thou old caſt troop horſe of the gown?
What haſt thou with the world to do,
Or what the world to ſay to you?
Thou can'ſt not now in amorous glee,
Write madrigals to *fifty-three* (n)

And

(l) *Bid B——nt recite his ſpeech.*]—The Earl of B———t, Knight of the Bath; famous for his eloquence and perſonal accompliſhments.

(m) *F———ns plead, or Garnet preach.*]—Counſellor John Fitz——s—Doctor Garnet, Biſhop of Clogher. He wrote an excellent Paraphraſe on the Book of Job.—The whole edition may be found at my ſhop in Parliament-ſtreet,

(n) *Write madrigals to fifty-three.*]—Various are the conjectures of the learned on this paſſage. Mr. Kavanagh is of opinion, that it alludeth unto the political diſputes which raged in the year fifty-three; in which the Doctor may be ſuppoſed to have wrote madrigals, to appeaſe the minds of the people. My nephew Todd inclineth to believe, that ſomething is intended which he can't diſcover. For my own part, I opine, that it only referreth to the age of the lady, who had attained her fifty-third year. It cer-

tainly

And frisk in rhymes to please the dame,
Which Christmas bell-man would disclaim.
Nor

tainly is not very genteel to ridicule this passion, which is properly called all-powerful, to shew that it spareth neither age nor condition, station nor dignity; not to mention the example of Anacreon, who was choaked with a grape-stone, drinking the health of his mistress, at the age of four-score: I am myself this instant a captive to the charms of a lady who has passed her grand climacteric, and have addressed many sonnets to her, in a style no less tender than the Doctor's, one of which, the most admired by my friends, I have selected, and venture to publish, as a proof of my passion, and a specimen of my poetical endowments.

To the Widow ———, on her taking a vomit of Ipecacuanha.

I.

Soft relict whose enchanting charms,
My captive heart enthrall;
Whose frown congeals, whose kindness warms,
Like honey mix'd with gall.

II.

Say, when the nauseous draught you take,
On Faulkner will you think;
And for thy own dear lover's sake;
His health in vomit drink.

III.

Discharge, bright maid, the foul contents,
That now your stomach bind;
But oh! be sure, at all events;
Leave Love and George behind.

IV.

So when in sieve, well pierced with holes,
Where dregs of fire do rest.
With shaking nought remains but coals,
To warm the riddler's breast.

Nor can'ſt thou now in fulſome ſtrain,
Pen Jacobite addreſs again;
And ſcandalizing Alma Mater, (o)
Of right divine in monarchs chatter;
Nor can'ſt thou on extortion bent,
Raiſe inſurrections and thy rent. (p)
Then buzz no more, thou reverend drone,
But to thy kindred earth begone.
What figure next confounds my ſight,
An Auſtrian Count, an Iriſh Knight! (q)
With

(o) *And ſcandalizing Alma Mater.*]—Mater, as may be found in Littleton's Dictionary, is Latin for mother. My nephew Todd is of opinion, that the Doctor muſt have had ſome quarrel with his mother: for my own part, how unwilling ſoever I may be to find fault with my author, I cannot but agree with Mr. Kavanagh, and other ingenious friends, that it were better not to divulge family brangles.

(p) *Raiſe inſurrections and thy rent.*]—This relateth to a recent fact which paſſed about ten years ago in the North of Ireland. The doctor being unwilling, (for the benefit of the incumbent who was to ſucceed him,) that his living ſhould be let at an under value, inſiſted with his pariſhioners, who offered him twelve hundred yearly, to be paid fourteen; which they thinking unreaſonable went to law, and reduced it to the ſum of 700l. This was the firſt beginning of the inſurrection called the Oak-Boys in the North of Ireland.

(q) *An Iriſh Knight.*]—There are ſeveral ſorts of Knights. Knights of Malta, Knights of the Garter, the Bath and Thiſtle, Knights of the Poſt, poor Knights of Windſor, Baronets and Batchelors, and the Knight of Kerry. The Author hereof was offered to be knighted in the field, by the Earl of Chesterfield

With doleful phiz prefaging wonder,
Much German pride and Iriſh blunder; (r)
Which

Chefterfield in the Caſtle: but conſidering that ſaid honour was to be conferred by the poſture of kneeling, which is impoſſible to the Author hereof, by reaſon of his member, which he accordingly refuſed to accept, making divers acknowledgements for declining ſaid honour. This objection was near being removed by the ingenuity of my worthy friend a Sixth Clerk, who beſides his being a great ſcholar and critic, is alſo a moſt excellent mechanic, and contrived a leg of cork, with a ſpring joint in the knee, and turning out its toes as naturally as one made of fleſh and blood, and in this leg I practiſed the poſture of knighthood by genu-flexion, my friend holding a drawn ſword over my ſhoulder, but being too quick at the third rehearſal, in attempting to get up, after ſaid friend had pronounced the words "riſe up Sir George" I unfortunately ſnapped the ſpring, and fell on my chin to the ground, ſo as to be much bruiſed, and would have been ſore, but for the uſe of a ſalve, which is ſold by my nephew Todd, for bruiſes, maims, contuſions, diſlocations and other ſcratches, in Parliament-ſtreet. When the above leg is repaired, I propoſe accepting the order in it, which I am told his Excellency the Lord Viſcount Townſhend is willing to confer upon me in the ſame manner as the Earl of Cheſterfield.

(r) *Much German pride and Iriſh blunder.*]—The Germans are ſuppoſed in general to be a proud people: Julius Cæſar, and Mr. Nugent, give them this character. The Iriſh are very unjuſtly charged for a particular talent in blundering; but it is well known, that no people expreſs themſelves in their native tongue, the Engliſh, with more perſpicuity and preciſion. The Dean of St. Patrick's, who tho'

born

Which patriots, courtiers, ſtill expoſes,
Miſtaking both their wit and noſes. (f.)
No brain but his cou'd e'er contain
Stories ſo vapid, old and vain;

So

born and bred in Ireland, always declared himſelf, when ſober, to be an Engliſhman. It will not, I hope, be conſidered as preſumption, that I add the authority of my Journal, which is conſidered as a ſtandard of our language; whereas I have always conſulted the particular property of diction, and may be bold to challenge any author now extant, for ſuch a variety of tracts, written in ſo unblemiſhed a purity, without any abbreviation of terminations, and abounding in the beſt choſen epithets.

(f) *Miſtaking both their wit and noſes.*]——This hereby referreth to the knights putting the ſpeech of one member of parliament into the mouth of another by miſtake, which was not fair play; and likewiſe alludeth to the old cuſtom of formerly reckoning members of parliament in voting, by their noſes; but as this occaſioned divers miſtakes, when the tellers were not ſharp-ſighted enough, and could not ſee thoſe members that had ſmall or no noſes, and ſometimes reckoned thoſe that had large ones for two, it was therefore aboliſhed, and members are now counted by their bodies, which is generally larger, and preventeth all confuſion.—A particular act of parliament was made in favour of the noſe, called, The Coventry-act, to prevent its being cut off, and other accidents with impunity.—The famous Mr. Quin, the comedian, with whom I was likewiſe acquainted, adviſed a friend who was ſubject to be pulled by the noſe, to ſoap it, whereby it might eſcape and ſlip through the fingers, this not being forbid in the Coventry-act.

So Plutarch tells of poiſon cold,
Which aſſes hoof alone can hold.
Humour and mirth no more are found,
For C———ll caſts a gloom around.
Lethargic dullneſs loads each eye,
Ev'n dunces pleaſe, when C———ll's by!
Thus, ſunſhine, ſparks from flint conceals,
Which darkneſs of the night reveals.
In Pliny's learned page it's found, (s)
That lightning cannot ſea-calves wound; (t)
Congenial is the dunce's matter,
Callous to wit and pointed ſatire.
Unſatisfy'd with nonſenſe ſaid,
He's now reſolv'd to read us dead,
With pamphlets nauſeating he'll puke us,
On Lord May'r's feaſts and Doctor Lucas. (u)

He

(s) *In Pliny's learned page, &c.*]—Pliny wrote many books, and was killed by Mount Veſuvius falling upon his head, though he always wore a pillow faſtened to the top of his wig, to ſave him from that accident.

(t) *That lightning cannot ſea-calves wound.*]—An animal that ſeldom appeareth on our ſea-coaſts, unleſs to fiſhermen in the main ocean.

(u) *On Lord May'r's feaſts and Doctor Lucas.*]—a very remarkable apothecary, and member of parliament. He lived on Ormond-quay, in Dublin, at the ſign of Boyle's-Head, who was a famous druggiſt. He was baniſhed from Ireland by a vote of the Houſe of Commons, which confined him to Newgate. He returned to his native country by the ſpecial mercy of his Majeſty, whom he hath always continued to oppoſe (for his good) in two parliaments, where he repreſenteth the city of Dublin.

This

He ſings of beggars blind and dark,
Like ſome old ſnuffling pariſh clerk:

For

This gentleman unfortunately died between the different editions of this work, which prevented that accident being mentioned at firſt. Being one of his conſtituents, and having a ſcarf at his funeral, riding in my chariot, which I borrowed from one of the ſheriffs, when the greateſt peers and patriots walked on foot, I thought it my duty to celebrate his memory by the following paſtoral Dirge, which I ſent to the Freeman's Journal, of Saturday Nov. 9, 1771, which I knew it would pleaſe the Doctor to have it inſerted in his favourite paper, under the title of Corydon.——The reader will obſerve that I have taken notice of the miſerable diſtreſſed, diſtracted ſymptoms in which the Doctor has left the kingdom in general, no cocks crowing night or morning, nor violets or primroſes blowing in our pleaſure gardens, the Doctor having died when King William was born, it being the fourth of November, 1771.

Sacred to the memory of Doctor Charles Lucas.

I.

Come every Nymph and every Swain,
Every Dryad of the Plain,
Ye Naiads from your Streams emerge
Join me in the mournful Dirge.

II.

Tune your Reeds to ſolemn ſound,
With cypreſs ſtrew the hallow'd ground,
For ah! your faithful Corydon
To the Elyſian field is gone.

III.

For ſtanzas vile he racks his brain,
And vainly mimicks Howard's ſtrain!
He writes, he hobbles, bows, and leers,
To gain a ſeat among the peers;

And

III.

See the primroſe droops it's head
The violets fade, the daiſy's dead;
Each flower in ſorrow dies away,
The kids and lambkins ceaſe to play.

IV.

The tuneful race in every grove
Neglect their ſong, neglect their love.
The village cock forgets to crow,
And grief ſits perch'd on every brow.

V.

Hark the ſollemn tolling bell,
Rings his laſt, his funeral knell:
See the weeping train approach,
The black plumed hearſe and ſable coach.

VI.

Lo Ierne by his ſide
Fainting mourns her greateſt pride,
Sighing o'er his dear remains,
Her beautious cheek with ſorrow ſtains!

VII.

Tune your reeds to ſolemn ſound,
With myrtle ſtrew the hallow'd ground,
For ah! your faithful Corydon
To the Elyſian ſhades is gone.

And ev'ry abject art he tries,
To prove he's qualify'd to riſe.
With panegyric he beſpatters,
Degrading him he meanly flatters.
Ah! purblind knight! thy arts miſplac'd,
Think better of a Townſhend's taſte:
Fools only will ſuch praiſe aſſume,
As Hottentots think greaſe—perfume.
Mark with what eaſe his brain creates
Speeches ne'er *ſpoke*, miſcall'd Debates,
'Till at the goddeſs Dulneſs' ſummons,
He makes one C——ll of the commons. (v)
Thou, Hutchinſon, (w) whom every muſe
With winning grace and art endues,
Whoſe power 'gainſt prejudice contends
And proves that law and wit are friends,
In that promiſcuous page alone
By letters J. H. H. art known.

In

(v) *He makes one C——ll of the commons.*]—— Doubts having ariſen how the deficient vowels are to be filled up, I conſulted ſeveral friends: my nephew Todd imagineth it meaneth caudle, a liquor drank by lying-in ladies, as it is compoſed of ſeveral mixtures: (I think it beſt when it is ſtrong of the white-wine.) Mr. Croker very ingeniouſly hinteth, he makes one *cartfull* of the commons; that is the commons all move together in the ſame machine. I think, with ſubmiſſion to better judgments, that the word *dunghill* removeth all difficulties, and correſponds exactly with the author's meaning, and with every thing but the text.

(w) Right Hon. John Hely Hutchinſon, Prime Serjeant and Member for the city of Corke.

In thee Malone (x), the nation's boaſt,
Preciſion, law, and ſenſe are loſt.
Andrews (y) who knows with various ſkill,
To rule the paſſions at his will,
Who like a wiſe muſician ſeizes,
The tone which beſt his audience pleaſes,
Wonders to find VIVALDI ſunk
To a vile ſcraper blind and drunk.
How oft on poliſh'd Oſborne's (z) tongue
Pleas'd the attentive Senate hung?
While parties emulouſly ſtrove
Which moſt ſhould praiſe, what all approve.
Now view him in thy faithleſs ſtrain
Pert, peeviſh, and peplexed as M——ne. (a)
Giſborne (b) who ſays—juſt what he ought,
Who weighs, condenſes every thought,
Whoſe logick, faction can controul,
And ſtrike conviction to the ſoul;

With

(x) Right Hon. Anthony Malone, Member for the county of Weſtmeath.

(y) Right Hon. Francis Andrews, Provoſt of Trinity-college, and Member for Londonderry.

(z) Right Hon. Sir William Oſbone, Bart. one of the Commiſſioners of the Revenue, and Member for the borough of Dungarvan.

(a) Sir William M——e, Bart. lately a Privy-Counſellor, and at preſent Member for Carysfort. He is ſuppoſed to underſtand hand-writing and accompts as well as any book-keeper in Meath-ſtreet, he is very fond of cyphering and arithmetic, and every day wanteth to know more of them.

(b) Major General James Giſborne, Member for Liſmore.

With energy no longer pleaſes,
But worſe than babling Cr--m--r teazes. (c)
Think falſe retailer how each ſprite,
Will haunt thy ſlumbers every night,
While theſe dread ſounds invade thine ear
And chill thy conſcious ſoul with fear.
" Where's Pery's (d) deep ironic ſenſe?
" Where Flood's (e) impetuous eloquence?
" Where witty Harward's (f) well-timed
" jeſt?
" In thy cold tale ſo ill expreſs'd?
" Where

(c) John Cramer, Eſq; Member for the borough of Belturbet, and ſeventh couſin to the E——l of L—s—h.

(d) Right Hon. Edmond Sexton Pery, Speaker of the Houſe of Commons, and Member for the City of Limerick.

(e) Henry Flood, Eſq; Member for the borough of Callan.

(f) The late Counſellor William Harward, Member for the borough of Laneſborough, he was remarkable for wit and humour, and told many pleaſant ſtories and ſprightly bon mots, viz. ſeeing once an officer of the Light Infantry who was very little with a large plume of feathers in his cap (ſaid the Counſellor) " If he had but a cork in his tail " one might make a Suttle-cock of him." and at another time meeting a young 'Squire who was juſt returned from abroad, and very conceited, " He is" (ſaid the Counſellor) " ſomething like my grey cir-" cuiteering horſe, the worſe for travelling." Theſe bon mots my friends tell me, are not to be compared with ſome of my own, viz. what I ſaid to the gentleman who was angry at being killed by my

Journal,

" Where Langriſhe, (g) French, (h) and
" Brownlow, (i) gone?
" Where the bright flame of Hamilton? (k)
" Dull Chymiſt!—all exhal'd and fled!
—Thy caput mortuum in their ſtead.—
But whither, Clio, wou'dſt thou rove?
Fond thy deſcriptive pow'r to prove,
Reſume the theme, reſign'd too long,
Let Howard's praiſe conclude the ſong.
Mæcenas puff'd by ev'ry quill, (l)
Sits higheſt on the three-fork'd hill:
And lives for ever by the praiſe
In Horace's and Virgil's lays (m) Yet

Journal, which will be ſeen further on in theſe annotations, alſo to the Earl of Cheſterfield, on ſaid Earl's complaining that the letter and paper of my Journal were not of different colours, with many others too tedious to inſert.

(g) Hercules Langriſhe, Eſq; Member for the borough of Knoctopher.

(h) Robert French, Eſq; Member for the town of Galway.

(i) Right Hon. William Brownlow, Member for the county of Armagh.

(k) Right Hon. William Gerard Hamilton, Eſq; Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Member for Killybegs, in the late parliament.

(l) *Mæcenas puff'd by ev'ry quill.*]—Caius Clinius Mæcenas a great lover of learning, and learned men. For his hiſtory, and that of the Emperor Auguſtus, and the whole policy of his reign, ſee Littleton's Dictionary.

(m) *In Horace's and Virgil's lays.*]——They are both to be had, from the hours of eight in the morning till twelve at night, at my ſhop in Parliament-ſtreet.

I have

Yet not one ſtanza of his own
Has made the poet's patron known.
While Howard to unborrow'd fame,
By his own works aſſerts his claim:
Then let a double wreath reward
The muſe's patron and their bard.

I have now gone through the ſeveral paſſages of this admired poem, which I thought required any illuſtration or comment, and the reader will judge how far I am qualified for the duty of a commentator; though the ſucceſs I have already met with in that capacity, leaveth me little room to doubt of the public indulgence. It would be ungrateful, did I not take this public opportunity of returning my thanks to the many learned friends who have favoured me with their aſſiſtance in this arduous undertaking: they are ſuch a catalogue of names as would do honour to the greateſt wits of antiquity; and the man who can boaſt of the friendſhip of Mr. Dane, ſixth-clerk; Mr. Dexter, keeper of the Four-Courts Marſhalſea; Meſſ. Kavanagh and Croker, attorneys at law; Mr. Thomas Mullock, notary-publick, in Skinner-row; and alderman Emerſon, of the Spinning-wheel, Caſtle-ſtreet; need not be aſhamed of putting his name to any work, in which they have been his coadjutors. My nephew, Thomas Todd, has been ſo often mentioned in theſe notes, that 'tis unneceſſary to ſay any thing in his praiſe, further, than that he is an acute critic, a great traveller, and I have always found him very faithful and diligent in his duty, as my foreman. To him, therefore, this work is inſcribed, by

His ſincere friend, and paternal uncle,
GEORGE FAULKNER.

FINIS.